A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE POEMS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

By

LEON SLONIM

Department of English

A Thesis submitted in conformity with the requirements
for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the
University of Toronto

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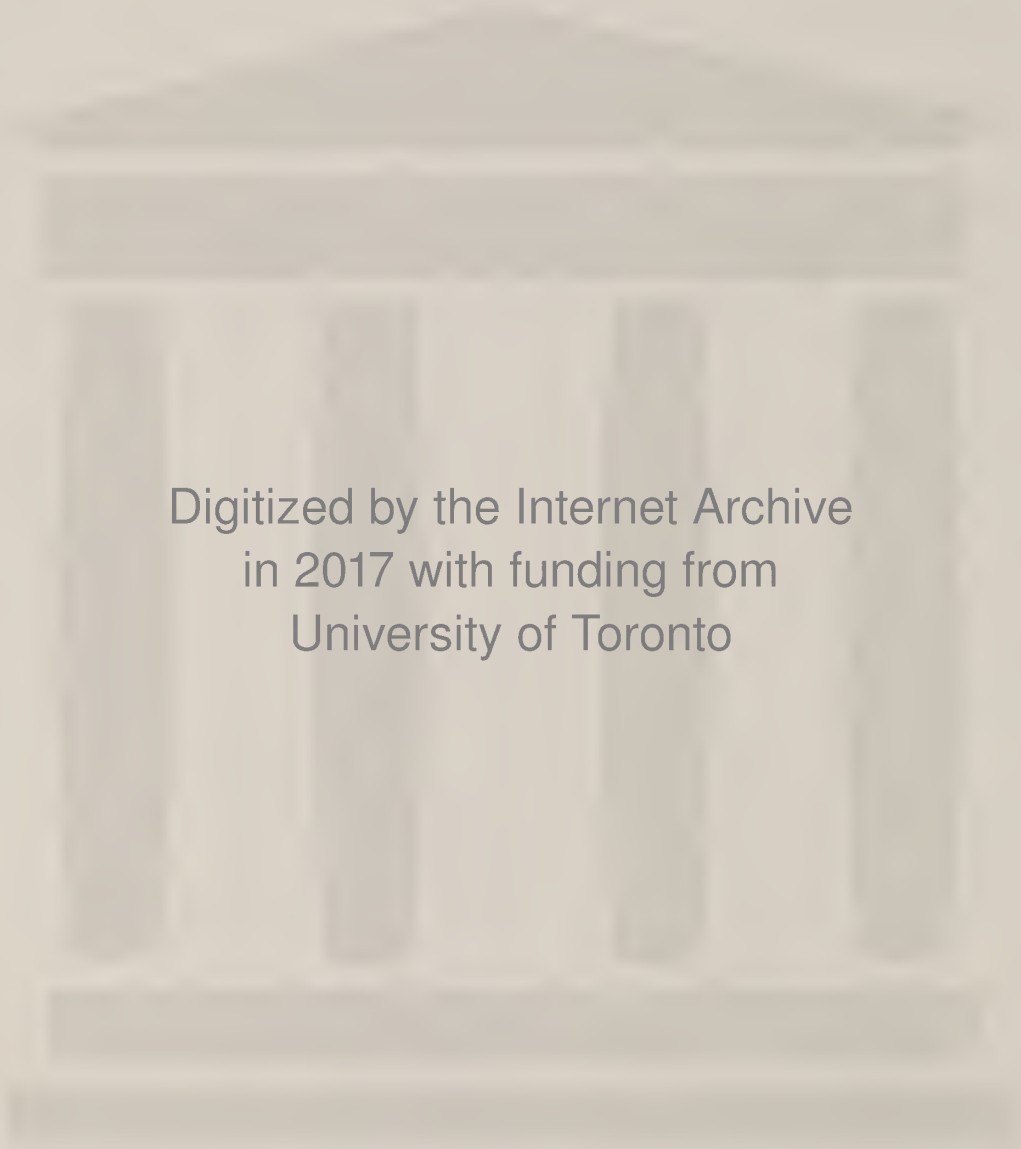
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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

SCHOOL OF GRADUATE STUDIES

PROGRAM OF THE FINAL ORAL EXAMINATION

FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

OF

LEON SLONIM

10:00 a.m., Friday, March 31, 1978

Round Room, Massey College

A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE POEMS

OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Committee in Charge:

Professor P.C. Moes, Chairman
Professor C.T. Bissell
Professor D.V. De Pan
Professor R.L. McDougall, Carleton University
Professor K.W. McNaught
Professor R.B. Parker
Professor F.W. Watt, Supervisor

A Critical Edition of the Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott

by

Leon Slonim

Abstract

This edition contains almost all the known extant verse of Duncan Campbell Scott (1862-1947)--one of the most important of pre-modern Canadian writers. (The only poems which have been omitted, so far as this editor is aware, are a group of limericks and a few fragments in Scott's Notebooks.)

Scott was a scrupulous craftsman who published his work with care. Thus, for the copy-texts of his (published) poems we look to the latest versions seen into print by the author. In most cases this means that the copy-text is taken from the collected Poems (1926).

Included in our collation of the poems are all available versions, both published and unpublished (including those found in anthologies) which date from Scott's lifetime. Almost all variants have been listed in the Notes which follow the texts of the poems. (However, of the numerous variants in the Notebooks only some have been included.) The Notes also shed light on the publishing histories of the poems, on their sources and on allusions within them (including epigraphs and dedications). A very useful

list of the contents of the five Scott Notebooks (in the Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto) is provided in an Appendix. The Bibliography includes a Checklist of Scott's poetic works, divided according to the formats in which these works appear--manuscripts, typescripts, magazines and newspapers, books, pamphlets and greeting-cards.

Preceding the texts and the Notes is an Introduction which focusses upon the reception of Scott's poetry during his lifetime and upon the oscillation in his career between "European" and "Canadian" phases. Our discussion reveals that none of Scott's books of verse were outstanding successes, whether with the book-buying public or with critics and reviewers. It is suggested that Scott's career as a poet reached its height around the turn of the century and that recent years have seen a sharp upswing in his reputation.

CURRICULUM VITAE

Born: November 13, 1947

Stockholm, Sweden

Degrees: B.A., 1969 (University of Toronto)

M.A., 1972 (University of Toronto)

Registered in the School of Graduate Studies, University of Toronto: September 1970-September 1978

Publications: "Exoticism in Modern Canadian Poetry," in Essays on Canadian Writing, No. 1.

"Character, Action and Theme in The Imperialist," in Essays on Canadian Writing, No. 3.

GRADUATE STUDIES

The Structures of Modern English	H. A. Gleason, Jr.
Shakespeare: the Text	C. Leech
English Verse Forms and Metres: Studies, Historical and Critical, in the Poet's Craft	W. F. Blissett
English Canadian Poetry	F. W. Watt
Canadian Poetry in English	D. V. LePan
Studies in English-Canadian Fiction	F. W. Watt
Chaucer	J. F. Leyerle

Preface

In 1973 the late Desmond Pacey lamented the fact that, in the study of Canadian Literature, "Virtually all the hard scholarly labour--biographical and bibliographical research, the editing of texts, manuscripts and letters--remains to be done" ("The Study of Canadian Literature," Journal of Canadian Fiction, 2 [1973], 72). Our hope is that this edition, which contains almost all the extant verse of Duncan Campbell Scott*--one of the most important of pre-modern Canadian writers--will go at least part way towards remedying the deficiency which Pacey noted.

We would like to thank, for their kind assistance, Mrs. Norah Bourinot, Dr. Colin W. Brockington, Mrs. Katharine Jane Conway, Professors Stanley Dragland, Alec Lucas, Mario Maurin and, especially, Robert L. MacDougall. Grateful acknowledgement is made to Mr. John G. Aylen, Q.C., Executor of the Scott Estate, for permission to reproduce the works of Duncan Campbell Scott.

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*The only poems which have been excluded, so far as this editor is aware, are a group of limericks (the typescripts of which were unfortunately not available) and a few insignificant fragments in the Scott Notebooks.

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1899-1914 Notebook	See "Checklist . . . Manuscripts"
1911-1916 Notebook	See "Checklist . . . Manuscripts"
1916-1920 Notebook	See "Checklist . . . Manuscripts"
1921-1926 Notebook	See "Checklist . . . Manuscripts"
1926-1946 Notebook	See "Checklist . . . Manuscripts"
A.C.P.	Anthology of Canadian Poetry, comp. Ralph Gustafson, Toronto, 1942.
Acta	Acta Victoriana (Toronto)
A.D.	Armistice Day, ed. A. P. Sanford and Robert Haven Schauffler, New York, 1928.
A.M.	Atlantic Monthly (Boston)
A.P.	Aylen papers, i.e. literary material of Duncan Campbell Scott, in the possession of John Aylen, Executor of the Estate of Duncan Campbell Scott.
B.C.P.	The Book of Canadian Poetry, ed. A.J.M. Smith, Chicago, 1943.
B.C.P.V.	A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse, comp. E. K. Broadus and E. H. Broadus, Toronto, 1934.
B.L.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Beauty and Life, Toronto, 1921.
B.P.	The Band of Purple: A Collection of Canadian Poems, comp. Lillie A. Brooks, Toronto, 1915.
B.P./O.	Arthur S. Bourinot Papers, National Archives of Canada, Ottawa.
Bulletin	Bulletin of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada

B.W.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Byron on Wordsworth, Being Discovered Stanzas of Don Juan, n.p., 1924?
C.	Canadian Magazine (Toronto)
C.A.	Duncan Campbell Scott, The Circle of Affection and Other Pieces in Prose and Verse, Toronto, 1947.
CANADA	Canada: An Illustrated Weekly Journal for All Interested in the Dominion (London, England)
C.C.	Christmas and/or New Year's Greeting Cards, containing poems by Scott (and occasionally also Archibald Lampman)
C.F.	The Canadian Forum
C.L.	Current Literature (New York)
Cos.	The Cosmopolitan (N.Y.)
C.P.	Canadian Poets, ed. John Garvin, Toronto, 1916 (The texts of Scott's poems in the 1916 and 1926 editions of this anthology are for the most part identical. Where only C.P. is cited in the notes, it should be assumed, unless otherwise indicated, that the citation includes C.P.[rev.] as well. Where only C.P. [rev.] is cited, it should be assumed that the reference is exclusively to the 1926 edition.)
C.P. (rev.)	Canadian Poets, ed. John Garvin, Toronto, 1926. (See note to C.P.)
C.S.S.	Canadian Singers and their Songs, comp. Edward S. Caswell, Toronto, 1919.
D.	The Delineator (N.Y.)
D.R.	The Dalhousie Review (Halifax)
E.K.B.P.	Edward Killoram Brown papers, National Archives of Canada, Ottawa.
E.S.	The Eternal Sea; An Anthology of Sea Poetry, ed. W. M. Williamson, New York, 1946.
F.C.G.	Flowers from a Canadian Garden, ed. Lawrence J. Burpee, Toronto, 1909.

G.	The Globe (Toronto).
G.B.C.P.	The Golden Book of Catholic Poetry, comp. Alfred Noyes, Philadelphia and N.Y., 1946.
G.C.	Duncan Campbell Scott, The Green Cloister: Later Poems, Toronto, 1935.
G.T.C.V.	The Golden Treasury of Canadian Verse, comp. A. M. Stephen, Toronto and London, 1928.
H.B.V.	The Home Book of Verse, ed. Burton Egbert Stevenson, New York, 1922.
H.G.	Hearts of Gold: Being Chronicles of Heroism in Canadian Poetry, Toronto, 1915.
I.	The Independent (New York).
Journal (1905)	D. C. Scott's Journal of a trip to James Bay June 30-August 16, 1905, National Archives, Records of the Indian Affairs Branch (R.G. 10, vol. 1028), Ottawa
Journal (1906)	Pelham Edgar's Journal of a trip to James Bay May 22-Aug. 16, 1906, National Archives, Records of the Indian Affairs Branch (R.G. 10, vol. 1028; bound with D. C. Scott's 1905 Journal--see Journal 1905), Ottawa.
K.S.	The Kamloops Standard
L.A.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Labor and the Angel, Boston, 1898.
L.C.P.	Later Canadian Poems, ed. J. E. Wetherell, Toronto, 1893.
L.D.	Literary Digest (New York)
L.E.M.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris, n.p., 1915.
L.L.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Lundy's Lane and Other Poems, New York and Toronto, 1916.
L.M.	London Mercury (London, England).

L.T.	Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson (1890-1898), ed. Arthur S. Bourinot, Ottawa, 1956.
L.T.L.	Letters of Edward William Thomson to Archibald Lampman (1891-1897), ed. Arthur S. Bourinot, Ottawa, 1957.
Mail	The Mail and Empire (Toronto).
Massey's	Massey's Magazine (Toronto)
M.B.V.	The Mercury Book of Verse, with an introd. by Sir Henry Newbolt, London, 1931.
M.F.P.	Manitoba Free Press (Winnipeg)
M.H.	Duncan Campbell Scott, The Magic House and Other Poems, London and Ottawa, 1893, Boston, 1895.
M.L.	More Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, ed. Arthur S. Bourinot, Ottawa, 1960.
M.M.	The Modern Muse, Oxford, 1934.
National Library TS. Bourinot	See "Checklist . . . Typescripts"
N.H.	New Harvesting: Contemporary Canadian Poetry, 1918-1938, comp. Ethel Hume Bennett, Toronto, 1938.
N.T.W.P.	The New Treasury of War Poetry: Poems of the Second World War, ed. George Herbert Clarke, Boston, 1943.
N.W.	Duncan Campbell Scott, New World Lyrics and Ballads, Toronto, 1905.
O.B.C.V.	The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, ed. Wilfred Campbell, Toronto, 1913.
O.C.L.	Our Canadian Literature, ed. Bliss Carman, Lorne Pierce and V. B. Rhodenizer, Toronto, 1935.
O.C.L.(W)	Our Canadian Literature, ed. Albert Durrant Watson and Lorne Pierce, Toronto, 1922.

P.	Duncan Campbell Scott, The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, Toronto, 1926, London, 1927.
P.C.N.	Poems, Chiefly Narrative, ed. W. L. MacDonald and F. C. Walker, Toronto, 1938.
P.E.P.	Pelham Edgar Papers, E. J. Pratt Library, University of Toronto.
Q.Q.	Queen's Quarterly (Kingston).
S.	Scribner's Magazine (New York).
S.C.Q.	Stanstead College Quarterly
Scrap Book	Duncan Campbell Scott "Scrap Book," B.P./O.
S.G.D.	Songs of the Great Dominion, ed. W. D. Lighthall, London, 1889.
S.L.	Some Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman and Others, ed. Arthur S. Bourinot, Ottawa, 1959.
S.N.	Saturday Night (Toronto).
S.P.	Selected Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, ed. E. K. Brown, Toronto, 1951.
S.P./T.	Duncan Campbell Scott papers, Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto.
S.R.	The Sewanee Review
S.S.	The Smart Set (New York).
St. N.	St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks
T.Ca.V.	A Treasury of Canadian Verse, ed. Theodore H. Rand, Toronto, 1900.
T.C.M.	Duncan Campbell Scott, To the Canadian Mothers and Three Other Poems, n.p., 1917.
T.C.V.	Twentieth Century Verse, ed. Ira Dilworth, Toronto, 1945.
T.W.P.	A Treasury of War Poetry: British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1919 [sic], ed. George Herbert Clarke, London, 1917.

T.Y.B.P.	Through the Year with Birds and Poets, comp. Sarah Williams, Boston, 1900.
U.	University Magazine (Montreal).
V.	Duncan Campbell Scott, In the Village of Viger, Boston, 1896.
V.A.	A Victorian Anthology, 1837-1895, ed. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Boston, 1895.
V.B.	Duncan Campbell Scott, Via Borealis, Toronto, 1906.
V.V.	Voices of Victory: Representative Poetry of Canada in Wartime, ed. Anabel King, Toronto, 1942.
W.P.	James Elgin Wetherell Papers, Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto.
Y.C.	The Youth's Companion (Boston).

Chronology

1862	Born August 2, second child and only son of the Rev. William Scott and Isabella Campbell Scott.
1874-5	Attended the high school at Smiths Falls (a community midway between Ottawa and Kingston, Ontario); previous to that, had attended Ottawa public schools.
1877-78	Attends Stanstead Wesleyan College in Stanstead, Quebec.
1879	Enters the federal civil service as third-class clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs.
1884	Is, by this time, acquainted with Archibald Lampman.
1889	Is promoted to first-class clerk.
1891	Death of his father on October 5.
1892	With Lampman and W. W. Campbell collaborates on a weekly literary column, "At the Mermaid Inn," which runs in The Globe from Feb. 6 to July 1 of the following year.
1893	Is promoted to Chief Clerk and Accountant.
	The Magic House and Other Poems is published in Great Britain and Canada.
1894	Visits Boston and Greenfield, Massachusetts.
	Marries Belle Warner Botsford on October 3.
1895	The Magic House and Other Poems is published in the United States. Is, by this time, acquainted with Pelham Edgar. His only child, Elizabeth Duncan, is born on July 22.
1896	In the Village of Viger, a collection of short stories, is published in the United States.
1898	Labor and the Angel is published in the United States.
1899	Death of Archibald Lampman on February 10. Is elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.
1900	The Poems of Archibald Lampman, edited by Scott, is published in Canada.
1902	Travels in England, Scotland and France.

1904	Travels in England, France and Italy.
1905	Travels through northern Ontario as a Treaty commissioner.
	John Graves Simcoe, a biography, and New World Lyrics and Ballads are published in Canada.
1906	Travels through northern Ontario as a Treaty commissioner.
	Via Borealis is published in Canada.
1907	Travels in France and Spain.
	Death of his only child, Elizabeth Duncan, aged twelve, on June 1.
1909	Appointed Superintendent of Indian Education.
	Death of his mother in Ottawa on April 13.
1910	Travels through western Canada in the summer.
1911	Vacations in Maine.
1913	Appointed Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs. Visits Massachusetts.
1915	Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris is privately published.
1916	Lundy's Lane and Other Poems is published in the United States and Canada.
1917	To the Canadian Mothers and Three Other Poems is privately published.
1919	Is in New Brunswick in September.
1920	Travels to British Columbia.
1921	Travels in Holland, Belgium, France and Italy.
	Beauty and Life is published in Canada.
1922	Awarded an honorary Doctorate of Literature by the University of Toronto. President of the Royal Society of Canada. Travels through western Canada.

1923 Pierre, a one-act play, is performed by the Ottawa Little Theatre, on January 18.

The Witching of Elspie: A Book of Stories is published in the United States.

1924 For the Byron Centenary, April 19, 1924: Byron on Wordsworth, Being Discovered Stanzas of Don Juan is privately published.

1925 Lyrics of Earth, a selection of Lampman's poems, edited by Scott, is published in Canada. Travels to France.

1926 The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott is published in Canada.

1927 The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott is published in Great Britain.

Awarded the Lorne Pierce Medal in recognition of his contributions to Canadian literature. Visits Alberta.

1928 Visits Saskatchewan in the summer.

1929 Death of his wife on April 13.

1930 Is introduced to E. K. Brown by Pelham Edgar. Vacations at Lake Placid, N.Y.

1931 Marries Elise Aylen on March 27. Travels in western Canada.

1932-33 Retires from the civil service in April. Travels in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, England and Spain.

1934 Travels to England.

Receives the C.M.G.

1935 Travels to Italy

The Green Cloister: Later Poems is published in Canada.

1936 Travels in Europe.

1937 Travels in Italy.

1939-40 Receives an LL.D. from Queen's University. Travels in the southwestern United States and on the Pacific coast.

1942 Travels in western Canada.

1943 At the Long Sault and Other New Poems by Archibald Lampman, jointly edited by Scott and E. K. Brown, is published in Canada.

1947 Selected Poems of Archibald Lampman, edited by Scott, Walter J. Philips, R.C.A., a biography, and The Circle of Affection, and Other Pieces in Prose and Verse are published in Canada.

Dies on December 19.

Introduction

Duncan Campbell Scott was born on August 2, 1862, in Ottawa, a city wherein he was to reside for his entire adult life.[1] His father, William Scott, a native of Lincoln, England, had emigrated to the United States in 1834 and from there to Canada three years later. Subsequently ordained as a minister in the Methodist Church, the Rev. Scott spent most of the next five decades working, first, as a missionary among the Indians around Lake Huron and then as an itinerant parson in southern Ontario and Quebec. Upon the death of his first wife (born Maria Slight) in 1857, he married two years later Janet Campbell MacCallum, a native-born Canadian of Scottish background. William and Janet Scott had three children, of whom Duncan Campbell was the second and the only boy.

The arrival of a (second) family did not signal the end of the Rev. Scott's wanderings. His son attended public schools in Ottawa, a high school in Smiths Falls, Ontario and a junior college in Stanstead, Quebec. The education, however, was cut short by financial constraints and young Duncan was found a place in the

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[1] The Introduction draws for its biographical information mainly upon E. K. Brown's "Memoir" in his Selected Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott (Toronto: Ryerson, 1951), pp. xi-xlii, Pelham Edgar's "Duncan Campbell Scott," Dalhousie Review, 7 (1927), 38-46, as well as Edgar's preliminary draft for this article (TS. c. 1924, P.E.P.), Scott's one-page memoir (TS. c.1904, P.E.P.) and O. J. Stevenson's chapter on Scott in his A People's Best (Toronto: Musson, 1927), pp. 109-18. Other sources, as well as quotations, will be acknowledged in the notes.

federal civil service. This he entered, as a clerk in the Indian Department, on Dec. 15, 1879, and, earning rapid promotion, became Chief Clerk and Accountant by 1893.

Financially more secure, Scott married in the following year an American concert violinist by the name of Belle Warner Botsford. Having already inherited from his mother an interest in music (as indeed, from both his parents, in the arts generally), he created with his wife a household of culture and refinement. In 1895 a daughter, Elizabeth, was born. She was, as it turned out, Scott's only child and her early death at the age of twelve constituted the most traumatic event of his very long life.

But the story of Scott's career as a man of letters begins in an earlier decade--sometime in 1883 or 1884 when Scott became acquainted with Archibald Lampman who had taken up employment at the Post Office in Ottawa. For it was Lampman who, by Scott's own account, provided him with the "inducement"[2] to write. Whether it was poetry or prose which he first composed is difficult to say. Probably the former, because of the influence of Lampman;[3] however, we note that a story by Scott was published (in Scribner's) as early as October 1887.

The first poem which Scott composed was probably "Ottawa. Before Dawn;" his second, "The Hill Path." Both were published

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[2]Edgar, "Duncan Campbell Scott," p. 40.

[3]The title-page of National Library TS. Bourinot--the receptacle of Scott's earliest poems--is dated "1st Jany 1887 to 31st Decr 1891." (For a description of National Library TS. Bourinot, see the "Checklist . . . Typescripts.")

without much delay. Scott was always rather diffident regarding his talent as a writer and Lampman's interest and encouragement may have been crucial to his development at this point, as was the positive reception his work received from discerning magazine editors in Canada and the United States.

His fresh reputation was soon solidified when two of his poems (those with distinctly Canadian subject-matter: "Ottawa. Before Dawn" and "At the Cedars") were included in W. D. Lighthall's patriotic anthology, Songs of the Great Dominion (1889). And in 1893, Scott--not yet the author of a single book[4]--was heavily represented in J. E. Wetherell's seminal collection, Later Canadian Poems.[5]

About five years after his poems had begun to appear in print, Scott brought out his first book of verse. The Magic House and Other Poems was published, at its author's own expense, in 1893. "Reflections on nature, melancholy meditation, nostalgic love poems, descriptions of Quebec and Ontario scenes, and some melodramatic action:"[6] these were essentially the book's contents. Thus collected in one volume, Scott's early work reveals more clearly the influences which shaped it. Lampman, Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti and Morris figure prominently in such derivative works as "By the Willow Spring," "In the House of Dreams" and "La Belle Feronière." Probably the

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[4]The correspondence between Scott and J. E. Wetherell (in S.P./T) reveals that arrangements for the inclusion of Scott's poems in L.C.P. were begun before it was known that M.H. would be published.

[5]Scott's twelve poems were exceeded only by Charles G. D. Roberts' seventeen, Lampman's sixteen and George Frederick Cameron's fifteen.

[6]Glenys Stow, "The Wound under the Feathers: Scott's Discontinuities," in Colony and Confederation: Early Canadian Poets and Their Background, ed. George Woodcock (Vancouver: U. of British Columbia Press, 1974), p. 163.

most original contribution to the volume was "At the Cedars," a work which anticipates the later "wilderness" poems for which Scott was to become noted;[7] the other poems, by contrast, foreshadow that part of Scott's verse which decidedly looks to European cultural models. And in its mixture of "European" and "Canadian" poems,[8] The Magic House as a whole announces the pattern of all of Scott's later books of verse, indeed of his entire oeuvre, the prose fiction included.

Reviews of The Magic House were generally favourable, especially in England where the book received separate publication. There, according to one observer, it "received more than usual notice."[9] The Speaker called it "one of the most remarkable books of verse of the decade"[10] and the Scotsman expressed the opinion that although "It is not poetry of the great high-soaring order . . . for genuine imaginative richness, technical dexterity and natural charm the book would hold its own in any comparison."[11]

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[7]Insofar as it deals with death by water, "At the Cedars" also foreshadows Scott's obsessive use of a drowning motif; cf., for instance, "The Piper of Arll," "The Half-Breed Girl," "After a Night of Storm," and "Veronique Fraser."

[8]We realize that the distinction between "European" and "Canadian" poems, though well-grounded in the history of the reception of Scott's poetry, is ultimately a crude and superficial one. "At the Cedars," for instance, may have derived its form from a European cultural model (see fn. 38).

[9]Ezra H. Stafford, "The Poet of Summer," The Week, 11 (July 20, 1894), 802.

[10]Quoted in The Canadian Men and Women of the Time: A Handbook of Canadian Biography, ed. Henry James Morgan (Toronto: William Briggs, 1898), p. 918.

[11]"Poetry," rev. of The Magic House and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Scotsman (Edinburgh), Nov. 6, 1893, p. 3.

In Canada, E. H. Stafford described Scott's poetic style as having "all the purity and control of Matthew Arnold, with a little less strength and considerably more sweetness."[12] Though Stafford was seemingly oblivious to the violent and erotic aspects of many of the poems,[13] hailing Scott as a pastoral poet--the "laureate of summer"[14]--he did, to his credit, notice "the hold of the fin de siecle [sic] literary mannerisms upon him" and "the influences of the Pre-Raphaelite school."[15]

American reviews of The Magic House were equally laudatory. The Critic called it "a creditable volume" and shrewdly observed that where its author "succeeds best, and where he excels, is in such a bit of stirring narrative as 'At the Cedars.'"[16] When the book was issued in the United States itself in 1895, the Dial devoted to it "a few words of emphatic and cordial praise."[17]

It would appear that if any reservations were had about Scott's first book of verse, they made themselves felt chiefly in the author's

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[12]Stafford, p. 802.

[13]For a discussion of these aspects of The Magic House, see A.J.M. Smith, "Duncan Campbell Scott," in Our Living Tradition, ed. R. L. McDougall (Toronto: U. of Toronto Press in association with Carleton University, 1959), pp. 73-94, esp. pp. 80-83.

[14]Stafford, p. 802.

[15]Ibid., p. 802.

[16]"Canadian Poetry and Verse," rev. of The Magic House and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Critic, 24 (1894), 236.

[17]William Morton Payne, rev. of The Magic House and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Dial, 20 (1896), 116.

own country where there was at the time a demand for a manifestly Canadian literature,[18] a demand not obviously satisfied by Scott in The Magic House. Thus E. H. Stafford felt compelled to defend the book he was reviewing by arguing that "The trick of penning up English, Scottish, American and Canadian poets in little herds by themselves, as if they had been particularly branded and had to stand together, has always seemed to me rather ludicrous."[19] Similarly, Pelham Edgar tried to persuade his readers to adopt a more cosmopolitan attitude towards Scott's poetry: "It is a misplaced sentiment which demands that the work of our poets should be distinctively Canadian, for a narrow provincialism would be the inevitable result."[20]

Scott himself may have been aware of the "misplaced sentiment" that could be felt about his verse. Indeed it is quite possible that Pelham Edgar was consciously voicing Scott's own concern in the statement quoted above. For shortly before Edgar's article appeared, Scott had written to him: "I have always had a dread of provincialism in poetry, of a mere matching of lines in a humdrum way and that feeling keeps me from writing a great deal of verse."[21]

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[18]This phenomenon has long been recognized by literary historians. See, for instance, Desmond Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto: Ryerson, 1961), pp. 35-88, and Roy Daniells, "From Confederation to the First World War," in the Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck et al, 2nd ed. rev. (Toronto and Buffalo: U. of Toronto Press, 1976), I, 205-21.

[19]Stafford, p. 801.

[20]Pelham Edgar, "Duncan C. Scott," The Week, 12 (March 15, 1895), 370.

[21]Scott to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 16, 1895, P.E.P.

Certainly Scott's next book of poetry, Labor and the Angel (1898), showed little attempt to cater to contemporary "provincial" taste. If anything, the book manifested an even stronger attachment to international literary currents: Pre-Raphaelitism, the lingering hold of Tennyson, the muscular optimism of George Meredith (a new enthusiasm of Scott).[22] Included in the book were even pastiches of the Elizabethan poets[23] and of Wordsworth.

Symptomatic of the general tenor of the volume is the fact that it was published by the new (and short-lived) Boston firm of Copeland and Day (1893-99). It was a company which specialized in "artistic publishing"[24]: "All their volumes were designed and printed with the most artistic care, and no effort was spared to distinguish their appearance from the common run of books.[25] Scott may have

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[22]The influence of Meredith may have come via Pelham Edgar, a known admirer of the English poet and novelist (see Edgar's Across My Path [Toronto: Ryerson, 1952], pp. 29-33). We cannot say for certain since it is not known precisely when Scott and Edgar became personally acquainted with each other (the earliest letter from Scott to Edgar in the P.E.P. is dated "Feb. 16, 1895") nor is it known when either "Labor and the Angel" or "The Dame Regnant"--both of which show the influence of Meredith--were written.

[23]Evidence of Scott's interest at this time in Elizabethan literature is to be found in the fact that he delivered--on Feb. 4, 1897--a lecture entitled "Lyrics of the Elizabethans" to the Ottawa Lyric and Scientific Society. See Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 2nd Series, 3 (1897), L.

[24]Charles A. Madison, Book Publishing in America (N.Y.: McGraw-Hill, 1966), p. 153.

[25]Ibid., p. 153. "Among the volumes published by Copeland and Day were "Rossetti's House of Life, The Imitation of Christ, Oscar Wilde's unabridged Salomé with the Beardsley illustration, Yeats's Poems, and The Yellow Book vi" (p. 153).

selected Copeland and Day simply because of the fine job they had done with the American issue of The Magic House. However, the preciosity connoted by the physical appearance of Labor and the Angel--its octavo size and ornate typography--were not out of keeping with the contents of the book, their general tenor of escape from reality, whether into dream, art or a transcendent world of beauty. This tenor is manifest on (at least) two levels: thematically (e.g., the opposition in "The Piper of Arll" between the world of reality and the world of the imagination) and stylistically (e.g. the use of archaic and rare words and the formal influence of ballads and Elizabethan literature).

To be sure, a few poems exempt themselves from the book's prevailing aestheticism: the two sonnets, "Onondaga Madonna" and "Watkwenies," for instance, as well as the title-poem and "The Harvest," both of which are concerned with such social issues as the value of labour and the problem of poverty. "The Harvest," in particular, appears to be grounded in a radical viewpoint (of an uncertain variety[26]) and here it is possible that Lampman, with his known interest in socialism,[27] had a strong personal influence.

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[26]Socialism of a Fabian variety was probably the ideology in which Scott was interested, possibly through the writings of William Morris, whom he is known to have admired (see the letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar [n.d., P.E.P.] in which he calls Morris "a fine poet . . . one of the greatest"). According to E. K. Brown, "during the eighteen-nineties [Scott] had been active in the Ottawa group of the Fabians" ("Memoir," p. xxi).

[27]See Barrie Davies, "A Lampman Manuscript," Journal of Canadian Fiction, 1 (1972), 55-58, for the draft of an essay by Lampman on "the cause of socialism."

Scott's interest in radical ideologies, however, proved to be short-lived. After Lampman's death (whether coincidentally or not) his socio-political stance became more conservative.[28]

In general Labor and the Angel received much less attention than had Scott's first book of poems. Probably one reason for this was the fact that the book was published in only one country instead of three (indeed it was Scott's only book to be published solely in the United States); as well, distribution of the volume by Copeland and Day appears to have been poor. "Labor & the Angel," Scott lamented to Pelham Edgar, "has hardly penetrated this wilderness."[29]

What reviews there were appear to have been at most lukewarm in their praise. The Dial pointed out only that the book was "full of lovely songs."[30] And the New York Independent took exception to the style of the title-poem: "There is such a thing as fine art that is overflowing with the artist's self-consciousness. We do not mean mere lyrical impulse running beyond all bounds, but rather the deliberate sort of self-consciousness, which sets about to do something quite novel, quite the artist's own. Mr. Scott gives an impression of this studied effort to do what has never been done before in his opening poem, 'Labor and the Angel.' His rimes are

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[28]Perhaps it was his identification with Thomas Chandler Haliburton, an earlier Canadian writer whose political opinions had undergone a similar metamorphosis, which led Scott to write his laudatory poem, "On a Portrait of Judge Haliburton" (1909).

[29]Scott to Pelham Edgar, March 4, 1899, P.E.P.

[30]William Morton Payne, rev. of Labor and the Angel, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Dial, 26 (1899), 55.

so irregular and scattered that each one, instead of being a pleasureable surprise, is a shock not at all agreeable. A formless poem is no poem at all, and Mr. Scott will have to find this out."[31] The reviewer then went on to praise, in vapid generalities, the other poems in the book.

If Scott at the beginning of his literary career had shied away from exploiting his situation as a Canadian writer, aspiring instead to fill the role of a sophisticated man-of-letters, he subsequently appears to have reversed himself, turning away from the Old World whose fashions he had so diligently followed, and exploring the New. Just how deliberate and self-conscious was this change of emphasis is suggested by a glance at the titles of the books of these "middle years" of his career: New World Lyrics and Ballads (1905), Via Borealis (1906) and Lundy's Lane and Other Poems (1916).

Intimations of the change can be sensed as early as 1901, in "A Decade of Canadian Poetry," an essay by Scott which appeared in the Canadian Magazine. After scanning the recent history of English-Canadian verse, Scott concluded: "The term, School of Canadian Poetry, might be accepted with hesitation and some diffidence had not various competent critics, adopted it uniformly.

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[31]"Recent Verse," rev. of Labor and the Angel, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Independent, 51 (1899), 495-96.

As applied to the group of writers usually mentioned under the appellation [Scott had been discussing Roberts, Lampman and Campbell] it may be too pretentious. It is valuable in that it conveys the idea of nationality, and if the Canadian people cannot thank its poets for immortal verse it may thank them for having forced the recognition of a growing national literature separate from that of the American Republic" (italics ours).[32] These words suggest that Scott had developed a more favourable attitude towards the ideal of distinctly Canadian literature. The same is suggested by his sympathetic mention, later in the essay, of such books of verse as Pine, Rose and Fleurs de Lis by "Seranus" (Mrs. S. F. Harrison) and Lays of the 'True North' by Agnes Maule Machar--books which reveal, incidentally, how popular was the "maple leaf" school of verse at the time.[33]

Yet if the turning to Canadian material was, in part at least, deliberate and thought-out, in part it was probably also the inadvertent result of Scott's coming into increasingly frequent contact,[34] as a consequence of his duties within the Department of of Indian Affairs, with wilder, more untamed regions of the country,

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[32]"A Decade of Canadian Poetry," Canadian Magazine, 17 (1901), 154.

[33]In suggesting that Scott may have been attracted to Canadian material by the example of his literary compatriots, we cannot overlook the possibly significant fact that Lampman wrote "At the Long Sault," a narrative poem on a Canadian theme, in 1898-99.

[34]We say "increasingly frequent" because Scott had already made canoe-trips--together with Lampman--into the wilderness before he was obliged to venture into that region by his work in the civil service. According to E. K. Brown, it was "in the summer of 1897 [that] Scott and Lampman took the last of their long canoe trips together" ("Memoir," p. xix).

regions considered to be typically Canadian.[35] The summer of 1899, for instance, was spent mostly "among the Indians"[36] and in the summers of 1905-06 Scott was occupied in negotiating treaties, on behalf of the federal government, with native tribes throughout northern Ontario.

Though little is known of the 1899 trip (beyond the probability that it was made to the vicinity of Lake Nipigon[37]), it would appear that the experiences issuing therefrom, as well as from the 1905 and certainly the 1906 journeys, were the stimulus for several of the poems which were subsequently collected in New World Lyrics and Ballads, in Via Borealis and much later--an indication of how they haunted Scott's memory--for "The Height of Land" and "Powassan's Drum."

To create a proper form for some of his new-found material, Scott looked to the style of his first "Canadian" narrative poem (indeed his first narrative poem of any kind), "At the Cedars,"

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[35]Cf. E. K. Brown: "In 1896 . . . [Scott] became secretary of the Department of Indian Affairs, began to shape policy, and to take more journeys of inspection into the wilder parts of the country which were to have so large a part in his best poetry" ("Memoir," p. xx). Cf. also O. J. Stevenson: "The business of the Department . . . made it necessary for [Scott] at times to visit the more remote and untravelled parts of Canada, and these romantic scenes were further sources of inspiration" (A People's Best, p. 112). (In 1909 Scott became Superintendent of Indian Education and in 1913 Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.)

[36]Scott to Pelham Edgar, Sept. 7, 1899, P.E.P.

[37]See Scott's note to the N.W. text of "The Forsaken." Cf. also E. K. Brown's statement that "One of these [trips], taken in the summer of 1899, led to the writing on [Scott's] return to Ottawa . . . of 'Rapids at Night' and 'Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon'" ("Memoir," p. xx).

written many years earlier.[38] Here he found the metrical pattern (free verse with irregular rhyme), the syntactic and lexical features (especially repetition and ellipsis) and the neutral or at least emotionally restrained tone which gave, on the whole, an impression of ruggedness and harshness, an impression well-suited to the content of such works as "The Forsaken" or "On the Way to the Mission."

This seeming harshness did not go unnoticed by reviewers of New World Lyrics and Ballads, though neither, for that matter, did the book's merit. The Dial, for instance complained of the "several pieces in somewhat ruder measures than are acceptable to a sensitive ear" but also pointed to with favour those "few poems as good as any that the author has previously published."[39] The Nation's response was also one of qualified praise: "Mr. Scott has taken imaginative possession of the cool, pinegrown, history-haunted Canadian country and has sung of it in spare athletic verse. His poetic background is not of the broadest, his 'criticism of life' not perhaps of the deepest, but he rarely fails to give his reader that delicious shock of surprise, of strange and vivid beauty that is the final

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[38]Precisely how Scott came by this style remains one of the more interesting mysteries of his literary career. A clue can be found in Pelham Edgar's Across My Path: "Here . . . Arnold in such poems as 'Dover Beach' and 'Rugby Chapel' left his mark upon [Scott] but he is probably even more in debt to Coventry Patmore of the Odes" (pp. 67-68). We also must note again (cf. fn. 33) the possibility of influence vis-à-vis Archibald Lampman. Especially intriguing is the similarity of style between Lampman's "At the Long Sault" and Scott's "On the Way to the Mission": both poems are in free verse (though Lampman's is heavily and Scott's only lightly rhymed) and conclude in lyric quatrains.

[39]William Morton Payne, rev. of New World Lyrics and Ballads, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Dial, 40 (1906), 127.

test of Poetry as distinguished from poetry."[40]

Probably the lengthiest review of New World Lyrics and Ballads was that by Pelham Edgar in the Toronto Globe. Edgar's review, however, is surprising insofar as it pays only cursory attention to the "Canadian" poems in the volume, most of the praise being reserved for "Dominique de Gourgues."[41] This poem--now one of Scott's least highly-regarded narratives--Edgar compared to Tennyson's "The Revenge," stating that it "cannot fail to enhance a reputation already solidly established."[42]

Only a year after the publication of New World Lyrics and Ballads appeared Via Borealis. Containing some of his best-known works--"Spring on Mattagami" and "The Half Breed Girl," for instance--Via Borealis is perhaps its author's least uneven collection of poems. This is not saying much, however, when we consider the book's size--only seven poems in twenty-one pages. Because it was a booklet issued for the Christmas trade by the small Toronto firm of Tyrrell, Via Borealis attracted little attention. The Canadian Courier, however, praised it as "a casket which contains none but gems of rarest polish"[43] and affirmed that "There is no modern

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[40]"Recent Poetry," rev. of New World Lyrics and Ballads, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Nation, 82 (1906), 326.

[41]Perhaps Edgar was attracted to "Dominique de Gourgues"--a poem which has generally been ignored by later critics--because it was he who had suggested the subject-matter to Scott (see the headnote to "Dominique de Gourgues").

[42]Pelham Edgar, rev. of New World Lyrics and Ballads, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Globe, Nov. 25, 1905, Mag. Sec., p. 4.

[43]"Books," rev. of Via Borealis, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Canadian Courier (Toronto), 1 (1906), 20.

Canadian production with more of promise for native literature and art than this small green-bound book."[44]

In retrospect it is during the years spanning the turn of the century--from, say, 1898 to 1906--that Scott's career as a poet appears to have reached its pinnacle. Of the handful of poems on which his reputation currently rests, most were either published during those years or were the later fruits of the experience of those years. And if Scott's reputation within his lifetime can be said to have ever been high, it was high in the years around the turn of the century. We note, for instance, that Scott is one of only three Canadian poets (the others are Roberts and Carman) to be discussed in William Archer's international survey, Poets of the Younger Generation (1902). There he is described as "a metrist of no mean skill, and an imaginative thinker of no common capacity."[45] And it is equally noteworthy that Scott is represented by nine poems in T. H. Rand's A Treasury of Canadian Verse (1900), a representation exceeded only by that of Roberts with sixteen poems.

Such an achievement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that of Scott's nine books of verse only two were published before 1900. As Pelham Edgar observed in 1905: "Two small books of verse and a slender volume of prose [In the Village of Viger] have sufficed to reveal Mr. Scott's artistic power, and to give him a distinguished place among the poets of the younger generation."[46]

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[44] Ibid., p. 21.

[45] William Archer, Poets of the Younger Generation (London and N.Y.: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1902), p. 393.

[46] Pelham Edgar, "Some Canadian Poets: Duncan Campbell Scott," The Globe, March 4, 1905, Mag. Sec., p. 3.

Yet even during those years when his reputation was at its height, Scott was not a popular or even widely-known writer. Thus Edgar was quick to add that, despite Scott's "distinguished place . . . so quiet and unobtrusive is his fame that the public have still to learn how sincere and genuine a poet we have in our midst."[47] The same situation was described by another contemporary observer: "Mr. Scott appears to his fellow-singers rather than to the general public. He is no seeker after popularity; he despises the arts of réclame, and his small volumes appear unannounced and unheralded, as silently as the dew falls at eventide. Very few of his compatriots . . . know that Canada possesses this authentic poet."[48]

Certainly one side of Scott's personality--the better-known "austere" and reserved side--did not feel comfortable with the promotion of his work, but another side of him felt bedevilled by the lack of popularity which attended his career. Thus it was that he was driven out of consideration for "the commercial standpoint"[49] to call his next book of verse after a patriotic and sentimental ballad included therein, Lundy's Lane and Other Poems (1916). The book, moreover, was Scott's most ambitious production to that date: it carried a photographic frontispiece, ran to over two hundred pages and gave the poems from Via Borealis an opportunity to appear before another, larger--so it was hoped for--audience.

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[47] Ibid., p. 3.

[48] E[dward] B[olland] O[sborne], rev. of Via Borealis, by Duncan Campbell Scott, Canada (London), 4 (1906), 442.

[49] Scott to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 11, 1916, P.E.P. (The title was suggested by Pelham Edgar.)

Yet for all its trappings, the book did not make much of an impact. In the United States, where separate publication had been arranged (curiously enough, under the same patriotic title), Lundy's Lane met with an indifferent reception. One American reviewer, with amazing perspicacity, noted that an era had come to an end, a unique era when Canadian writers, recognized and admired south of the border, had almost been part of the American cultural scene:[50] "Between eighteen ninety-five and nineteen hundred and five, before our present multiplication of poets, Canadian singers had a good audience on this side of the northern border. . . . During the period of which I speak, Canadian poetry was very much admired and watched. These poets, quite as our own poets, found their most desirable publishers in Boston and New York. . . . The publication of this volume [Lundy's Lane] . . . serves to remind us of the place Canadian poets held in our esteem not so very long ago. But the reading of this volume also convinces us that the poets of the north have not kept pace with their southern neighbours. Judging by this collection they are still loyal to the old traditions, not traditions merely of form, but of substance. Nothing of the complex, confusing, vision of modern life seems to disturb those placid old dreams of humanity which it is not difficult to evoke."[51]

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[50]Of the fifty-nine appearances (which we have been able to locate) of poems by Scott in American periodicals, forty-nine (82%) took place between 1888 and 1905. The heaviest representation is to be found in the pages of Scribner's which published fifteen of Scott's poems during that period.

[51]W[illiam] S[tanley] B[raithwaite], review of Lundy's Lane and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, Boston Transcript, Oct. 4, 1916, Part two, p. 9.

In Canada Lundy's Lane was received with only slightly less indifference than in the United States. The Toronto Mail and Empire, in a balanced and perceptive review, described Scott as a "distinctly Canadian" poet who is "surprisingly uneven in his work" and "not sufficiently self-critical," a writer who "at his best is found in the poems where he presents . . . scenes in the forests and in wild lands of Canada."[52] The Globe offered a more enthusiastic if less discriminating appraisal of Scott, describing him as "one of the greatest of all Canadian singers."[53] But its review had little effect: the public was not stirred into buying Lundy's Lane[54] and Scott, no doubt bitterly disappointed, tried to mask his hurt by feigning an indifference of his own: "I have long been satisfied not to be treated seriously as a poet! I don't seem to be able to gain the attention of important papers or reviewers but I am not grieving[;] probably I would not be able to play up to popularity."[55]

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[52]"Real Canadian Poet Publishes Volume," rev. of Lundy's Lane and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Mail and Empire, Oct. 14, 1916, p. 20.

[53]J. L. Milligan, rev. of Lundy's Lane and Other Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Globe, Oct. 7, 1916, p. 11.

[54]On March 14, 1919, McClelland and Stewart informed Scott (the letter is in the B.P./O.) that "The sales [of L.L.] were moving very slowly and some time ago we cleared some stock at low cost."

[55]Scott to Pelham Edgar, Nov. 8, 1916, P.E.P.

With his next volume, Beauty and Life (1921), Scott's "Canadian" period can be said to have come to an end. In its overt interest in art and in literature and, more broadly speaking, in its aestheticism, the book marks a return to Scott's cosmopolitan manner of the 1890's. As the title indicates, Scott is (once again) concerned with the relationship between reality and an idealistic vision of the beautiful. This theme is explicitly treated in the opening poem of the volume, the "Ode for the Keats Centenary": "Beauty has taken refuge from our life / That grew too loud and wounding; / Beauty withdraws beyond the bitter strife, / Beauty is gone, (Oh where?)" (11. 142-45). Though Scott makes an effort to confront contemporary reality--notably in the war poems which conclude the volume[56]--one has the impression that the poet himself is tempted to take "refuge from our life" and "is gone" in search of the beautiful.

But that of which Scott found post-war reality devoid was only, perhaps, the delicate, precious beauty so highly valued in late nineteenth-century culture. It was an aesthetic ideal which was discarded by such writers as Yeats, Pound and Joyce--in 1921 contemporaneous with Scott--who, unlike the latter, were able to make a successful and complete transition into a modern mode of writing.

Scott revealed where he stood with respect to modernism in his Presidential address to the Royal Society of Canada in 1922. To be sure, he made an effort to be fair and balanced in the

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[56]These had previously been published in pamphlet form under the title of To the Canadian Mothers and Three Other Poems (1917).

opinions he expressed on that occasion: "Revolt is essential to progress, not necessarily the revolt of violence, but always the revolt that questions the established past and puts it to the proof, that finds the old forms outworn and invents new forms for new matters. . . . Modernity is not a fad, it is the feeling for actuality."[57] But despite these assertions we sense that it is not the "revolt" of avant-garde artistic movements with which Scott is genuinely in sympathy, and that greater sincerity is to be found in the closing words of the address. There Scott describes the poetry of the times as "wayward and discomforting, full of experiment that seems to lead nowhere" and suggests that his audience "may turn from it for refreshment to those earlier days when society appears to us, to have been simpler, when there were seers who made clear the paths of life and adorned them with beauty."[58] Indeed, turning to "earlier days" was what Scott himself had done in his "Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme," included in Beauty and Life.

Though Scott did not stop writing in 1926, his collected Poems which appeared in that year had the appearance of a book which is intended to bring its author's career to a distinguished close. The volume contained most of Scott's verse, idiosyncratically arranged to give a sense of harmony to the whole. It was published

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[57]"Poetry and Progress," Canadian Magazine, 60 (1923), 194.

[58]Ibid., p. 195.

in both Canada and England and the English issue contained an introduction by the then Poet-Laureate, John Masefield.

The collected edition of 1926 is not, strictly speaking, such: some poems were omitted and some new ones, notably "Powassan's Drum," included. Even so, to have published a much more limited selection of his verse might have been more to Scott's advantage. For despite the fact that he gave his "Canadian" poems--singled out by Masefield as their author's "main contribution"[59] to verse--a prominent position at the beginning of the book, the numerous minor works which were also included detracted from the impression of the whole.

Thus the reviewer in the influential Times Literary Supplement placed himself in agreement with Masefield's opinion regarding the "Canadian" poems but condemned the rest of the verse because it had a "tranquillizing" effect, that is to say, because it was banal: "When [Scott] does not write about Canadian subjects, but reflects upon subjects open to the inhabitants of any country he does this reflection well enough, but he never startles us from [a] gentle and receptive mood."[60] The fault was attributed to the poet's "diction, which is too full of words that we commonly meet with

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[59]John Masefield, "Foreword" to the Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott (London: Dent, 1927), n. pag. The context of Masefield's phrase is as follows: ". . . in all his most distinctive work his subjects are Canadian. His Canadian poems are his main contribution to the store: they are the new things, unlike anything else. . . . We should look at them with pride and interest, as the beginning of a tradition of poetry among a race of our own stock."

[60]"The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott," rev. of Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, The Times Literary Supplement, Oct. 20, 1927, p. 737.

in poetry and which naturally elevate a poet's ideas to fit the elevation of his language, whereas of course the elevation of the ideas should come first and at rare moments, and be attended by a suitable elevation of diction."[61] (This remark anticipates the later observation by Roy Daniells of a "gap" in Scott's longer poems "between personal sincerity and poetic sincerity."[62])

In general, reception of the Poems was politely appreciative but lacking in any real enthusiasm. The Saturday Review of Literature, for instance, called Scott a "poet of distinction"[63] and the London Mercury, in a belated response, described him as "a true poet and a master of his craft."[64] The review in the Boston Transcript was exceptional but, unfortunately for Scott, only in the extent of its severity: "In not a single of these dozens [of poems] does Mr. Scott create a picture complete, except in 'At the Cedars' and 'A Half Breed Girl.' Nowhere can you find an illusion of beauty not broken by bad rhythm or ill chosen words. . . . For the rest of his work, in general, it is heavily shaded with varied meanings. When he takes to free verse forms he is absolutely lost."[65]

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[61] Ibid., p. 737.

[62] Roy Daniells, "Crawford, Carman, and Scott," in the Literary History of Canada, I, 434.

[63] "Brief Mention," Saturday Review of Literature, 3 (1927), 984.

[64] Arthur Stanley, "Our Canadian Poets," London Mercury, 26 (1932), 542.

[65] "Canadian Poet," rev. of Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, Boston Transcript, July 2, 1927, Part 6, p. 6.

So far as Scott's reputation was concerned, the collected edition of 1926 does not appear to have either added to or detracted from it, rather made the niche into which that reputation had already settled--Scott as the master of "Canadian" material--more secure. Nor was the book any more successful in the marketplace than its predecessors had been. Seven years after its publication Scott was informed that the list price had been reduced because it "was moving so slowly."[66]

Although the appearance of Poems had given a sense of finality to its author's career, Scott was to find himself living another twenty-one years beyond its date of publication. Not, moreover, years of progressive senility; on the contrary, his (second) marriage in 1931--at the age of sixty-nine--to a woman who was a poet herself appears to have revitalized him and renewed his enthusiasm for writing. As well, his retirement from the civil service the year after his marriage provided him with more time and leisure; indeed, the newly-married Duncan and Elise Scott made an extended tour of Europe in 1932-33 and from those travels emerged many of the poems which were to appear in Scott's next book, The Green Cloister: Later Poems (1935).

Like Beauty and Life this book is in Scott's cosmopolitan manner. Again there appears the idea of art as a refuge--though now a precarious refuge (the "green cloister" of the title); again are to be found, in abundance, travel-descriptive pieces of a

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[66]McClelland and Stewart to Scott, Oct. 17, 1933, B.P./O.

kind Scott had been writing for decades,[67] and, despite Scott's fundamental antipathy to modernist literature,[68] again we find imitations of leading international voices (T. S. Eliot, for instance, in "Compline"). But it is the two "Canadian" poems--"At Gull Lake: August, 1810" and "A Scene at Lake Manitou"--which are easily the most outstanding in the volume. As one reviewer noted, these "graphic and interpretative studies . . . rank with his best previous work in that genre, of which he is the acknowledged master."[69]

Conforming to another, less happy, pattern was the fact that The Green Cloister, published in the middle of the Great Depression, was not a commercial success. Ten years after the book's publication only 281 copies (of 504 printed) had been sold.[70] Discouraged and aware, perhaps, that he was no longer in the forefront of literary events, Scott more or less retired from the cultural scene,[71]

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[67]Cf., for instance, "Above St. Irénée," "At Les Eboulements," "At Scarboro' Beach," "Off Rivière du Loup" and "Off the Isle Aux Coudres"--all in M.H.

[68]See, for instance, Scott's letter to Pelham Edgar on Aug. 11, 1933 (P.E.P.): "D. H. L[awrence] is . . . the only modern who interests me much;" or the letter to Pelham Edgar on Oct. 29, 1940 (P.E.P.): "I have ordered it ["East Coker"] from curiosity as my affections are for other works." Scott did, however, read Hugh MacLennan's Barometer Rising "with pleasure" (Scott to Pelham Edgar, April 27, 1942, P.E.P.).

[69]William Arthur Deacon, rev. of The Green Cloister: Later Poems, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Mail and Empire, Dec. 14, 1935, p. 8.

[70]McClelland and Stewart to Scott, Oct. 16, 1945, B.P./O.

[71]Witness the fact that during this period two of Scott's poems were published (in The Canadian Forum) over their author's initials, and one was published (in Saturday Night) over a pseudonym. (See the headnotes to "Lines to Be a Last Song," "To Helen" and "First-Class Car.")

continuing to write poetry (though on a much-reduced scale[72]) but publishing no more full-fledged books of verse.

Urged on by his wife, however, he began work in 1943 on the "miscellany" of essays, short stories and poems which would ultimately appear, under the title of The Circle of Affection, seven months before his death in 1947. What poems there were in this book consisted of very early material, not previously gathered together in book form, and his most recent output. Scott was not entirely sure of the merit of at least some of the works which he wanted to include. Thus he delicately broached the matter to his confidant, E. K. Brown: "I wonder what you will say if I attempt to print the poems I have by me; for none, I fear, are in the style you like."[73] Those which Brown may not have liked can be guessed at if we rule out those which he did include in his own selection (published in 1952) of Scott's verse: "Old Olives at Bordighera," "A Song" ["In the air there are no coral--"], "Veronique Fraser," "Amanda" and "Twelfth Anniversary." "Veronique Fraser"--the only "Canadian" piece in the volume--is of interest insofar as its plot has something in common with that of "At the Cedars." Perhaps Scott wanted his last "Canadian" narrative

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[72]Cf. the time-periods covered by the five Notebooks containing rough drafts of Scott's poems: 1899-1914 Notebook, 1911-1916 Notebook, 1916-1921 Notebook, 1921-1926 Notebook and 1926-1946 Notebook. The fact that the last of these spans fully twenty years of writing is not to be explained by any discrepancies in size between the various Notebooks.

[73]Scott to E. K. Brown, Feb. 10, 1945, E.K.B.P.

poem to resemble his first and thus bring this aspect of his work full circle.

It was, however, to a rather anticlimactic close that The Circle of Affection brought Scott's writing as a whole. Response to the book, as to so many others of its author, was not so much negative as indifferent. To be sure, there were the usual perfunctory words of praise--"Dr. Scott reveals himself as a sensitive poet (which we all knew he was)"[74]--but Scott was not to be granted within his lifetime any significant renewal of interest in his work. This was only to come after his death.

As early as 1914 a discerning critic had anticipated where that interest would be focussed. Alluding to "At the Cedars," Bernard Muddiman observed that "This is the first occasion on which [Scott] treats of French-Canadian themes, that, afterwards, with the Indian, form the body of his best work."[75] And in 1926 John Garvin, reviewing the collected Poems, had made the following prophetic statement: "Beautiful as is such a fantasy, for instance, as The Piper of Arll, and many other poems in which the metre, verbal music, thought and emotion are in perfect accord, I think it probable that Scott's fame in the future will rest more and more on his remarkable poems in 'free verse' (with or without rhyme) which have Indian and other themes of intense human interest. Who

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[74]"Sensitive Poetry," rev. of The Circle of Affection, by Duncan Campbell Scott, The Gazette (Montreal), June 28, 1947, p. 23.

[75]Bernard Muddiman, "Duncan Campbell Scott," Canadian Magazine, 43 (1914), 67.

could ever tire of reading such poems as Powassan's Drum; The Forsaken; At the Cedars; Night Burial in the Forest; and Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris?"[76]

Similarly the pattern of anthologizing of Scott's verse reveals the progressive segregation of the "Canadian" poems from the rest of the oeuvre. For example, among the eleven contributions of Scott to Bliss Carman's Our Canadian Literature (1935) are "At the Cedars," "The Forsaken," "The Half-Breed Girl," "On the Way to the Mission" and "Rapids at Night." Among the five poems by Scott (a significant reduction in number as his work came into a new perspective) in A.J.M. Smith's influential Book of Canadian Poetry (1943) are "At the Cedars," "At Gull Lake: August, 1810" and "Night Burial in the Forest."[77] And at least half of Scott's representation in Malcolm Ross's Poets of the Confederation (1960) is made up of "Canadian" poems.[78]

It would not be accurate, therefore, to say that it was only after Scott's death that a consensus was reached as to which was the most valuable portion of his work. The process of arriving at this consensus had begun early in his career and it was arrived at with little disagreement, let alone controversy. But it was only

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[76]John Garvin, rev. of Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott, Canadian Bookman, 8 (1926), 364-65.

[77]It is worth noting that both Carman's and Smith's anthologies include "The Piper of Arll"--Scott's most highly-regarded non-"Canadian" poem.

[78]The significance of these figures, in terms of the weight given to the "Canadian" works, is all the more remarkable when we consider that these comprise only a small fraction of Scott's verse. Only twelve of his (approximately) four hundred poems, for instance, have anything to do with Indians.

after Scott's death that there was a new and heightened appreciation of his achievement in the context of the period in which he had flourished and ultimately in the context of the history of Canadian literature.

Thus Scott had always been the most neglected major poet of his generation, ranked no higher, certainly, than Roberts, Carman or Lampman.[79] But barely three decades after his death, he was beginning to be perceived, in Gary Geddes' words, as "the one breath of fresh air escaping from the mixed bag of Confederation poets."[80] Though Geddes himself made an attempt to reinstate Scott as a nineteenth-century poet, current reassessments of the latter's achievement are more commonly linked to an appreciation of its more modern aspects--ironically so, in view of Scott's resistance to modern art. According to Glenys Stow, for instance, Scott, though a "pre-Freudian," "experimented in his better verse with a number of the techniques used by later twentieth-century poets."[81] According to A.J.M. Smith, the "poetry of [Scott's] last years . . . is a poetry that one might well call modern, if it were not timeless."[82] For Tom Marshall "The Forsaken" "anticipates by about

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[79]We note, however, an early "minority opinion" of William Arthur Deacon: ". . . while Scott has had to wait longest [of the 'Confederation poets'] for public acclaim, the beauty and strength of his verse has now placed him, by general consent, foremost of them all" ("The Representative Canadian Poet of His Generation," Saturday Night, July 2, 1927, p. 8).

[80]Gary Geddes, "Piper of Many Tunes: Duncan Campbell Scott," Canadian Literature, No. 37 (1968), p. 15.

[81]Glenys Stow, p. 162.

[82]A.J.M. Smith, "Duncan Campbell Scott," p. 92.

twenty years the 'modernism' of F. R. Scott, A.J.M. Smith and Dorothy Livesay."[83] The change which has taken place in Scott's reputation is best reflected, perhaps, elsewhere in Marshall's essay: "Least appreciated of the 'Confederation' poets in his lifetime, Scott is, in my opinion, the best and most important of them since he goes further technically, emotionally and intellectually towards an idiom that can embody the Canadian situation."[84] (Marshall then singles out for discussion "The Piper of Arll," "Spring on Mattagami," "The Height of Land," "On the Way to the Mission," "The Forsaken," "Powassan's Drum," "The Half Breed Girl" and "At Gull Lake: August, 1810"--more or less the standard canon of Scott's outstanding poems.) It is likely that Marshall's opinion will, if anything, become more widespread in the future and that Scott's growing reputation will continue to be sustained by the same small body of verse which has always sustained it.

From our overview of Scott's career as a poet a certain pattern emerges: an alternation between periods of conventional, imitative writing, and periods--alas, much briefer and less frequent--of more intense and original creation.[85] In this regard

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[83]Tom Marshall, "Between Two Worlds: Duncan Campbell Scott," The Canadian Forum, June-July 1977, p. 23. See also Sandra Djwa, "'A New Soil and a Sharp Sun': The Landscape of Modern Canadian Poetry," Modernist Studies, 2 (1977), 3-17. Djwa argues that Canadian Modernism in large part consisted of an attempted "fusion of a distinctly Canadian landscape and imported modernist techniques" (p. 3).

[84]Tom Marshall, p. 20.

[85]It is significant that the Notebook MSS of the Indian narrative poems--e.g. "The Forsaken" or "Powassan's Drum"--contain relatively few variants. This suggests that these poems were written in a state of inspiration or compulsion.

it is interesting that several of the bursts of inspired writing--writing which was "daring" in its originality--should appear to be linked to certain "daring" life-experiences of the author, namely, the travels through the Canadian wilderness. Just as the man himself was released, on these journeys into the land of "quintessential passion" ("Spring on Mattagami," l. 63), from his refined and "civilized" life as a civil servant in Ottawa, so his imagination, it would appear, was released from its constraining subservience to European cultural models.

There can be detected, then, in Scott's life, a pattern of adventure and security, freedom and restraint, the same pattern which appears, not surprisingly, as an obsessively recurring theme in his writings. In the words of F. W. Watt, the theme is that of a "dialectic between life-longings, the desire for a life of range and intensity, and what might be called death-longings, the desire for peace, contentment and perfect security."[86] Thus "The Piper of Arll" craves both the perfect stasis of the "springs of God's ocean" and, after encountering the ship, the excitement of the real world. Similarly, "The Half Breed Girl," also living an ambiguous existence, "cries with a sudden passion / For life or death." The "Chippewa woman" in "The Forsaken" lives intensely in her prime[87]

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[86]F. W. Watt, "Radicalism in English-Canadian Literature since Confederation," Diss. University of Toronto, 1958, p. 169.

[87]A sign of her vitality is her taking "of her own flesh" (to bait the fish-hook), thus defying death and preserving the life of her child. Note that the action takes place in a storm--Scott's obsessive metaphor and symbol for one pole of the dichotomy (energy, vitality, chaos, process).

and in her old age prepares "without pain, or dread, or even a moment of longing" for a blissful death. The wife in "Spirit and Flesh" (companion-piece to "The Piper of Arll") "conquered all life with its glory and passion" but had a "fond spirit" which haunted the house of domesticity. "The Sea by the Wood" desires to move from death to life; "The Wood by the Sea," from life to death. The same dichotomy of adventure and security can be seen to inform (though admittedly with varying degrees of centrality) much of Scott's verse.

It is easy to condemn Scott for a lack of nerve, a failure to test to its limits the talents which he intermittently displayed (and more consistently, perhaps, in the prose than in the poetry). But where did Scott himself consider that his talent lay? The question is not an easy one to answer. Though Scott was certainly aware of and capable of making concessions to his audience's very discriminating taste for his work, it does not follow that he sincerely shared their preference. We do know that at the end of his life he "preferred among the volumes of his verse the collection of 1921, Beauty and Life"[88]--a volume which contains none of his most frequently anthologized poems.

But why should we belabor Scott for what he failed to do? If a lack of a strong sense of identity was responsible for his unsureness of manner, for his being "highly sensitive to the winds of taste,"[89] it was perhaps equally responsible for his fruitful

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[88]E. K. Brown, "Memoir," p. xxix.

[89]E. K. Brown, On Canadian Poetry, rev. ed. (Toronto: Ryerson, 1944), p. 127.

preoccupation with divided, "half-breed" personalities and cultures. And if it appears that Scott was too often tempted to follow the safe, familiar road, it is equally plain that, unlike most Canadian writers of his generation, he did venture into "the wilderness of natural accent"[90] and in so doing created a unique and enduring body of work.

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[90]Duncan Campbell Scott, "Poetry and Progress," p. 191.

Choice of Text

Although the poems of Duncan Campbell Scott are to be found in a variety of published and unpublished formats--from manuscripts to anthologies--it is the books which primarily concern the editor intent upon establishing a copy-text.[1] The reason for their primacy is that the books, all nine of which were published in Scott's lifetime, contain the latest versions (of the poems) which the author personally saw into print. If we assume, therefore, that Scott was the person mainly responsible for these versions, then the latter become the closest approximation we have to what their author "finally" intended.

We do in fact make the crucial assumption that the book texts were printed on the whole as Scott wished them to be. That Scott was concerned and indeed fastidious about the appearance of his published work is amply attested to, not only by the testimony of

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[1] There are no more than nine book texts to be considered since none of Scott's nine books of verse appeared in more than one edition. Of these nine, however, three were published in more than one issue: M.H. (Canadian, English and American), L.L. (Canadian and American) and P. (Canadian and English). An "issue" can be defined as "a group of published copies of an impression which constitutes a consciously planned publishing unit, distinguishable from other groups of published copies of that impression by one or more differences [in the case of M.H., L.L. and P., primarily different title-pages] designed expressly to identify the group as a discrete unit" (G. Thomas Tanselle, "The Bibliographical Concepts of "Issue" and 'State'," PBSA, 69 [1975], 52).

friends and critics who regarded him as a "Perfectionist"[2] but also by his own correspondence.[3] To offer one example, here is part of a letter which Scott received from his publisher concerning the publication of The Green Cloister: "I am sorry that you are not quite satisfied with the make up of your book of poems. I have examined quite a number of books of poetry which we have here and I find that it is not at all unusual for the book to open up after the contents page without a half title, and also, there does not seem to be any definite rule for the position of the dedicatory poem."[4]

Likewise revealing is Scott's own achievement as an editor--in his case, of the poems of his friend, Archibald Lampman. Whatever the merits or demerits of his procedures in editing Lampman's verse,[5] his "minor corrections of mere slips or errors in the pencilling, slight rearrangement here and there, and necessary punctuation"[6] testify to his interest in the peripheral details of a literary text.

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[2]Madge Macbeth, Over my Shoulder (Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1953), p. 142.

[3]See, for example, letters concerning the periodical publication of "Welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall" and "Meditation on Perugia," quoted in the notes to these poems.

[4]Donald French to Scott, Nov. 13, 1935, B.P./O.

[5]For a critical discussion of Scott's editing of Lampman's poems, see Bruce Nesbitt, "Lampmania: Alcyone and the Search for Merope," in Editing Canadian Texts, ed. Francis G. Halpenny (Toronto: A. M. Hakkert Ltd., 1975), pp. 33-48.

[6]Duncan Campbell Scott, "Foreword" to At the Long Sault and Other New Poems by Archibald Lampman, ed. Duncan Campbell Scott and E. K. Brown (Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1943), p. ix.

Surely, one is inclined to feel, Scott would have been no less concerned when it was a matter of preparing his own work for the press.

It is known for certain that Scott read the proofs for Via Borealis, Lundy's Lane, Poems, The Green Cloister and The Circle of Affection,[7] and there is no reason to think that he did not proof-read the other four books as well. In the case of Labor and the Angel any doubt on this matter is further diminished by our knowledge that Copeland and Day--the publishers of that book--sent Archibald Lampman the proofs for the latter's own Lyrics of Earth;[8] it is likely that they did the same for Scott.

Once we have narrowed down the choice of copy-text to the book texts, our task is complicated, but ultimately simplified, by the fact that most of Scott's poems are to be found in more than one authoritative book version: that of the book in which the poem originally appeared and that of the collected volume of 1926.[9]

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[7]The evidence is to be found in the following letters: for V.B., Scott to Pelham Edgar, Nov. 3, 1906, P.E.P.; for L.L., McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart to Scott, June 29, 1916, B.P./O; for P., correspondence between Donald French and Scott, May 12 to August 10, 1926, A.P.; for G.C., Donald French to Scott, Oct. 10, 1935, A.P.; for C.A., Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Feb. 6 and March 11, 1947, B.P./O. There is also evidence that Scott read the proofs for the pamphlet, L.E.M. (see Scott to Pelham Edgar, June 29, 1915, P.E.P.).

[8]See Archibald Lampman: Selected Prose, ed. Barrie Davies (Ottawa: The Tecumseh Press, 1974), p. 122.

[9]For the poems in V.B. there are actually three authoritative books: V.B. itself, L.L. where the poems were initially collected and P., where they were finally collected.

Fortunately, we have, thanks to surviving correspondence, a fairly good idea of the events that led up to the publication of this volume. It is clear that Scott exerted close control over the preparation of his Poems for the press and there is no evidence that he was not contented with the final result of his labours.[10] Thus we regard the text of the collected Poems as superseding in authority the texts of the earlier books.

Our approach to the first of the two books which followed Poems, The Green Cloister, is somewhat different. Here we have evidence which suggests that Scott's intentions were not faithfully carried out and that he was dissatisfied with the final state of the book:

"As to the question about the use of the dash, I do not think that is important. It is more or less a matter of taste. Of recent years the tendency has been to drop the comma or the semi-colon before the dash, but at one time it was quite a common practice to put in the marks, and I think there are some cases where it is preferable to retain them. For the most part, however, I do not think the omission or retention will appreciably affect the meaning."[11]

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[10] We note especially the following assurance which Scott received from his publisher: "we are certainly anxious to give you perfect satisfaction in connection with the making of the edition of Collected Poems" (Donald French to Scott, May 12, 1926, A.P.). For other relevant correspondence, see the headnote to P.

[11] Donald French to Scott, Oct. 17, 1935, B.P./O.

"I am sorry to learn that there are a few typographical errors in the book."[12]

Our response to this evidence is three fold: (1) to accept The Green Cloister as on the whole embodying Scott's intentions; the book was, after all, supervised by him in the process of publication; (2) wary of "typographical errors," to be a little less conservative than we would normally be in emending the copy-text; (3) to restore what appears to be Scott's preferred punctuation--a semi-colon or comma in addition to a dash--whenever it is available in alternative readings.

With regard to Scott's last book of verse, The Circle of Affection, the evidence of the correspondence would appear to indicate that Scott closely supervised its publication.[13] To be sure, the evidence also suggests that he hurried through the reading of the proofs and it must further be taken into account that he was aided in the proof-reading (understandably, in light of his advanced age) by his friend, Loftus MacInnes. However, Scott did declare that he was "highly pleased and delighted with the book"[14] and though the text of The Circle may not be quite as flawless as Scott seemed to think, we nevertheless accept it as embodying on the whole its author's intentions.

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[12]Donald French to Scott, Dec. 10, 1935, B.P./O. See also the letter from Donald French to Scott, Nov. 13, 1935, quoted earlier.

[13]See the headnote to C.A.

[14]Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, June 4, 1947, B.P./O.

The principle behind our choice of copy-text, therefore, is to follow the latest versions seen into print by the author,[15] or, in the case of unpublished poems, the latest versions which he composed.[16] The results of this editorial policy can be summarized in the following table:

If the poem appeared in:	Our copy-text is that of:
1) Poems	Poems
2) one or more books, but not Poems	the later book
3) The Green Cloister	The Green Cloister
4) The Circle of Affection	The Circle of Affection
5) more than one non-book format only	the latest authoritative version

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[15] By "saw into print" we mean "supervised in the process of publication." Anthology versions are therefore ruled out--though they often constitute the latest versions to have been published in Scott's lifetime--because we have no evidence, save in the case of L.C.P. (see the letters from Scott to J. E. Wetherell, Dec. 8, 1892 and March 16, 1893, S.P./T.), that Scott supervised their publication. At most he seems to have concerned himself with the selection of poems rather than with the choice of texts of poems (see, for instance, letters from Scott to A.J.M. Smith, Nov. 21 and Dec. 10, 1942, A.J.M. Smith papers, University of Toronto. The fact, by the way, that Scott did not ask Smith to make any emendations supports our choice of the very same versions chosen by Smith [for B.C.P.] as copy-texts for this edition). Indeed, the fact that we often find a multitude of variants among various anthology versions of the same poem suggests that these variants were produced by the anthologists themselves. We know of at least one instance when Scott chided the anthologist because "someone imported several words into one of my lines which quite spoiled the line, and therefore, the poem. I would like to ensure that the poems are correctly printed" (Scott to John Garvin, Aug. 6, 1918; quoted in George L. Parker, "A History of a Canadian Publishing House: A Study of the Relation between Publishing and the Profession of Writing 1890-1940," Diss. U. of Toronto 1969, I, 155-56). See also the letter from John Masefield to Scott, Oct. 14, 1906 (S.P./T.): "The Sailor's Garland [S.G.] has now been sent to you; (with an execrable index, & some misprints, which please put down to the printer)."

[16] This rule also applies to the titles of the poems: with the exception of "Songs of Four Seasons" and "Thirteen Songs," we follow the titles of the last book versions.

Despite the care he took when having his books of verse printed, Scott was not able to keep them entirely free of textual corruptions. Some of these were, no doubt, errors overlooked by the author before and/or during proofreading;[17] others were introduced by the printers after the proofs had received authorial approval;[18] still others were probably introduced (especially in the case of periodicals and anthologies) without the author's having had a chance to inspect the proofs.

We realize that it is not always easy to distinguish between textual corruptions and legitimate variants. Indeed, the making of this distinction is one of the most difficult tasks that an editor has to face. However, we believe that an editor must compromise between his desire to respect the integrity of the text (i.e. to present to the reader the text that its author, not its editor, wanted his readers to read) and his desire to elucidate the text (a desire more obviously manifested in the annotations which accompany a critical edition).

Our policy, therefore, regarding emendations, is to emend the text wherever there is, in our judgement, a typographical error and/or wherever an emendation would make considerably better sense of the passage in question and/or wherever there is evidence that changes were made for the convenience of the printers (e.g. where stanza divisions were obliterated so that poems could be fitted on

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[17] See, for instance, the note to "To the Heroic Soul," l. 2.

[18] See, for instance, the note to "Dream Voyageurs," l. 12.

certain pages) rather than out of a desire to alter the text of the work considered in isolation.[19] Each emendation is marked in the text with an asterisk. A "List of Emendations" is to be found following the notes.

With respect to the arrangement of the poems, our general policy is to follow the sequence of first book or pamphlet publication. This means that the books and pamphlets—from The Magic House to The Circle of Affection--appear in chronological order. Lundy's Lane, To the Canadian Mothers, Beauty and Life and Poems are presented in truncated form in order to avoid duplication of poems which were collected therein after having appeared in earlier books. (However, the full tables of contents of these three books and pamphlet are included in this edition's table of contents; deleted poems are indicated by square brackets.) Interspersed with the book texts, also in chronological order of publication, are those poems which were printed solely in non-book or non-pamphlet form. A separate section is devoted to those poems which, we presume, were never published. These poems are arranged in alphabetical order by title.

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[19] In one case, our emendation does not follow any of these criteria. See the note to "Lines on the Peace Arch," l. 8.

THE POEMS

Ottawa Before Dawn.

The stars are stars of morn; a keen wind wakes
The birches on the slope; the distant hills
Rise in the vacant North; the Chaudière fills
The calm with its hushed roar; the river takes
An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes
The morn with music; a snatch of singing thrills
From the river; and the air clings and chills.
Fair, in the South, fair as a shrine that makes
The wonder of a dream, imperious towers
Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls
Where our young strength is welded strenuously;
While in the East, the star of morning dowers
The land with a large tremulous light, that falls
A pledge and presage of our destiny.

Ballade.

To Sandra, in Absence.

When Spring was high on every vale and hill—
When great winds buffet the hollow barns and tease
The foaming surface of each riotous rill;
When fragile spring-flowers blossom at the knees
Of beeches budding for June's canopies—
You often walked these grassy hills, and shed
The very spirit of spring where'er you led;
But now the season's wrong, the time is dumb,
The sod is callous, dry the year's well-head,
You come no more as you were wont to come.

You often came when June was deep and still,
To let your spirit have its joy of these
Spring promises which summer hours fulfil,
The flowering locusts and the singing bees,
The shadow-headlands upon grassy seas,
The filmy clouds dissolving shred by shred;
Alas, these leave the soul uncomforted,
They pass unheeded now, as if the sum
Of summer joys was but a rhyme resaid,—
You come no more as you were wont to come.

Now Autumn dreams amid her haze until
The change is wrought within her vision of peace;
Gone is the thrush, no more the whip-poor-will
Calls to his mate from out the dark fir-trees,
The saffron reed-beds shiver in the breeze,
The fields are vacant, all the bloom has fled;
Alone beneath the cold low clouds I tread
Up these wide slopes, which I have often clomb
To pluck heartsease, to gather sedge instead--
You come no more as you were wont to come.

The Winter, when the world is wholly dead,
Spreads gently for his bones a pallid bed,
Ah, Love! when memory is stricken, numb,
Leave this last trace of time remembered--
You come no more as you were wont to come.

In August.

A wind wakes up in the summer day,
He slips his leash and flies away.

He ruffles the face of a little pool,
Where the arums are sweet and the sedges cool.

He blows a horn
In the lusty corn,
And afar the fence-line bends,
With the swaying nod
Of the golden-rod,
Where the mellow barley ends.

He lurks at the feet
Of the meadow-sweet,
Where the tangled clover shields,
Intent to foil
The bees that toil
Up from the honey fields.

Then he sallies with a rush
Down upon a tawny thrush
Hidden in the hazel maze,
Just below the water's flow.

There the thrushes singing ever,
Hover over the singing river,
And the pliant reeds recede
Careening as the eddies lead
In and out about the brede
Of sedge and pickerel-weed.

There he droops
Down upon the hidden water
Through the inner water-weeds;
With the rubbing of the reeds,
And the current's teeter-tauter,
Soon he falls,
Fast and deep,
Asleep.

Till the silver night has gone,
Moving luminous, soft drawn,
There he nestles; then the dawn
Sends him off about the skies
With the dew upon his eyes.

To Helen Douglas Macoun

Goodness gracious! little girl,
You are going to cry;
Why, your under lip's acurl!
What's that in your eye?

Keep the naughty tears tight
Back behind the blue,
You know we can't have sunlight
And rainy weather too.

If you let the tears come,
With their ugly stains,
You will be an Humdrum
Beaten by the rains.

But if you let the smiles get
A chance to wreathe and run,
You will be a violet,
Underneath the sun.

Domenico Scarlatti.
1683-1757.
(Rondeau.)

"Life is all truth," you seem to say,
Voice of a joyous elder day;
You meet our science and our prate,
Philosophies conglomerate,
With that sweet message of the May.

And if we strive to say you nay,
And prove your god a shape of clay,
  Your placid tones reiterate,
    "Life is all truth."

Ah! we have passed through many a fray
Since you made music for life's play,
  And if we cannot match and mate
  Our spirits with your gentler state,
We sing the song another way,
    "Life is all truth."

Death and the Young Girl

Within the chamber where the young girl lay,
The early light lapsed through the unconscious air,
No sound of all the sounds of life was there,
Only the quiet of death. The breaking day
Brought back the familiar forms in softer grey;
The covered table, and the plain, worn chair;
The low-draped couch before the window, where
The mute blue gentian drooped and pined away.

So still-it seemed as if kind death had said:
Before they find you, for a little while
Have rest, here where no rest might be;
Have comfort for pained hands and weary head.
Look up, beloved, see the angels smile!
See the fair threshold of eternity.

To the Hills

Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so!
    To lie along the sunset with no pain,
To watch the olive deepen into gray,
    The silver stars bring on the night again.

To watch them burning in the open sky,
    Or flashing from a lake so dark and deep,
To ponder covered with your shadowy pines,
    The while your rivers murmur in their sleep.

To hear the first thrush to the morning star
    Break wild, hidden within your very heart,
To send your eagles wheeling up the sky,
    To signal from the height* the dawn's first dart.

To take the lightning on your fearless front,
To feel the passionate storm wind surge and blow,
To know that calmness in the wild distress,
Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so.

From Amiel's Journal

(Six O'Clock)

Once more the day is drawing to its close,
The heat of afternoon has vanished quite,
And all the mountains lose their tender light,
Save Mont Blanc, rising flushed with perfect rose.
Alas! the restless hours, without repose,
How they oppress the soul with sudden night.
In vain we cry, "Oh, time, suspend thy flight"!
In vain! for as we cry the moment goes.
What days to keep? The glad days?
Yea, we will.
The lost days, too; the first memory retrieves,
The last are but remorse and mockery.

(Eleven O'Clock.)

A gust of wind; a few clouds in the sky;
The nightingale is silent, but it leaves
The cricket and the river singing still.

The Dream

I had a dream last night,
Or rather at dawn;
Darkness and light
Were fled and gone.

Time was a shrivelled nut,
I held it in my hand;
No more a question of "if" and "but,"
I seemed to understand.

I bit the kernel clean,
How the flavour searched and flew;
Your essence clear and keen,
Your flavour through and through.

I knew you then in my very soul,
Your mind to the core,
Your spirit--the perfect whole,
And I loved you more and more.

For you are the scent of the flower,
You are the reason and rhyme,
You are the charm and the power,
You are the flavour of time, my Love,
You are the flavour of time.

An East Wind.

A shrike is mourning on the ash,
The clouds above are blue as stones,
The east wind lays its searching lash
On the world's old bones.

The sand is spinning off the ridge,
The elm-tree gives a doleful shout,
Each shaft of stubble sings like a midge,
The leaves are hustled about.

Nothing is in tune to-day,
Nothing has spirit or wings;
The wind is in no mood for play,
And says sarcastic things.

The sparrows are nursing their hardihood,
In the leeward eave of a barn,
And one old pirate is warming his blood
By telling the others a yarn.

And the shrike makes off in a chilly flight,
As the bitter east wind flings
A snow bird flock in a flash of light,
Shaking its silver wings.

The Magic House

and Other Poems

A Little Song

The sunset in the rosy west
  Burned soft and high;
A shore-lark fell like a stone to his nest
  In the waving rye.

A wind came over the garden beds
  From the dreamy lawn,
The pansies nodded their purple heads,
  The poppies began to yawn.

One pansy said: It is only sleep,
  Only his gentle breath;*
But a rose lay strewn in a snowy heap,
  For the rose it was only death.

Heigho, we've only one life to live,
  And only one death to die:
Good-morrow, new world, have you nothing to give?--
  Good-bye, old world, good-bye.

The Hill Path

Are the little breezes blind,
They that push me as they pass?
Do they search the tangled grass
For some path they want to find?
Take my fingers, little wind;
You are all alone, and I
Am alone too. I will guide,
You will follow; let us go
By a pathway that I know,
Leading down the steep hillside,
Past the little sharp-lipped pools,
Shrunken with the summer sun,
Where the sparrows come to drink;
And we'll scare the little birds,
Coming on them unawares;
And the daisies every one
We will startle on the brink
Of a doze.
(Gently, gently, little wind),
Very soon a wood we'll see,
There my lover waits for me.

(Go more gently, little wind,
You should follow soft, behind.)
You will hear my lover say
How he loves me night and day,
But his words you must not tell
To the other little winds,
For they all might come to hear,
And might rustle through the wood,
And disturb the solitude.
(Blow more softly, little wind,
You are tossing all my hair,
Go more gently, have a care;
If you lead you can't be blind,
So,--good-bye:)
There he goes: I see his feet
On the grass;
Now the little pools are blurred
As they pass;
And he must be very fleet,
For I see the bushes stirred
Near the wood. I hope he'll tell,
If he isn't out of breath,
That he met me on the hill.
But I hope he will not say
That he kissed me for good-bye
Just before he flew away.

The Voice and the Dusk

The slender moon and one pale star,
A rose-leaf and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

Within the south there rolls and grows
A mighty town with tower and spire,
From a cloud bastion masked with rose
The lightning flashes diamond fire.

The purple-martin darts about
The purlieus of the iris fen;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
He screams and whirls and screams again.

A thrush is hidden in a maze
Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
A flash of emeralds in the gloom.

A voice is singing from the hill
   A happy love of long ago;
Ah! tender voice, be still, be still,
   ''Tis sometimes better not to know.'

The rapture from the amber height
   Floats tremblingly along the plain,
Where in the reeds with fairy light
   The lingering fireflies gleam again.

Buried in dingles more remote,
   Or drifted from some ferny rise,
The swooning of the golden throat
   Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.

A soft wind passes lightly drawn,
   A wave leaps silverly and stirs
The rustling sedge, and then is gone
   Down the black cavern in the firs.

For Remembrance

It would be sweet to think when we are old
   Of all the pleasant days that came to pass,
   That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans, and smoke unrolled,
And spread the melon nets when nights were cold,
   Or pulled the blood-root in the underbrush,
   And marked the ringing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories;
   As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves
And find them afterwards with sweet surprise;
   Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
Loosing them in the days when April grieves,--
   A subtle summer in the rainy room.

The Message

Wind of the gentle summer night,
Dwell in the lilac tree,
Sway the blossoms clustered light,
Then blow over to me.

Wind, you are sometimes strong and great,
You frighten the ships at sea,
Now come floating your delicate freight
Out of the lilac tree.

Wind, you must waver a gossamer sail
To ferry a scent so light,
Will you carry my love a message as frail
Through the hawk-haunted night?

For my heart is sometimes strange and wild,
Bitter and bold and free,
I scare the beautiful timid child,
As you frighten the ships at sea;

But now when the hawks are piercing the air,
With the golden stars above,
The only thing my heart can bear
Is a lilac message of love.

Gentle wind, will you carry this
Up to her window white;
Give her a gentle tender kiss,
Bid her good-night--good-night.

The Silence of Love

My heart would need the earth,
My voice would need the sea,
To only tell the one half
How dear you are to me.

And if I had the winds,
The stars and the planets as well,
I might tell the other half,
Or perhaps I would try to tell.

An Impromptu

The stars are in the ebon sky,
   Burning, gold, alone;
The wind roars over the rolling earth,
   Like water over a stone.

We are like things in a river-bed
   The stream runs over,
They see the iris, and arrowhead,
   Anemone, and clover.

But they cannot touch the shining things,
   For all their strife,
For the strong river swirls and swings--
   And that is much like life.

For life is a plunging and heavy stream,
   And there's something bright above;
But the ills of breathing only seem,
   When we know the light is love.

The stars are in the ebon sky,
   Burning, gold, alone;
The wind roars over the rolling earth,
   Like water over a stone.

From the Farm on the Hill

To A. P. S.

The night wind moves the gloom
In the shadowy basswood;
Mysteriously the leaves sway and sing;
So slow, so tender is the wind,
The slender elm-tree
Is hardly stirred.

The sky is veiled with clouds,
With diaphanous tissue;
Through their dissolving films
The stars shine,
But how infinitely removed;
How inaccessible!

In the distant city
Under the obscure towers
The lights of watchers gleam;
From the dim fields
At intervals in the silence
A cuckoo utters
A distorted cry;
Through the low woods,
Haunted with vain melancholy,
A whip-poor-will wanders,
Forcing his monotonous song.

All the ancient desire
Of the human spirit
Has returned upon me in this hour,
All the wild longing
That cannot be satisfied.
Break, O anguish of nature,
Into some glorious sound!
Let me touch the next circle of being,
For I have compassed this life.

At Scarboro' Beach

The wave is over the foaming reef
Leaping alive in the sun,
Seaward the opal sails are blown
Vanishing one by one.

'Tis leagues around the blue sea curve
To the sunny coast of Spain,
And the ships that sail so deftly out
May never come home again.

A mist is wreathed round Richmond point,
There's a shadow on the land,
But the sea is in the splendid sun,
Plunging so careless and grand.

The sandpipers trip on the glassy beach,
Ready to mount and fly;
Whenever a ripple reaches their feet
They rise with a timorous cry.

Take care, they pipe, take care, take care,
For this is the treacherous main,
And though you may sail so deftly out,
You may never come home again.

The Fifteenth of April

Pallid saffron glows the broken stubble,
Brimmed with silver lie the ruts,
Purple the ploughed hill;
Down a sluice with break and bubble
Hollow falls the rill;
Falls and spreads and searches,
Where, beyond the wood,
Starts a group of silver birches,
Bursting into bud.

Under Venus sings the vesper sparrow,
Down a path of rosy gold
Floats the slender moon;
Ringing from the rounded barrow
Rolls the robin's tune;
Lighter than the robin; hark!
Quivering silver-strong
From the field a hidden shore-lark
Shakes his sparkling song.

Now the dewy sounds begin to dwindle,
Dimmer grow the burnished rills,
Breezes creep and halt,
Soon the guardian night shall kindle
In the violet vault,
All the twinkling tapers
Touched with steady gold,
Burning through the lawny vapours
Where they float and fold.

In an Old Quarry

November

Above the lifeless pools the mist films swim,
On the lowlands where sedges chaff and nod;
The withered fringes of the golden-rod
Hang frayed and formless at the quarry's rim.
Filled with the wine of sunset to the brim,
These limestone pits are cups for the night god,
Set for his lips when he strays hither, shod
With shadows, all the stars following him.
And as gloom grows and deepens like a psalm,
This broken field which summer has passed by
Has caught the ultimate lethean calm,
The fabulous quiet of far Thessaly,
And though the land has lost the bloom and balm,
Nature is all content in liberty.

To Winter

Come, O thou conqueror of the flying year;
Come from thy fastness of the Arctic suns;
Mass on the purple waste and wide frontier
Thy wanish hosts and silver clarions.

Then heap this sombre shoulder of the world
With shifting bastions; let thy storm winds blare;
Drift wide thy pallid gonfalon unfurled;
And arm with daggers all the desperate air.

These are but raids in dreams, and friendly brawls;
Thou art a gentle giant that half sleeps,
And blusters grandly to his frozen thralls,
The more to charm them with the wealth he keeps:

We hardly hear thy bluff and hearty word,
When over the first flower sings the first bird.

To Winter

Come, O thou season of intense repose;
Come with thy lidded eyes and crystal breath;
Come gently with thy soft release of snows;
And bring thy few short months of tender death.

Build a huge tomb within the desert frore,
With green clear chambers in the icy rift,
Carve the sleep rune above the crystal door,
And trench a legend in the pallid drift.

Let the large stars about the horizon lie,
Watching the confines of the world's great sleep;
Spread the vast province of the purple sky,
With thy wan curtains dropped from deep to deep.

Then hush the stir and bid the movement cease;
Pass gently, leave the tired world in peace.

The Ideal

Let your soul grow a thing apart,
   Untroubled by the restless day,
Sublimed by some unconscious art,
   Controlled by some divine delay.

For life is greater than they think,
   Who fret along its shallow bars:
Swing out the boom to float or sink
   And front the ocean and the stars.

A Summer Storm

Last night a storm fell on the world
   From heights of drouth and heat,
The surly clouds for weeks were furled,
   The air could only sway and beat,

The beetles clattered at the blind,
   The hawks fell twanging from the sky,
The west unrolled a feathery wind,
   And the night fell sullenly.

The storm leaped roaring from its lair,
   Like the shadow of doom,
The poignard lightning searched the air,
   The thunder ripped the shattered gloom,

The rain came down with a roar like fire,
   Full-voiced and clamorous and deep,
The weary world had its heart's desire,
   And fell asleep.

And now in the morning early,
   The clouds are sailing by
Clearly, oh! so clearly,
   The distant mountains lie.

The wind is very mild and slow,
   The clouds obey his will,
They part and part and onward go,
   Travelling together still.

'Tis very sweet to be alive,
   On a morning that's so fair,
For nothing seems to stir or strive,
   In the unconscious air.

A tawny thrush is in the wood,
   Ringing so wild and free;
Only one bird has a blither mood,
   The white-throat on the tree.

Life and Death

I thought of death beside the lonely sea,
That went beyond the limit of my sight,
Seeming the image of his mastery,
The semblance of his huge and gloomy might.

But firm beneath the sea went the great earth,
With sober bulk and adamantine hold,
The water but a mantle for her girth,
That played about her splendour fold on fold.

And life seemed like this dear familiar shore,
That stretched from the wet sands' last wavy crease,
Beneath the sea's remote and sombre roar,
To inland stillness and the wilds of peace.

Death seems triumphant only here and there;
Life is the sovereign presence everywhere.

In the Country Churchyard

To the Memory of my Father

This is the acre of unfathomed rest,
These stones, with weed and lichen bound, enclose
No active grief, no uncompleted woes,
But only finished work and harboured quest,
And balm for ills;
And the last gold that smote the ashen west
Lies garnered here between the harvest hills.

This spot has never known the heat of toil,
Save when the angel with the mighty spade
Has turned the sod and built the house of shade;
But here old chance is guardian of the soil;
Green leaf and grey,
The barrows blossom with the tangled spoil,
And God's own weeds are fair in God's own way.

Sweet flowers may gather in the ferny wood:
Hepaticas, the morning stars of spring;
The bloodroots with their milder ministering,
Like planets in the lonelier solitude;
And that white throng,
Which shakes the dingles with a starry brood,
And tells the robin his forgotten song.

These flowers may rise amid the dewy fern,
They may not root within this antique wall,
The dead have chosen for their coronal,
No buds that flaunt of life and flare and burn;
They have agreed,
To choose a beauty puritan and stern,
The universal grass, the homely weed.

This is the paradise of common things,
The scourged and trampled here find peace to grow,
The frost to furrow and the wind to sow,
The mighty sun to time their blossomings;
And now they keep
A crown reflowering on the tombs of kings,
Who earned their triumph and have claimed their sleep.

Yea, each is here a prince in his own right,
Who dwelt disguised amid the multitude,
And when his time was come, in haughty mood,
Shook off his motley and reclaimed his might;
His sombre throne
In the vast province of perpetual night,
He holds secure, inviolate, alone.

The poor forgets that ever he was poor,
The priest has lost his science of the truth,
The maid her beauty, and the youth his youth,
The statesman has forgot his subtle lure,
The old his age,
The sick his suffering, and the leech his cure,
The poet his perplexed and vacant page.

These swains that tilled the uplands in the sun
Have all forgot the field's familiar face,
And lie content within this ancient place,
Whereto when hands were tired their thought would run
To dream of rest,
When the last furrow was turned down, and won
The last harsh harvest from the earth's patient breast.

O dwellers in the valley vast and fair,
I would that calling from your tranquil clime,
You make a truce for me with cruel time;
For I am weary of this eager care
That never dies;
I would be born into your tranquil air,
Your deserts crowned and sovereign silences.

I would, but that the world is beautiful,
And I am more in love with the sliding years,
They have not brought me frantic joy or tears,
But only moderate state and temperate rule;
Not to forget
This quiet beauty, not to be Time's fool,
I will be man a little longer yet.

For lo, what beauty crowns the harvest hills!--
The buckwheat acres gleam like silver shields;
The oats hang tarnished in the golden fields;
Between the elms the yellow wheat-land fills;
The apples drop
Within the orchard, where the red tree spills,
The fragrant fruitage over branch and prop.

The cows go lowing through the lovely vale;
The clarion peacock warns the world of rain,
Perched on the barn a gaudy weather-vane;
The farm lad holloes from the shifted rail,
Along the grove
He beats a measure on his ringing pail,
And sings the heart-song of his early love.

There is a honey scent along the air;
The hermit thrush has tuned his fleeting note,
Among the silver birches far remote
His spirit voice appeareth here and there,
To fail and fade,
A visionary cadence falling fair,
That lifts and lingers in the hollow shade.

And now a spirit in the east, unseen,
Raises the moon above her misty eyes,
And travels up the veiled and starless skies,
Viewing the quietude of her demesne;
Stainless and slow,
I watch the lustre of her planet's sheen,
From burnished gold to liquid silver flow.*

And now I leave the dead with you, O night;
You wear the semblance of their fathomless state,
For you we long when the day's fire is great,
And when stern life is cruellest in his might,
Of death we dream:
A country of dim plain and shadowy height,
Crowned with strange stars and silences supreme:

Rest here, for day is hot to follow you,
Rest here until the morning star has come,
Until is risen aloft dawn's rosy dome,
Based deep on buried crimson into blue,
And morn's desire
Has made the fragile cobweb drenched with dew
A net of opals veiled with dreamy fire.

Song

I have done,
Put by the lute:
Songs and singing soon are over,
Soon as airy shades that hover
Up above the purple clover--
I have done, put by the lute.
Once I sang as early thrushes
Sing about the dewy bushes,
Now I'm mute;
I am like a weary linnet,
For my throat has no song in it,
I have had my singing minute.
I have done,
Put by the lute.

The Magic House

In her chamber, wheresoe'er
Time shall build the walls of it,
Melodies shall minister,
Mellow sounds shall flit
Through a dusk of musk and myrrh.

Lingering in the spaces vague,
Like the breath within a flute,
Winds shall move along the stair;
When she walketh mute
Music meet shall greet her there.

Time shall make a truce with Time,
All the languid dials tell
Irised hours of gossamer,
Eve perpetual
Shall the night or light defer.

From her casement she shall see
Down a valley wild and dim,
Swart with woods of pine and fir;
Shall the sunsets swim
Red with untold gold to her.

From her terrace she shall see
Lines of birds like dusky motes
Falling in the heated glare;
How an eagle floats
In the wan unconscious air.

From her turret she shall see
Vision of a cloudy place,
Like a group of opal flowers
On the verge of space,
Or a town, or crown of towers.

From her garden she shall hear
Fall the cones between the pines;
She shall seem to hear the sea,
Or behind the vines
Some small noise, a voice maybe.*

But no thing shall habit there,
There no human foot shall fall,
No sweet word the silence stir,
Naught her name shall call,
Nothing come to comfort her.

But about the middle night,
When the dusk is loathéd most,
Ancient thoughts and words long said,
Like an alien host,
There shall come unsummonéd.

With her forehead on her wrist
She shall lean against the wall
And see all the dream go by;
In the interval
Time shall turn Eternity.

But the agony shall pass--
Fainting with unuttered prayer,
She shall see the world's outlines
And the weary glare
And the bare unvaried pines.

In the House of Dreams

I

The lady Lillian knelt upon the sward,
   Between the arbour and the almond leaves;
   Beyond, the barley gathered into sheaves;
A blade of gladiolus, like a sword,
Flamed fierce against the gold; and down toward
   The limpid west, a pallid poplar wove
   A spell of shadow; through the meadow drove
A deep unbroken brook without a ford.

A fountain flung and poised a golden ball;
   On the soft grass a frosted serpent lay,
With oval spots of opal over all;
   Upon the basin's edge within the spray,
Lulled by some craft of laughter in the fall,
   An ancient crow dreamed hours and hours away.

II

The lady watched the serpent and the crow
   For days, then came a little naked lad,
   And smote the serpent with a spear he had;
Then stooped and caught the coil, and straining slow,
Took the lithe weight upon his shoulder, so,
   And tugged, but could not move the ponderous thing,
   Then flushing red with rage, his spear did fling,
And cut the gladiolus at one blow.

Then back he swung his flaming weapon high,
   And smote the snake and called a magic name;
Then the whole garden vanished utterly,
   And through a mist the lightning went and came,
And flooded all the caverns of the sky,
   A rosy gulf of unimprisoned flame.

The River Town

There's a town where shadows run
   In the sparkle and the blue,
By the river and the sun
   Swept and flooded thro' and thro'.

There the sailor trolls a song,
   There the sea-gull dips her wing,
There the wind is clear and strong,
   There the waters break and swing.

But at night with leaden sweep
Come the clouds along the flood,
Lifting in the vaulted deep
Pinions of a giant brood.

Charging by the slip, the whole
River rushes black and sheer,
There the great fish heave and roll
In the gloom beyond the pier.

All the lonely hollow town
Towers above the windy quay,
And the ancient tide goes down
With its secret to the sea.

Off the Isle aux Coudres

The moon, Capella, and the Pleiades
Silver the river's grey uncertain floor;
Only a heron haunts the grassy shore;
A fox barks sharply in the cedar trees;
Then comes the lift and lull of plangent seas,
Swaying the light marish grasses more and more
Until they float, and the slow tide brims o'er,
And then a rivulet runs along the breeze.

O night! thou art so beautiful, so strange, so sad;
I feel that sense of scope and ancientness,
Of all the mighty empires thou hast had
Dreaming of power beneath thy palace dome,
Of how thou art untouched by their distress,
Supreme above this dreaming land, my home.

At Les Eboulements

The bay is set with ashy sails,
With purple shades that fade and flee,
And curling by in silver wales,
The tide is straining from the sea.

The grassy points are slowly drowned,
The water laps and over-rolls,
The wicker pêche; with shallow sound
A light wave labours on the shoals.

The crows are feeding in the foam,
They rise in crowds tumultuously,
'Come home,' they cry, 'come home, come home,
And leave the marshes to the sea.'

Above St. Irénée

I rested on the breezy height,
*In cooler shade and clearer air,
Beneath a maple tree;
Below, the mighty river took
Its sparkling shade and sheeny light
Down to the sombre sea,
And clustered by the leaping brook,
The roofs of white St. Irénée.

The sapphire hills on either hand
Broke down upon the silver tide,
The river ran in streams,
In streams of mingled azure-grey,
With here a broken purple band,
And whorls of drab, and beams
Of shattered silver light astray,
Where far away the south shore gleams.

I walked a mile along the height
Between the flowers upon the road,
Asters and golden-rod;
And in the gardens pinks and stocks,
And gaudy poppies shaking light,
And daisies blooming near the sod,
And lowly pansies set in flocks,
With purple monkshood overawed.

And there I saw a little child
Between the tossing golden-rod,
Coming along to me;
She was a tender little thing,
So fragile-sweet, so Mary-mild,
I thought her name Marie;
No other name methought could cling
To any one so fair as she.

And when we came at last to meet,
I spoke a simple word to her,
'Where are you going, Marie?'
She answered and she did not smile,
But oh! her voice,--her voice so sweet,
'Down to St. Irénée,'
And so passed on to walk her mile,
And left the lonely road to me.

And as the night came on apace,
With stars above the darkened hills,
I heard perpetually,
Chiming along the falling hours,
On the deep dusk that mellow phrase,
'Down to St. Irénée:'
It seemed as if the stars and flowers
Should all go there with me.

Written in a Copy of Archibald Lampman's Poems

When April moved in maiden guise
Hiding her sweet inviolate eyes,
You saw about the hazel roots,
Beyond the ruddy osier shoots,
The violets rise.

At even, in the lower woods,
Amid the cedarn solitudes,
You heard afar amid the hush
The argent utterance of the thrush
In slower interludes.

When bees above in arboured rooms
Were busy in the basswood blooms,
You drowsed within the sombre drone,
Dreaming, and deemed yourself alone,
Harboured in glooms.

The singing of the sentient bees
Brought wisdom for perplexities;
They taught you all the murmured lore
Of seas around an ancient shore,
Of streams and trees.

You saw the web of life unrolled,
Fold and inweave, weave and unfold,
Crimson and azure strand on strand,
From some great gulf in vision-land,
Deep and untold.

And as the soft clouds opal-gray
Against the confines of the day
Seem lighter for the depth of skies,
So, lighter for your saddened eyes,
Your fair thoughts stray.

I pluck a bunch before the spring,
Of field-flowers reflowering,
Upon a fell that fancy weaves,
A memory lingers in their leaves
Of songs you sing.

You must have rested here sometime,
When thought was high and words in chime,
Your seed thoughts left for sun and showers
Have blossomed into pleasant flowers,
Instead of rhyme.

And so I bring them back to you,
These pensile buds of tender hue,
Of crimson, pink and purple sheen,
Of yellow deep, and delicate green,
Of white and blue.

Off Rivière* Du Loup

O ship incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale;

The sunset pageant in the west
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
And jewelled every toppling crest
That crashes into silver snows!

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France or Spain;
You feel the clear Canadian foam
And the gulf water heave again.

Between these sombre purple hills
That cool the sunset's molten bars,
You will go on as the wind wills,
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward toward the lights
That spangle over the lonely pier,
By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
By level islands black and clear.

You will go on beyond the tide,
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
Through paler shallows light and wide,
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay
   You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay,
   Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

At the Cedars

You had two girls--Baptiste--
One is Virginie--
Hold hard--Baptiste!
Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars,
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The Devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days--not a budge,
'She's as tight as a wedge, on the ledge,'
Says our foreman;
'Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear.'
He cursed at the men
And we went for it then;
With our cant-dogs arow,
We just gave he-yo-ho;
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled and tore
For the shore,
The logs gave a grind
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaàc Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in the front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole
And tossed us a song.

But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet square and fair,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock,
And when he was there
In the air,
Kissed his hand
To the land;
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know--on the still side,*
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaàc
Fall back.

She did not scream, Baptiste,
She launched her canoe;
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink--

Baptiste!--
He had two girls,
One is Virginie,
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

The End of the Day

I hear the bells at eventide
    Peal slowly one by one,
Near and far off they break and glide,
    Across the stream float faintly beautiful
    The antiphonal bells of Hull;
The day is done, done, done,
    The day is done.

The dew has gathered in the flowers,
  Like tears from some unconscious deep:
The swallows whirl around the towers,
    The light runs out beyond the long cloud bars,
    And leaves the single stars;
'Tis time for sleep, sleep, sleep,
    'Tis time for sleep.

The hermit thrush begins again,--
  Timorous eremite--
That song of risen tears and pain,
    As if the one he loved was far away:
    'Alas! another day—'
'And now Good Night, Good Night,'
    'Good night.'

The Reed-Player

By a dim shore where water darkening
   Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, hearkening
   For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
   Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bittern's cry, as one that grieves
   Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fireflies shine below the wood,
   Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude,
   The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
   One went under the hill;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
   That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
   Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
   Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern*
   Its enigmatic fall,*
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
   And argent interval.

I could not know the message that he bore,
   The springs of life from me
Hidden; his incommunicable lore
   As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
   He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
   And there was solitude.

A Flock of Sheep

Over the field the bright air clings and tingles,
   In the gold sunset while the red wind swoops;
Upon the nibbled knolls and from the dingles,
   The sheep are gathering in frightened groups.

From the wide field the laggards bleat and follow,
   A drover hurls his cry and hooting laugh;
And one young swain, too glad to whoop or hollo,
   Is singing wildly as he whirls his staff.

Now crowding into little groups and eddies
   They swirl about and charge and try to pass;
The sheep-dog yelps and heads them off and steadies
   And rounds and moulds them in a seething mass.

They stand a moment with their heads uplifted
   Till the wise dog barks loudly on the flank,
They all at once roll over and are drifted
   Down the small hill toward the river bank.

Covered with rusty marks and purple blotches
   Around the fallen bars they flow and leap;
The wary dog stands by and keenly watches
   As if he knew the name of every sheep.

Now down the road the nimble sound decreases,
The drovers cry, the dog delays and whines,
And now with twinkling feet and glimmering fleeces
They round and vanish past the dusky pines.

The drove is gone, the ruddy wind grows colder,
The singing youth puts up the heavy bars,
Beyond the pines he sees the crimson smoulder,
And catches in his eyes the early stars.

A Portrait

All her hair is softly set,
Like a misty coronet,
Massing darkly on her brow,
Like the pines above the snow;
And her eyebrows lightly drawn,
Slender clouds above the dawn,
Or like ferns above her eyes,
Ferns and pools in Paradise.

Her sweet mouth is like a flower,
Like a poppy full of power,
Shaken light and crimson stain,
Pressed together by the rain,
Glowing liquid in the sun,
When the rain is done.

When she moves, her motionings
Seem to shadow hidden wings;
So the cuckoo going to light
Takes a little further flight,
Fluttering onward, poised there,
Half in grass and half in air.

When she speaks, her girlish voice
Makes a very pleasant noise,
Like a brook that hums along
Under leaves an undersong:
When she sings, her voice is clear,
Like the waters swerving sheer,
In the sunlight magical,
Down a ringing fall.

Here her spirit came to dwell
From the passionate Israfel;
One of those great songs of his
Rounded to a soul like this;
And when she seems so strange at even,
He must be singing in the heaven;

When she wears that charméd smile,
Listening, listening all the while,
She is stirred with kindred things,
Starry fire and sweeping wings,
And the seraph's sobbing strings.

At the Lattice

Good-night, Marie, I kiss thine eyes,
A tender touch on either lid;
They cover, as a cloud, the skies
Where like a star your soul lies hid.

My love is like a fire that flows,
This touch will leave a tiny scar,
I'll claim you by it for my rose,
My rose, my own, where'er you are.

And when you bind your hair, and when
You lie within your silken nest,
This kiss will visit you again,
You will not rest, my love, you will not rest.

The First Snow

I

The field pools gathered into frosted lace;
An icy glitter lined the iron ruts,
And bound the circle of the musk-rat huts;
A junco flashed about a sunny space
Where rose stems made a golden amber grace;
Between the dusky alders' woven ranks,
A stream thought yet about his summer banks,
And made an August music in the place.

Along the horizon's faded shrunken lines,
  Veiling the gloomy borders of the night,
    Hung the great snow clouds washed with pallid gold;
And stealing from his covert in the pines,
  The wind, encouraged to a stinging flight,
    Dropped in the hollow conquered by the cold.

II

Then a light cloud rose up for hardihood,
  Trailing a veil of snow that whirled and broke,
  Blown softly like a shroud of steam or smoke,
Sallied across a knoll where maples stood,
Charged over broken country for a rood,
  Then seeing the night withdrew his force and fled,
  Leaving the ground with snow-flakes thinly spread,
And traces of the skirmish in the wood.

The stars sprang out and flashed serenely near,
  The solid frost came down with might and main,
  It set the rivers under bolt and bar;
Bang! went the starting eaves beneath the strain,
  And e'er Orion saw the morning-star
The winter was the master of the year.

In November

The ruddy sunset lies
  Banked along the west;
In flocks with sweep and rise
  The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
  And the reeds look cold,
Standing above the pools,
  Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod
  Has lost her worldly mood,
She's given herself to God,
  And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde,
  That kept the summer revel,
Have taken the serge and cord,
  And given the slip to the Devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,
  Gathering snow for a fight;
From the feel of the air
  I think it will freeze to-night.

The Sleeper

Touched with some divine repose,
   Isabelle has fallen asleep,
Like the perfume from the rose
   In and out her breathings creep.

Dewy are her rosy palms,
   In her cheek the flushes flit,
And a dream her spirit calms
   With the pleasant thought of it.

All the rounded heavens show
   Like the concave of a pearl,
Stars amid the opal glow
   Little fronds of flame unfurl.

Then upfloats a planet strange,
   Not the moon that mortals know,
With a magic mountain range,
   Cones and craters white as snow;

Something different yet the same--
   Rain by rainbows glorified,
Roses lit with lambent flame--
   'Tis the maid moon's other side.

When the sleeper floats from sleep,
   She will smile the vision o'er,
See the veinéd valleys deep,
   No one ever saw before.

Yet the moon is not betrayed,
   (Ah! the subtle Isabelle!)
She's a maiden, and a maid
   Maiden secrets will not tell.

A Night in June

The world is heated seven times,
   The sky is close above the lawn,
  *An oven when the coals are drawn.

There is no stir of air at all,
   Only at times an inward breeze
   Turns back a pale leaf in the trees.

Here the syringa's rich perfume
   Covers the tulip's red retreat,
   A burning pool of scent and heat.

The pallid lightning wavers dim
Between the trees, then deep and dense
The darkness settles more intense.

A hawk lies panting in the grass,
Or plunges upward through the air,
The lightning shows him whirling there.

A bird calls madly from the eaves,
Then stops, the silence all at once
Disturbed, falls dead again and stuns.

A redder lightning flits about,
But in the north a storm is rolled
That splits the gloom with vivid gold;

Dead silence, then a little sound,
The distance chokes the thunder down,
It shudders faintly in the town.

A fountain plashing in the dark
Keeps up a mimic dropping strain;
Ah! God, if it were really rain!

Memory

I see a schooner in the bay
Cutting the current into foam;
One day she flies and then one day
Comes like a swallow veering home.

I hear a water miles away
Go sobbing down the wooded glen;
One day it lulls and then one day
Comes sobbing on the wind again.

Remembrance goes but will not stay;
That cry of unpermitted pain
One day departs and then one day
Comes sobbing to my heart again.

Youth and Time

Move not so lightly, Time, away,
Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth;
Deal not so harshly with the flying day,
Leave us the charm of spring, the touch of youth.

Leave us the lilacs wet with dew,
   Leave us the balsams odorous with rain,
Leave us of frail hepaticas a few,
   Let the red osier sprout for us again.

Leave us the hazel thickets set
   Along the hills, leave us a month that yields
The fragile bloodroot and the violet,
   Leave us the sorrage shimmering on the fields.

You offer us largess of power,
   You offer fame, we ask not these in sooth,
These comfort age upon his failing hour,
   But oh, the charm of spring, the touch of youth!

A Memory of the 'Inferno'

An hour before the dawn I dreamed of you;
   Your spirit made a smile upon your face,
   As fleeting as the visionary grace
That music lends to words; and when it flew,
I thought of how the maid Francesca grew,
   So lovely at Ravenna, until Time
   Ripened the fruit of her immortal crime.
As pure as light my vision took this hue
To paint our sorrow: so your lips made moan;
   'Upon that day we read no more therein':
I wept, such tears Paolo might have known;
      And all the love, the immemorial pain,
   Swept down upon me as I felt begin,
      That furious circle rage and reel again.

La Belle Feronière

I never trod where Leonardo was,
   Then why art thou within this house of dreams,
   Strange Lady? From thy face a memory streams,
Of things, forgotten now, that came to pass;
The flower of Milan floated in thy glass:
   Thy dreaming smile; thy subtle loveliness!
   Ah! laughter airier far than ours, I guess,
Lighted thy brow, fleeter than fire in grass.

Yet, there is something fateful in thy face:
   Say, when the master caught it, didst thou know,
Almost thy name would perish with thy grace,
   Thine artifices melt away like snow,
And all the power within this painted space,
   Be his alone to hold and haunt us so?

A November Day

There are no clouds above the world,
   But just a round of limpid grey,
Barred here with nacreous lines unfurled,
   That seem to crown the autumnal day,
With rings of silver chased and pearled.

The moistened leaves along the ground,
   Lie heavy in an aureate floor;
The air is lingering in a swound;
   Afar from some enchanted shore,
Silence has blown instead of sound.

The trees all flushed with tender pink
   Are floating in the liquid air,
Each twig appears a shadowy link,
   To keep the branches mooréd there,
Lest all might drift or sway and sink.

This world might be a valley low,
   In some lost ocean grey and old,
Where sea-plants film the silver flow,
   Where waters swing above the gold
Of galleons sunken long ago.

Ottawa

City about whose brow the north winds blow,
  Girdled with woods and shod with river foam,
  Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they, but pure as thine own snow;
Rather flash up amid the auroral glow,
  The Lamia city of the northern star,
  Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,
Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.

Thou art too bright for guile, too young for tears,
  And thou wilt live to be too strong for Time;
    For he may mock thee with his furrowed frowns,
But thou wilt grow in calm throughout the years,
  Cinctured with peace and crowned with power sublime,
    The maiden queen of all the towered towns.

Song

Here's the last rose,
And the end of June,
With the tulips gone
And the lilacs strewn;
A light wind blows
From the golden west,
The bird is charmed
To her secret nest:
Here's the last rose—
In the violet sky
A great star shines,
The gnats are drawn
To the purple pines;
On the magic lawn
A shadow flows
From the summer moon:
Here's the last rose,
And the end of the tune.

Night and the Pines

Here in the pine shade is the nest of night,
  Lined deep with shadows, odorous and dim,
And here he stays his sweeping flight,
  Here where the strongest wind is lulled for him,
    He lingers brooding until dawn,
    While all the trembling stars move on and on.

Under the cliff there drops a lonely fall,
  Deep and half heard its thunder lifts and booms;
Afar the loons with eerie call
  Haunt all the bays, and breaking through the glooms
    Upfloats that cry of light despair,
    As if a demon laughed upon the air.

A raven croaks from out his ebon sleep,
  When a brown cone falls near him through the dark;
And when the radiant meteors sweep
  Afar within the larches wakes the lark;
    The wind moves on the cedar hill,
    Tossing the weird cry of the whip-poor-will.

Sometimes a titan wind, slumbrous and hushed,
  Takes the dark grove within his swinging power;
And like a cradle softly pushed,
  The shade sways slowly for a lulling hour;
    While through the cavern sweeps a cry,
    A Sibyl with her secret prophecy.

When morning lifts its fragile silver dome,
  And the first eagle takes the lonely air,
Up from his dense and sombre home
  The night sweeps out, a tireless wayfarer,
    Leaving within the shadows deep,
    The haunting mood and magic of his sleep.

And so we cannot come within this grove,
  But all the quiet dusk remembrance brings
Of ancient sorrow and of hapless love,
  Fate, and the dream of power, and piercing things;*
    Traces of mystery and might,
    The passion-sadness of the soul of night.

A Night in March

At eve the fiery sun went forth
   Flooding the clouds with ruby blood,
Up roared a war-wind from the north
   And crashed at midnight through the wood.

The demons danced about the trees,
   The snow slipped singing over the wold,
And ever when the wind would cease
   A lynx cried out within the cold.

A spirit walked the ringing rooms,
   Passing the locked and secret door,
Heavy with divers ancient dooms,
   With dreams dead laden to the core.

"Spirit, thou art too deep with woe,
   I have no harbour place for thee,
Leave me to lesser griefs, and go,
   Go with the great wind to the sea."

I faltered like a frightened child,
   That fears its nurse's fairy brood,
And as I spoke, I heard the wild
   Wind plunging through the shattered wood.

"Hast thou betrayed the rest of kings,
With tragic fears and spectres wan,
My dreams are lit with purer things,
With humbler ghosts, begone, begone."

The noisy dark was deaf and blind,
Still the strange spirit strayed or stood,
And I could only hear the wind
Go roaring through the riven wood.

"Art thou the fate for some wild heart,
That scorned his cavern's curve and bars,
That leaped the bounds of time and art,
And lost thee lingering near the stars?"

It was so still I heard my thought,
Even the wind was very still,
The desolate deeper silence brought
The lynx-moan from the lonely hill.

"Art thou the thing I might have been,
If all the dead had known control,
Risen through the ages' trembling sheen,
A mirage of my desert soul?"

The wind rushed down the roof in wrath,
Then shrieked and held its breath and stood,
Like one who finds beside his path,
A dead girl in the marish wood.

"Or have I ceased, as those who die
And leave the broken word unsaid,
Art thou the spirit ministry
That hovers round the newly dead?"

The auroras rose in solitude,
And wanly paled within the room,
The window showed an ebon rood,
Upon the blanched and ashen gloom.

I heard a voice within the dark,
That answered not my idle word,
I could not choose but pause and hark,
It was so magically stirred.

It grew within the quiet hour,
With the rose shadows on the wall,
It had a touch of ancient power,
A wild and elemental fall;

Its rapture had a dreaming close:
The dawn grew slowly on the wold,
Spreading in fragile veils of rose,
In tender lines of lemon-gold.

The world was turning into light,
Was sweeping into life and peace,
And folded in the fading night,
I felt the dawning sink and cease.

September

The morns are grey with haze and faintly cold,
The early sunsets arc the west with red;
The stars are misty silver overhead,
Above the dawn Orion lies outrolled.
Now all the slopes are slowly growing gold,
And in the dales a deeper silence dwells;
The crickets mourn with funeral flutes and bells,
For days before the summer had grown old.

Now the night-gloom with hurrying wings is stirred,
Strangely the comrade pipings rise and sink,
The birds are following in the pathless dark
The footsteps of the pilgrim summer. Hark!
Was that the redstart or the bobolink?
That lonely cry the summer-hearted bird?

By the Willow Spring

Come hither, Care, and look on this fair place,
But leave your gossip and your puckered face
Beyond that flowering carrot in the glow,
Where the red poppies in the orchard blow,
And come with gentle feet; the last thing there
Was a white butterfly upon the air,
And even now a thrush was in the grass,
To feel the sovereign water slowly pass.
This pool is quiet as oblivion,
Hidden securely from the flooding sun;
Its crystal placid surface here receives
The wan grey under light of the willow leaves;
And shy things brood about the grass unheard;
Only in sunny distance sings the bird.

O Time long dead, O days reclaimed and done,
Thou broughtest joy and tears to every one,
And here by this deep pool thou wast not slow,
To deal a maiden all her tender woe;
Be kindlier to her now that she is dead,
Let her charmed spirit visit this well-head
More often, for at eve in honey-time,
Drifting in silence from her ghostly clime,
She haunts the pool about the willows pale:
Be gentle, for my feeling art may fail,
I'll freshen sorrow and retell her tale.

She was a fragile daughter of the earth,
And touched with faery from her fatal birth;
For many summers she was hardly shy,
Not clouded with her hovering destiny,
But only wild as any woodland thing,
That comes at even to a trodden spring;
And scarce she seemed of any settled mood,
That lights the peaceful hills of maidenhood,
But shifted strangely on the whimsy air,
Not quiet nor contented anywhere.
She gathered sunshine in an earthen cruse,
And thought to keep it for her own sweet use;
Or fluttered flowers from her window high,
And wept upon them when they would not fly;
And when she found the brownish mignonette
Had blossomed where a little seed was set,
She planted her rag playmate in the sun,
Because she wanted yet another one;
And when she heard the enraptured sparrow sing,
She clamoured for a song from everything.
For many years she was as strange and free,
As a pine linnet in a cedar tree.
Her folk thought: She is very wild and odd,
But she is good, we'll wait and trust in God.
O love, that watched the weird and charméd child,
Change from her airy fancies sweet and mild,
Like a blue brook that clears a meadow spring,
And threads the barley where the bobolinks sing,
Then wimples by the roots of dusky firs,
And gathers darkness in those deeps of hers,
Then makes an arrowy movement through a pass,
Where rocks are crannied with the clinging grass,
Then falls, almost dissolved in silver rain,
She gathers deeply to a pool again;
But something wild in her new spirit lies,
She never can regain her limpid eyes;
O love, alas! 'twas ever so to be,
When streams set out to reach the bitter sea.

It was a time within the early spring,
Before the orchards had done blossoming,
Before the kinglet on his northern search,
Had ceased his timorous piping in the birch,
When streams were bright before the coming leaves
And gurgled like the swallows in the eaves,
She wandered led by fancy to this place,
And looked upon the water's crystal face;
She saw--what thing of beauty or of awe
I know not, no one knoweth what she saw.
But ever after she was constant here,
As silent as her shadow in the mere,
Sitting upon a stone which many feet
Had grooved and trodden for the water sweet,
And leaning gravely on her slanted arm,
Her fingers buried in the gravel warm,
She gazed and gazed and did not speak or sigh,
As if this gazing was her destiny.
They led her nightly from the magic pool,
Before the shadows grew too deep and cool;
They thought to win her from the liquid spell,
And tried to tease the elfin maid to tell,
What was the charm that led her to the spring;
But all their words availed not anything.
Then gazed they on the surface of the pool
To read the reason of such subtle rule;
Their eyes were overclouded, they could see
(Who had drawn water there perpetually)
Nothing but water in a depth serene,
With a few moony stones of palish green.
They thought perchance it was her face she saw
And answered, beauty unto beauty's law,
But when they showed her image in a glass,
She was not cured and nothing came to pass;
So then they left her to her own strange will,
And here she stayed when the fair pool was still.
But when the wind would hurl the heavy rain,
She peered out sadly from her window-pane;
And when the night set wildly close and deep,
She took her trouble down the dale of sleep:
But when the night was warm and no dew fell,
She waked and dreamed beside the starlit well.

Then came a change, each day some offering
She laid beside the clear soft flowing spring;
And there she found them at the break of morn,
And everything would take away forlorn;
Until beside the unconscious spring was laid
Each treasure held most precious by a maid.

After, she offered flowers and often set
A bowlful of the pleasant mignonette,
And starred the stones with the narcissus white,
And pansies left athinking all the night,
Then ruffled dewy dahlias, and at last,
When sundown told the summer-time had passed,
The stainéd asters; but from day to day,
Sadly she took the untouched flowers away.
With autumn and the sounding harvest flute,
She brought her timid god the heavy fruit;
But found it still and cool at early dawn,
Beaded with dew upon the crispy lawn.
At last one eve she placed an apple here,
Smooth as a topaz and as golden clear,
Scented like almonds, with a flesh like dew
And luscious-sweet as honey through and through.
She left it sadly on the sleepy lawn,
But when she came again her apple gold was gone.
Day after day for days she mutely strove,
Not to be separate from her placid love;
Perchance she thought that, breaking through the spell,
Her shadow-god, deep in the tranquil well,
Had taken her last gift;--no man may know;
Her fancies merged with all mute things that go
The poppied path, dreams and desires foredone,
The unplucked roses of oblivion.
But now she searched for words that would express
Something of all her spirit's loneliness;
And formed a liquid jargon, full of falls
As weird and wild as ariel madrigals;
Our human tongue was far too harsh for this,
Or her slight spirit bore too great a bliss;
But always grew she very faint and pale,
Day after day her beauty grew more frail,
More mute, more eerie, more ethereal;
Her soul burned whitely in its waning shell.

Then came the winter with his frosty breath
And made the world an image of white death,
And like to death he found the charméd child;
Yet could not kill her with his bluster wild.
Only in his first days she went about,
And sadly hearkened to his hearty shout;
From windows where the wizard frost had traced
Moth-wings of rime with silver ferns inlaced,
She saw her pool set coldly in the drift,
Where in the autumn she had left her gift,
Capped with a cloud of silver steam or smoke,
That hovered there whether she dreamed or woke;
And often stealing from her early sleep,
She watched the light cloud in the midnight deep,
Waver and blow beneath the moon's white globe,
Shivering and whispering in her chilly robe.

At last she would not look or speak at all,
And turned her large eyes to the shaded wall.
Now she is dead, they thought; but never so,
She died not when the winter winds did blow;
She was a spirit of the summer air,
She would not vanish at the year's despair.

At length the merry sun grew warm and high,
And changed the wildwood with his alchemy;
The violet reared her bell of drooping gold,
And over her the robin chimed and trolled.
When the first slender moon of May had come,
That finds the blithe bird busy at his home,
They missed the spirit maiden from the room,
That now was sweet with light and spring perfume,
And called her all the echoing afternoon;
She answered not, but when the growing moon
Went down the west with the last bird awing,
They found her dead beside her darling spring.
This is her tale, her murmurous monument
Flows softly where her fragile life was spent,
Not grooved in brass nor trenched in pallid stone,
But told by water to the reeds alone.

She cometh here sometimes on summer eves,
Her quiet spirit lingers in the leaves,
And while this spring flows on, and while the wands
Sway in the moonlight, while in drifting bands,
The thistledown blows gleaming in the air,
And dappled thrushes haunt the precinct fair,
She will return, she will return and lean
Above the crystal in the covert green,
And dream of beauty on the shadow flung
Of irised distance when the world was young.

Let us be gone; this is no place for tears,
Let us go slowly with the guardian years;
Let us be brave, the day is almost done,
Another setting of the pleasant sun.

Dedication of "In the Village of Viger," 1896

To my Daughter, Elizabeth Duncan Scott

Robins and bobolinks bubbling and tinkling,
Shore-larks alive there high in the blue,
Level in the sunlight the rye-field twinkling,
The wind parts the cloud and a star leaps through,
Ferns at the spring-head curling cool and tender,
Bloodroot in the tangle, violets by the larch,
In the dusky evening the young moon slender,
Glowing like a crocus in the dells of March;
All a world of music, of laughter, and of lightness,
Crushed to a diamond, rounded to a pearl,
Moulded to a flower bell,--cannot match the brightness
In the darling beauty of one sweet girl.

When the Cows Come Home.

The bells are clanging in the shady vale;
"Co-boss," she cries, "co-boss."
The cattle crop the lush grass in the trail;
"Co-boss, co-boss."

Now with a jangling rush they crowd along;
"Co-boss," she cries, "co-boss."
And now they linger as she drops her song;
"Co-boss, co-boss."

They stand and low and loiter in the lane;
"Co, co, co-boss."
And now they start and dash their bells again;
"Co, boss, co."

And now they pass serenely in a line;
"Co-boss, co, co, co-boss."
The clangor falters and the voice benign;
"Co, boss, co."

And some one calls "good-night" beside the bars;
"Co-boss, co-boss."
The dewy dusk is pierced with early stars;
"Good-night."
"Co, boss, co."

A Song for Winter.

The bitter-sweet berries,
Are mellow as cherries;
A flagon of sherris,
   The beech-tree glows;
And hid in their wimple
Of leaves in a crimple,
All nun-like and simple,
   The violets doze.

The roads ring like metal;
The teams are in fettle;
The red sun's settle,
   On vane and thatch;
Where the oat-sheaves dangle,
The sparrows brangle,
The pane is aspangle;
   The rime's on the latch.

When winter will thunder,
The north-star from under,
For rapine and plunder,
   As wild as a Hun;
With fiddles and tabors,
Great Bran and his neighbors,
Will shuffle their labors,
   For frolic and fun.

From beech-log and maple,
The fire-light will dapple,
The bronze of the apple,
   The gold of the corn;*
In cider right mellow--
"Let Boreas bellow,
For he's a good fellow,
   As ever was born."

For Madge in a kirtle,
Of crimson and myrtle,
The chestnuts will hurtle,
   From the coals of the yule;
The shadows will hover,
Dame Gossip discover,
A frown for the lover,
   A kiss for the fool.

The folk will be going,
With hip and halloing;
The fool will go slowing,
   And lag on the moor.
In silence and snatches
Of trolls and of catches,
Great Bran will pin latches,
   And bar up the door.

The north wind will shoulder
The fool, and wax colder;
The deep fire will smoulder,
   The house will grow still;
And Madge and her lover,
Will nestle in clover,
When Winter, the rover,
   Is over the hill.

Labor and the Angel

Dedication of Labour and the Angel, 1898, to my Wife

In every heart the heart of spring
Bursts into leaf and bud;
The heart of love in every heart
Leaps with its eager flood.

Then hasten, rosy life, and lead
The Pilgrim to the door,
His sandals thonged for ministering,
His forehead bright with lore.

Oh, happy lovers, learn to serve,
And crown your state with power,
For Service is the peasant root,
And Love the princely flower.

Labour and the Angel

The wind plunges--then stops;
And a column of leaves in a whirl,
Like a dervish that spins--drops,
With a delicate rustle,
Falls into a circle that thins;
The leaves creep away one by one,
Hiding in hollows and ruts;
Silence comes down on the lane:
The light wheels slow from the sun,
And glints where the corn stood,
And strays over the plain,
Touching with patches of gold,
The knolls and the hollows,
Crosses the lane,
And slips into the wood;
Then flashes a mile away on the farm,
A moment of brightness fine;
Then the gold glimmers and wanes,
And is swept by a clouding of gray,
For cheek by jowl, arm in arm,
The shadow's afoot with the shine.
The wind roars out from the elm,
Then leaps tiger-sudden;--the leaves
Shudder up into heaps and are caught
High as the branch where they hung
Over the oriole's nest.
Down in the sodden field,
A blind man is gathering his roots,
Guided and led by a girl;

Her gold hair blows in the wind,
Her garments with flutter and furl
Leap like a flag in the sun;
And whenever he stoops, she stoops,
And they heap the dark coloured beets
In the barrow, row upon row.
When it is full to the brim,
He wheels it patiently, slow,
Something oppressive and grim
Clothing his figure, but she
Beautifully light at his side,
Touches his arm with her hand,
Ready to help or to guide:
Power and comfort at need
In the flex of her figure lurk,
The fire at the heart of the deed
The angel that watches o'er work.

This is her visible form,
Heartening the labour she loves,
Keeping the breath of it warm,
Warm as a nestling of doves.
Humble or high or sublime,
Hers no reward of degrees,
Ditching as precious as rhyme,
If only the spirit be true.
"Effort and effort," she cries,
"This is the heart-beat of life,
Up with the lark and the dew,
Still with the dew and the stars,
Feel it athrob in the earth."
When labour is counselled by love,
You may see her splendid, serene,
Bending and brooding above,
With the justice and power of her mien*
Where thought has its passionate birth,
Her smile is the sweetest renown,
For the stroke and the derring-do
Her crown is the starriest crown.
When tears at the fountain are dry,
Bares she the round of her breast,
Soft to the cicatrized cheek,
Lulls this avatar of rest;
Strength is her arm for the weak;
Courage the wells of her eyes;
What is the power of their deeps,
Only the baffled can guess;
Nothing can daunt the emprise
When she sets hand to the hilt;
Victory is she--not less.

And oh! in the cages and dens
Where women work down to the bone,
Where men never laugh but they curse,
Think you she leaves them alone?
She the twin-sister of Love!
There, where the pressure is worst,
Of this hell-palace built to the skies
Upon hearts too crushed down to burst,
There, she is wiser than wise,
Giving no vistas sublime
Of towers in the murmurous air,
With gardens of pleasuance and pride
Lulling the fleetness of time,
With doves alight by the side
Of a fountain that veils and drips;
She offers no tantalus-cup
To the shrunken, the desperate lips;
But she calms them with lethe and love,
And deadens the throb and the pain,
And evens the heart-beat wild,
Whispering again and again,
"Work on, work on, work on,
My broken, my agonized child,"
With her tremulous, dew-cool lips,
At the whorl of the tortured ear,
Till the cry is the presage of hope,
The trample of succour near.

And for those whose desperate day
Breeds night with a leaguer of fears,
(Night, that on earth brings the dew,
With stars at the window, and wind
In the maples, and rushes of balm,)
She pours from their limitless stores
Her sacred, ineffable tears.
When a soul too weary of life
Sets to its madness an end,
Then for a moment her eyes
Lighten, and thunder broods dark,
Heavy and strong at her heart;
But for a moment, and then
All her imperious wrath
Breaks in a passion of tears,
With the surge of her grief outpoured,
She sinks on the bosom of Love,
Her sister of infinite years,
And is wrapped, and enclosed, and restored.

So we have come with the breeze,
Up to the height of the hill,
Lost in the valley trees,
The old blind man and the girl;
But deep in the heart is the thrill
Of the image of counselling love;
The shape of the soul in the gloom,
And the power of the figure above,
Stand for the whole world's need:
For labour is always blind,
Unless as the light of the deed
The angel is smiling behind.

Now on the height of the hill,
The wind is fallen to a breath;
But down in the valley still,
It stalks in the shadowy wood,
And angers the river's breast;
The fields turn into the dark
That plays on the round of the sphere;
A star leaps sharp in the clear
Line of the sky, clear and cold;
But a cloud in the warmer west
Holds for a little its gold;
Like the wing of a seraph who sinks
Into antres afar from the earth,
Reluctant he flames on the brinks
Of the circles of nebulous stars,
Reluctant he turns to the rest,
From the planet whose ideal is love,
And then as he sweeps to the void
Vivid with tremulous light,
He gives it his translucent wing,
An emblem of pity unfurled,
Then falls to the uttermost ring,
And is lost to the world.

The Harvest

Sun on the mountain,
Shade in the valley,
Ripple and lightness
Leaping along the world,
Sun, like a gold sword
Plucked from the scabbard,
Striking the wheat-fields,
Splendid and lusty,
Close-standing, full-headed,
Toppling with plenty;
Shade, like a buckler
Kindly and ample,
Sweeping the wheat-fields
Darkening and tossing;
There on the world-rim
Winds break and gather
Heaping the mist
For the pyre of the sunset;
And still as a shadow,
In the dim westward,
A cloud sloop of amethyst
Moored to the world
With cables of rain.

Acres of gold wheat
Stir in the sunshine,
Rounding the hilltop,
Crested with plenty,
Filling the valley,
Brimmed with abundance;
Wind in the wheat-field
Eddying and settling,
Swaying it, sweeping it,
Lifting the rich heads,
Tossing them soothingly;
Twinkle and shimmer
The lights and the shadowings,
Nimble as moonlight
Astir in the mere.
Laden with odors
Of peace and of plenty,
Soft comes the wind
From the ranks of the wheat-field,
Bearing a promise
Of harvest and sickle-time,
Opulent threshing floors
Dusty and dim
With the whirl of the flail,
And wagons of bread,
Down-laden and lumbering
Through the gateways of cities.

When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles,
Bending and grasping,
Shearing and spreading;
When will the gleaners
Searching the stubble
Take the last wheat-heads
Home in their arms?
Ask not the question!--
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Hunger and poverty
Heaped like the ocean
Welters and mutters,
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of children
Born to their terrible
Ancestral hunger,
Starved in their mothers' womb,
Starved at the nipple, cry--
Ours is the harvest!

Millions of women
Learned in the tragical
Secrets of poverty,
Sweated and beaten, cry,--
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of men
With a vestige of manhood,
Wild-eyed and gaunt-throated,
Shout with a leonine
Accent of anger,
Leave us the wheat-fields!

When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles?
Ask not the question;
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Long have they sharpened
Their fiery, impetuous
Sickles of carnage,
Welded them æons
Ago in the mountains
Of suffering and anguish;
Hearts were their hammers,*
Blood was their fire,
Sorrow their anvil,

(Trusty the sickles
Tempered with tears;)
Time they had plenty--
Harvests and harvests
Passed them in agony,
Only a half-filled
Ear for their lot;
Man that had taken
God for a master
Made him a law,
Mocked him and cursed him,
Set up this hunger,
Called it necessity,
Put in the blameless mouth
Judas's language:
The poor ye have with you
Alway, unending.

But up from the impotent
Anguish of children,
Up from the labour
Fruitless, unmeaning,
Of millions of mothers,
Hugely necessitous,
Grew by a just law
Stern and implacable,
Art born of poverty,
The making of sickles
Meet for the harvest.

And now to the wheat-fields
Come the weird reapers
Armed with their sickles,
Whipping them keenly
In the fresh-air fields,
Wild with the joy of them,
Finding them trusty,
Hilted with teen.
Swarming like ants,
The Idea for captain,
No banners, no bugles,
Only a terrible
Ground-bass of gathering
Tempest and fury,
Only a tossing
Of arms and of garments;
Sexless and featureless,
(Only the children
Different among them,
Crawling between their feet,
Borne on their shoulders;)
Rolling their shaggy heads
Wild with the unheard-of

Drug of the sunshine;
Tears that had eaten
The half of their eyelids
Dry on their cheeks;
Blood in their stiffened hair
Clouted and darkened;
Down in their cavern hearts
Hunger the tiger,
Leaping, exulting;
Sighs that had choked them
Burst into triumphing;
On they come, Victory!
Up to the wheat-fields,
Dreamed of in visions
Bred by the hunger,
Seen for the first time
Splendid and golden;
On they come fluctuant,
Seething and breaking,
Weltering like fire
In the pit of the earthquake,
Bursting in heaps
With the sudden intractable
Lust of the hunger:
Then when they see them--
The miles of the harvest
White in the sunshine,
Rushing and stumbling,
With the mighty and clamorous
Cry of the people
Starved from creation,
Hurl themselves onward,
Deep in the wheat-fields,
Weeping like children,
After ages and ages,
Back at the breasts
Of their mother the earth.

Night in the valley,
Gloom on the mountain,
Wind in the wheat,
Far to the southward
The flutter of lightning,
The shudder of thunder;
But high at the zenith,
A cluster of stars
Glimmers and throbs
In the grasp of the midnight,
Steady and absolute,
Ancient and sure.

When Spring Goes By

The winds that on the uplands softly lie,
Grow keener where the ice is lingering still,
Where the first robin on the sheltered hill
Pipes blithely to the tune, "When Spring goes by!"
Hear him again, "Spring! Spring!" he seems to cry,
Haunting the fall of the flute-throated rill,
That keeps a gentle, constant, silver thrill,
While he is restless in his ecstasy.

Ah! the soft budding of the virginal woods,
Of the frail fruit trees by the vanishing lakes:
There's the new moon where the clear sunset floods,
A trace of dew upon the rose leaf sky;
And hark! what rapture the glad robin wakes--
"When Spring goes by; Spring! Spring! When Spring goes by."

March

Now swoops the wind from every coign and crest;
Like filaments of silver, ripped and spun,
The snow reels off the drift-ridge in the sun;
And smoky clouds are torn across the west,
Clouds that would snow if they had time to rest;
The sparrows brangle and the icicles clash;
The grosbeaks search for berries in the ash;
The shore-lark tinkles while he plans his nest.

Now in the steaming woods the maples drip,
And plunging in with the last load of sap,
Beyond the branches through a starry gap,
The driver sees the frail aurora flow,
And round the sinking Pleiads bend and blow:*
A rosy banner and a silver ship.

In May

The clouds that veil the early day
Are very near and soft and fine,
The heaven peeps between the gray,
A luminous and pearly line.

The breeze is up, now soft, now full,
And moulds the vapor light as fleece,
It trembles, then, with drip and lull,
The rain drifts gently through the trees.

It trails into a silver blur,
And hangs about the cherry tops
That sprinkle, with the wind astir,
In little sudden whirls of drops.

The apple orchards, banked with bloom,
Are drenched and dripping with the wet,
And on the breeze their deep perfume
Grows and fades by and lingers yet.

In some green covert far remote
The oven-bird is never still,
And, golden-throat to golden-throat,
The orioles warble on the hill.

Now over all the gem-like woods
The delicate mist is blown again,
And after dripping interludes
Lets down the lulling silver rain.

On the Mountain

I

A storm from the mountain is coming,
With lightning and thunder and rain,
The wind is sweeping and humming
In the butternut trees on the plain.

The cloud is ebon that follows,
The fore-cloud is livid and pale,
There's the flash and the tossing of swallows
In the turn of the eddying gale.

The rain is awake on the mountain,
'Tis lashing the forest afar
With fall of a shattering fountain
And the tramp and tumult of war,

With the drums of the detoning thunder,
And the clang in the bugles of wind,
With the gonfalons tortured asunder
By the rush of the host from behind.

The plains are leaping with shadows,
The highlands go out like a blot,
And over the eddying meadows
The rain is hurtled like shot.

The darkness is glooming and brightening,
There is alternate chaos and form,
With the parry and thrust of the lightning
In the turbulent heart of the storm.

II

Now the storm is over,
And the greener plain
Seems to glow and hover
Through the thinning rain.

Now the wind is gusty
In the maple tops,
Striking out the lusty
Storms of gleaming drops.

Now the goldfinch whistles
In his spattered vest,
Balanced on the thistles,
Bolder than the best.

And the hermit thrushes
On the sparkling hills,
Link the dripping hushes
With their silver thrills.

The Onondaga Madonna

She stands full-throated and with careless pose,
This woman of a weird and waning race,
The tragic savage lurking in her face,
Where all her pagan passion burns and glows;
Her blood is mingled with her ancient foes,
And thrills with war and wildness in her veins;
Her rebel lips are dabbled with the stains
Of feuds and forays and her father's woes.

And closer in the shawl about her breast,
The latest promise of her nation's doom,
Paler than she her baby clings and lies,
The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;
He sulks, and burdened with his infant gloom,
He draws his heavy brows and will not rest.

Watkwenies

Vengeance was once her nation's lore and law:
When the tired sentry stooped above the rill,
Her long knife flashed, and hissed, and drank its fill;
Dimly below her dripping wrist she saw,
One wild hand, pale as death and weak as straw,
Clutch at the ripple in the pool; while shrill
Sprang through the dreaming hamlet on the hill,
The war-cry of the triumphant Iroquois.

Now clothed with many an ancient flap and fold,
And wrinkled like an apple kept till May,
She weighs the interest-money in her palm,
And, when the Agent calls her valiant name,
Hears, like the war-whoops of her perished day,
The lads playing snow-snake in the stinging cold.

Avis

With a golden rolling sound
Booming came a bell,
From the aery in the tower
Eagles fell;
So with regal wings
Hurled, and gleaming sound and power,
Sprang the fatal spell.

Then a storm of burnished doves
Gleaming from the cote
Flurried by the almonry
O'er the moat,--
Fell and soared and fell
With the arc and iris eye
Burning breast and throat.

Avis heard the beaten bell
Break the quiet space,
Gathering softly in the room
Round her face;
And the sound of wings
From the deeps of rosy gloom
Rustled in the place.

Nothing moved along the wall,
Weltered on the floor;
Only in the purple deep,
Streaming o'er,
Came the dream of sound
Silent as the dale of sleep,
Where the dreams are four.

(One of love without a word,
Wan to look upon,
One of fear without a cry,
Cowering stone,
And the dower of life,--
Grief without a single sigh,
Pain without a moan.)

"Avis--Avis!" cried a voice;
Then the voice was mute.
"Avis!" soft the echo lay
As the lute.
Where she was she fell,
Drowsy as mandragora,
Tranced to the root.

Then she heard her mother's voice,
Tender as a dove;
Then her lover plain and sigh,
"Avis--Love!"
Like the mavis bird
Calling, calling pensively
From the eerie grove.

Then she heard within the vast
Closure of the spell,
Rolled and moulded into one
Rounded swell,
All the sounds that ever were
Uttered underneath the sun,
Heard in heaven or hell.

In the arras moved the wind,
And the window cloth
Rippled like a serpent barred,
Gray with wrath;
In the brazier gold
The wan ghost of a rose charred
Fluttered like a moth.

Tranquil lay her darkened eyes
As the pools that keep
Auras dim of fern and frond
Dappled, deep,
Dreamy as the map of Nod;
Moveless was she as a wand
In the wind of sleep.

Then the birds began to cry
From the crannied wall,
Piping as the morning rose
Mystical,
Gray with whistling rain,
Silver with the light that flows
In the interval.

Pallid poplars cast a shade,
Twinkling gray and dun,
Where the wind and water wove
Into one
All the linnet leaves,
Greening from the mere and grove
In the undern sun.

Night fell with the ferny dusk,
Planets paled and grew,
Up, with lilt and clarid turns
Throbbing through,
Rose the robin's song,
Heart of home and love that burns
Beating in the dew.

But she neither moved nor heard,
Tranced was her breath;
Lip on charmed lip was laid
(One who saith
"Love--Undone" and falls).
Silent was she as a shade
In the dells of death.

The Violet Pressed in a Copy of Shakespeare

Here in the inmost of the master's heart
This violet crisp with early dew,
Has come to leave her beauty and to part
With all her vivid hue.

And while in hollow glades and dells of musk,
Her fellows will reflower in bands,
Clasping the deeps of shade and emerald dusk,
With sweet inviolate hands,

She will lie here, a ghost of their delight,
Their lucent stems all ashen gray,
Their purples fallen into pulvil white,
Dull as the bluebird's alula.

But here where human passions pulse in power,
She will transcend our Shakespeare's art,
From Desdemona to a smothered flower,
Will leap the tragic heart.

And memory will recall in keener mood
The precinct fair where passion grew,
The stars within the water in the wood,
The moonlit grove, the odorous dew.

The voice that throbbed along the summer dark
Will float and pause and thrill,
In lonely cadence silvern as the lark,
To fail below the hill.

The reader will grow weary of the play,
Finding his heart half understood,
And with the young moon in the early dusk will stray
Beside the starry water in the wood.

Angelus

A deep bell that links the downs
To the drowsy air;
Every loop of sound that swoons,
Finds a circle fair,
Whereon it doth rest and fade;
Every stroke that dins is laid
Like a node,
Spinning out the quivering, fine,
Vibrant tendrils of a vine:
How they wreathe and run,
Silvern as a filmy light,
Filtered from the sun:
The god of sound is out of sight,
And the bell is like a cloud,
Humming to the outer rim,
Low and loud:
Throwing down the tempered lull,
Fragile, beautiful:
Married drones and overtones,
How we fancy them to swim,
With the aura of the metals,
Prisoned in the bell,
Fulvous tinted as a shell,
Spreading into shapes that shine,
Dreamy, dim,
Deep in amber hyaline.

Adagio

Grave maid, surrounded by the austere air
Of this delaying spring, what gentle grief,
What hovering, mystical melancholy
Hath covered thee with the translucent shadow?
The glaucous silver buds upon the tree,
And the light burst of blossom in the bush
Are the new year's evangel: soon the birch
Will breathe in heaven with her myriad leaves,
And hide the birds' nests from the tuliped lawn;
But thou, with look askance and dreaming eyes,
Brooding on something subtly sad and sweet,
Art passive, and the world may have her way,
Hide the moraine of immemorial days
With bines and blossoms, so thine unvaried hour
Be not perplexed with the change of growth.
Within this sombre circle of the hills,
Thy girlish eyes have seen the winter's close,
And what may lie beyond, where the sun falls,
When the vale fills with rose, and the first star
Looks liquidly, thy quiet heart knows not.
The permanence of beauty haunts thy dreams,
And only as a land beyond desire,
Where the fixed glow may stain the vivid flower,
Where youth may lose his wings but keep his joy,
Does that far slope in the reluctant light
Lure thee beyond the barrier of the hills.
And often in the morning of the heart,
When memories are like crocus-buds in spring,
Thou hast up-builded in thy crystal soul
Immutable forms of things loved once and lost,
Or loved and never gained.
Now while the wind
From the reflowering bush gushes with perfume,
Thou hast a vision of a precinct fair,
Daled in the lustrous hills, where the mossed dial
Holds the slow shadow narrowed to a line;
Where a parterre of tulips hoards the light,
Changeless and pure in cups of tranquil gold;
Where bee-hives gray against the poplar shade,
Peopled with bees, hum in perpetual drone;
In a pavilion centred in the close,
Four viols build the perfect cube of sound;
A path beside the rosy barberry hedge,
Leads to the cool of water under spray,
Leads to the fountain-echoing ivied wall;
Pedestaled there, flecked with the linden shadows,
A guardian statue carved in purest stone.
Love and Mnemosyne; Mnemosyne
Mothering the Truant to an all-cherishing breast,
The wells of lore deepening her eyes, would speak--
But Love hath laid his hand upon her lips.

Dirge for a Violet

Here was a happy flower,
Born in sun and shower,
In the meadow;
Sorrow was her dower,
And shadow.

Bid the gentle mole
Dig his deepest hole,
For her rest;
Sleep has charmed her soul,
Sleep is best.

Bid the vervain spire
Light the funeral fire,
And the yarrow
Build a shady choir,
For the sparrow.

Bid him chirp and cry,
"Everything must die,
She is dead,"
Now in exequy,
All is said.

Equation

When we grow old, and time looks like a thief,
That was the spendthrift of our dearest days;
When colour mingles merged in silvered grays;
When joys are ever memoried to be brief;
When beauty fades; when hope is under feof;
When all our moods are mantled in a haze;
When sprightly pleasure for a penance plays
The part of prudence in the weeds of grief;
It will suffice if unto memory
Visit the voices and the eager grace
Of days that promised never to forget;
If they will flow like rumors of the sea,
Heard under honied lindens in the place,
Where start the marguerite and the mignonette.

A Little While

Her life was touched with early frost,
About the April of her day,
Her hold on earth was lightly lost,
And like a leaf she went away.

Her soul was chartered for great deeds,
For gentle war unwonted here:
Her spirit sought her clearer needs,
An Empyrean atmosphere.

At hush of eve we hear her still
Say with her clear, her perfect smile,
And with her silver-throated thrill:
"A little while--a little while."

Stone Breaking.

March wind rough
Clashed the trees,
Flung the snow;
Breaking stones,
In the cold,
Germans slow
Toiled and toiled;
Arrowy sun
Glanced and sprang,
One right blithe
German sang:
Songs of home,
Fatherland:
Syenite hard,
Weary lot,
Callous hand,
All forgot:
Hammers pound,
Ringing round;
Rise the heaps,
To his voice,
Bounds and leaps,*
Toise on toise:
Toil is long,
But dear God
Gives us song,
At the end,
Gives us rest,
Toil is best.

The Lesson

When the great day is done,
That seems so long,
So full of fret and fun,
Our little girl is in her cradle laid:
She takes the soft dark-petaled flower of sleep
Between her fragile hands,
Striving to pluck it:
And as the dream-roots slowly part,
She is not in possession of the lands,
Where flowered her tender heart,
Nor in this turmoil dire of cark and strife,
Which we call life,
The which, husbanding all our art,
We will keep veiled until the latest day,
And from her wrapt away:
Then when the drowsy flower
Has parted from the dreamful mead,
And in her palm lies plucked indeed,
When her dear breathing steadies after sighs,
And the soft lids have clouded the blue eyes,
A tiny hand falls on my cheek--
Lightly and so fragrantly
As if a snow-flake could a rose-leaf be--
And in the dark touches a tear
Which has sprung clear,
From eyes unconscious of their own distress,
At the deep pathos of such tender helplessness.
And then she claims her sleep,
As if she knows my love and trusts it deep.

Dear God! to whom the bravest of us is a child,
When I am weary, when I cannot rest,
I have stretched out my hand into the dark,
And felt the shadow stark,
But no face brooding near,
Nor any tear
Compassionately wept:
I have not slept.

But now I learn my lesson from the sage,
Who burns his lore with acid on the heart;
I will not whimper when I feel the smart,
And for my comfort will look down, not up;
I will give ever from a brimming sky,
Not telling how or why;
I will be answered in this little child,
I will be reconciled.

From Shadow.

Now the November skies,
And the clouds that are thin and gray,
That drop with the wind away;
A flood of sunlight rolls,
In a tide of shallow light,
Gold on the land and white
On the water, dim and warm in the wood;
Then it is gone, and the wan
Clear of the shade
Covers field and barren and glade.
The peace of labor done,
Is wide in the gracious earth;
The harvest is won;
Past are the tears and the mirth;
And we feel in the tenuous air
How far beyond thought or prayer
Is the grace of silent things,
That work for the world alway,
Neither for fear nor for pay,
And when labor is over, rest.

The moil of our fretted life
Is borne anew to the soul,
Borne with its cark and strife,
Its burden of care and dread,
Its glories elusive and strange;
And the weight of the weary whole
Presses it down, till we cry:
Where is the fruit of our deeds?
Why should we struggle to build
Towers against death on the plain?
All things possess their lives
Save man, whose task and desire
Transcend his power and his will.

The question is over and still;
Nothing replies: but the earth
Takes on a lovelier hue
From a cloud that neighbored the sun,
That the sun burned down and through,
Till it glowed like a seraph's wing;
The fields that were gray and dun
Are warm in the flowing light;
Fair in the west the night
Strikes in with a vibrant star.

Something has stirred afar
In the shadow that winter flings;
A message comes up to the soul
From the soul of inanimate things:
A message that widens and grows
Till it touches the deeds of man,
Till we see in the torturous throes
Some dawning glimmer of plan;
Till we feel in the deepening night
The hand of the angel Content,
That stranger of calmness and light,
With his brow over us bent,
Who moves with his eyes on the earth,
Whose robe of lambent green,
A tissue of herb and its sheen,
Tells the mother who gave him birth.
The message plays through his touch,
It grows with the roots of his power,
Till it flames exultant in thought,
As the quince-tree triumphs in flower.

The fruit that is checked and marred
Goes under the sod:
The good lives here in the world;
It persists,--it is God.

The Piper of Arll

There was in Arll a little cove
Where the salt wind came cool and free:
A foamy beach that one would love,
If he were longing for the sea.

A brook hung sparkling on the hill,
The hill swept far to ring the bay;
The bay was faithful, wild or still,
To the heart of the ocean far away.

There were three pines above the comb
That, when the sun flared and went down,
Grew like three warriors reaving home
The plunder of a burning town.

A piper lived within the grove,
Tending the pasture of his sheep;
His heart was swayed with faithful love,
From the springs of God's ocean clear and deep.

And there a ship one evening stood,
Where ship had never stood before;
A pennon bickered red as blood,
An angel glimmered at the prore.

About the coming on of dew,
The sails burned rosy, and the spars
Were gold, and all the tackle grew
Alive with ruby-hearted stars.

The piper heard an outland tongue,
With music in the cadenced fall;
And when the fairy lights were hung,
The sailors gathered one and all,

And leaning on the gunwales dark,
Crusted with shells and dashed with foam,
With all the dreaming hills to hark,
They sang their longing songs of home.

When the sweet airs had fled away,
The piper, with a gentle breath,
Moulded a tranquil melody
Of lonely love and longed-for death.

When the fair sound began to lull,
From out the fireflies and the dew,
A silence held the shadowy hull,
Until the eerie tune was through.

Then from the dark and dreamy deck
An alien song began to thrill;
It mingled with the drumming beck,
And stirred the braird upon the hill.

Beneath the stars each sent to each
A message tender, till at last
The piper slept upon the beach,
The sailors slumbered round the mast.

Still as a dream till nearly dawn,
The ship was bosomed on the tide;
The streamlet, murmuring on and on,
Bore the sweet water to her side.

Then shaking out her lawny sails,
Forth on the misty sea she crept;
She left the dawning of the dales,
Yet in his cloak the piper slept.

And when he woke he saw the ship,
Limned black against the crimson sun;
Then from the disc he saw her slip,
A wraith of shadow--she was gone.

He threw his mantle on the beach,
He went apart like one distraught,
His lips were moved--his desperate speech
Stormed his inviolable thought.

He broke his human-throated reed,
And threw it in the idle rill;
But when his passion had its mead,
He found it in the eddy still.

He mended well the patient flue,
Again he tried its varied stops;
The closures answered right and true,
And starting out in piercing drops,

A melody began to drip
That mingled with a ghostly thrill
The vision-spirit of the ship,
The secret of his broken will.

Beneath the pines he piped and swayed,
Master of passion and of power;
He was his soul and what he played,
Immortal for a happy hour.

He, singing into nature's heart,
Guiding his will by the world's will,
With deep, unconscious, childlike art
Had sung his soul out and was still.

And then at evening came the bark
That stirred his dreaming heart's desire;
It burned slow lights along the dark
That died in glooms of crimson fire.

The sailors launched a sombre boat,
And bent with music at the oars;
The rhythm throbbing every throat,
And lapsing round the liquid shores,

Was that true tune the piper sent,
Unto the wave-worn mariners,
When with the beck and ripple blent
He heard that outland song of theirs.

Silent they rowed him, dip and drip,
The oars beat out an exequy,
They laid him down within the ship,
They loosed a rocket to the sky.

It broke in many a crimson sphere
That grew to gold and floated far,
And left the sudden shore-line clear,
With one slow-changing, drifting star.

Then out they shook the magic sails,
That charmed the wind in other seas,
From where the west line pearls and pales,
They waited for a ruffling breeze.

But in the world there was no stir,
The cordage slacked with never a creak,
They heard the flame begin to purr
Within the lantern at the peak.

They could not cry, they could not move,
They felt the lure from the charmed sea;
They could not think of home or love
Or any pleasant land to be.

They felt the vessel dip and trim,
And settle down from list to list;
They saw the sea-plain heave and swim
As gently as a rising mist.

And down so slowly, down and down,
Rivet by rivet, plank by plank;
A little flood of ocean flown
Across the deck, she sank and sank.

From knee to breast the water wore,
It crept and crept; ere they were ware
Gone was the angel at the prore,
They felt the water float their hair.

They saw the salt plain spark and shine,
They threw their faces to the sky;
Beneath a deepening film of brine
They saw the star-flash blur and die.

She sank and sank by yard and mast,
Sank down the shimmering gradual dark;
A little drooping pennon last
Showed like the black fin of a shark.

And down she sank till, keeled in sand,
She rested safely,* balanced true,
With all her upward gazing band,
The piper and the dreaming crew.

And there, unmarked of any chart,
In unrecorded deeps they lie,
Empearled within the purple heart
Of the great sea for aye and aye.

Their eyes are ruby in the green
Long shaft of sun that spreads and rays,
And upward with a wizard sheen
A fan of sea-light leaps and plays.

Tendrils of or and azure creep,
And globes of amber light are rolled,
And in the gloaming of the deep
Their eyes are starry pits of gold.

And sometimes in the liquid night
The hull is changed, a solid gem,
That glows with a soft stony light,
The lost prince of a diadem.

And at the keel a vine is quick,
That spreads its bines and works and weaves
O'er all the timbers veining thick
A plenitude of silver leaves.

The Lower St. Lawrence

A glamour on the phantom shore
Of golden pallid green,
Gray purple in the flats before,
The river streams between.

From hazy hamlets, one by one,
Beyond the island bars,
The casements in the setting sun
Flash back in violet stars.

A brig is straining out for sea,
To Norway or to France she goes,
And all her happy flags are free,
Her sails are flushed with rose.

The Wolf

Whoo--whoo--
The rain in the hollow
The wan grey sleet will follow,
The shaggy moor
Will lie at the door,
Heavy with mould,
Dead with cold,
Whoo--whoo;--yu-loô--yu-loô.

Whoo--whoo--
The wind in the willow,
The snow heaped up for a pillow,
The shell of ice,
Will crush in a trice,
An iron mould,
To have and to hold,
Whoo--whoo;--yu-loô--yu-loô.

Whoo--whoo--
The frost in the furrow,
Heat takes long to burrow,
The fire on the hearth
Shakes its mirth
At one of God's poor,
Outside the door,
Whoo--whoo;--yu-loô--yu-loô.

Whoo--whoo--
Weary and worry him,
Gnaw him, tug him, and carry him;
Dig him a pit,
Shallow and fit,
In the colder cold
It will hold or unfold,
Whoo--whoo;--yu-loô--yu-loô.

Whoo--whoo--
The steam from the thatches,
The casement tawny in patches;
Look not yet,
You might never forget
The ghost of breath,
Or the leper Death,
Whoo--whoo;--yu-loô--yu-loô.

Rain and the Robin

A robin in the morning,
In the morning early,
Sang a song of warning,
"There'll be rain, there'll be rain."
Very, very clearly
From the orchard
Came the gentle horning,
"There'll be rain."
But the hasty farmer
Cut his hay down,
Did not heed the charmer
From the orchard,
And the mower's clatter
Ceased at noontide,
For with drip and spatter
Down came the rain.
Then the prophet robin
Hidden in the crab-tree
Railed upon the farmer,
"I told you so, I told you so."
As the rain grew stronger,
And his heart grew prouder,
Notes so full and slow
Coming blither, louder,
"I told you so, I told you so,"
"I told you so."

The Dame Regnant

Ah! Dame Gossip fabulous!
You have worn the quiet smile,
Till your mouth is drawn as trim
As a Quaker's beaver brim;
And when rumour runs a mile,
You don't know the soles he wears,
Never heard the rascal's name;
If the neighbours bring the shoe,
Tug and tug it won't fit you;
If it does, ah! shifty Dame,
Rumour's last must be the same!
Hey! this comedy began
When the earth was blithe and young,
When the less fair of the fair
Daughters of the world of men,
Whispered in their errant hair,
How their sisters of the glance,
Clear and deep of star in blue,
Met the eager sons of God,

In the valley, in the dew,
On the myrtle-scented sod:
And the truants from the spheres
Heard like donging of herd-bells,
In the flow of harp and flute,
How those others in eclipse,
Withered up in jealousies,
Crowning malice in the eyes,
Over malice on the lips,
Hissed their word of hate and lies.
Ah! these truants from the spheres
Learnt the human in the note
Of the goddess, and were ware
How of all the torrent gold
Snakes were half and half was hair.

Yet the ages were as one
Heap of burnt and calcined stars,
Ere her popular crown was run
In the mould of human fears,
Ere her sceptre had been cast,
Tempered steel with foolish tears.
Now they view her at the last,
Personed like a regnant queen,
Cold as pole-ice, hard as quartz,
Loathly as the livid, lean
Adder of the triple tongue,
Basilisk eyes that reap and glean,
And a mind alert, elate,
With the splendour of her wit,
Springing through a smoky fate,
With a gleam of hell-fire lit.

And she wanders from her throne
(So these cringing lieges state),
While her shape still glooms it there;
And but give the wizard crone
Two small juttings in the air,
Spiderlike she weaves her web,
From her ancient ventral store,
Till the whole great house is meshed
With her legends, grim and hoar.

Or she starts a quiet mouse,
Feeding in the native cheese,
And a wolf springs from the rind,
Bloated out to what you please.
What she does not say she thinks;
Crafty, with a few dry winks,
Drops her poison in the eye,
Watching while it works and sinks;
When the eye is diamond clear,

Comes she with a slimy sigh,
Bred to catch the dullard ear,
Opening with the formula,
Stereoed to the devil's phrase
In the human words, "They say;"
Then the burden of the tale
Crawls in after like a snail.
And if the dear vassal's wild,
Why, her countenance is blank,
And her eye is dull as dulse;
But the finger dwells awhile
Calming on the plunging pulse,
Just for, say, a nunnery smile,
Till with magic overmuch,
All the story is conveyed,
Through the nerves intensive played,
Innuendo of the touch.

Once afoot the quarry flies,
From the hunter in the mind;
With a prudent, vacant smile,
Dull Saint Virgin drops her eyes,
Gives*the word with quiet guile,
Guarding with her sainted wish,
For the error of the tale,
The dear souls from blast and bale.
And the fighter to his trull
Tells his version of the yarn;
With his bull-brain all afire,
Charges down the ruddy rag
Of the world above his ire,
Tramps the tale in slag and mire.
And the comments run from "Pish,"
To the most convenient curse,
In the beggar's damning purse.
So the story rolls and grows
Crescive as a cloudy head,
Budding silver in the blue,
From black root of thunder bred,
With the lightning splitting through.
Every subject stricken blind
With black fearing of the Dame,
Strained of nerve and lean of loin,
Passes on the strangest talk,
Like a counterfeited coin;
And the fear of her is wild,
Works like acid in the blood,
And the man is worse than child,
Saved by innocent hardihood.

How he supplicates and whines,
When he knows his fame is out,
And sees springing into lines
All the fables, shout on shout.

Thinks to run the talk to earth,
Talk that carries rumour's lease;
Cloudy talk of vapor birth,
Chases on the plains of peace,
Or where tides of trade convulse;
Something mantled like a shape
Grasps at last with pounding pulse--
Mist he holds; while mocking rings
All the riot sprung anew,
With the flap and clap of wings.
Nay, my craven, you who fear
All this cackle of the crew,
Carping at your coward ear!
We who know the Dame so well,
Whence she sprang and how she grew,
Do not crown her deep with hell;
She is but an earthly shape
Springing from the parent ape,
Nothing wild with power or eld,
Nothing older than the race;
And this skull-face that you dread,
Is the image of your head.
Here where Comedy is held
Deep in honour as the star,
Spreading sparkle over sea,
You may see the Dame at will,
Nothing formed for dread or dree,
Contemplate her and be still:

She has worn that* quiet smile,
Till her mouth is drawn as trim
As a Quaker's beaver brim:
Her light eyes seem clear of guile,
And her smile is half demure,
Half malicious. Let her play
One of her protean pranks,
Show her fangs and start her prey.
Now she dares the comic sprite,
Laughter only comes to light;
Ripples outward like a flag
Over towers inviolate,
Sparkles April as a brook,
Breaks where sun and shadow flit;
Laughter silver and secure,
From the crystal wells of wit,
Springing sanely, springing pure.

Mark your Dame of many crowns,
How she hardens into sphinx,
When she hears the airy ring
Of the master that she owns,
How, amorphous bulk, she shrinks,
How she trails and leers and winks,
Just a moment of gray rags,
Ere the wind has pounced and packed
All her baggage and her bags
Into limbo, and the dust
Rises in a smoke, and wracked
Drives the cloud in shreds and shags.
Laughter falling coolly clear,
Widens air and broaches sun,
Comes as healing to a fear
But of self and shadow spun:
Self, a lantern-candle, throws
Hugeous spottings on the wall;
Dance the tragic giant Oes,
Rayed from pin-points punctured small,
In the battered shadow-tin
Fused of deed and circumstance:
Coward in the gaping ring,
Bound without and look within,
Learn where fable flows and whence.

Speech is but the fluid mind,
Reaching outward over life.
Where quick speech is dammed we find
Cactus deserts sharp and dim,
Dead for water, ruin lined,
With a mirage on the rim
Of the sundown. Let speech flow
Like the air, which is the soul
Of the world, from pole to pole;
Shaking in the swamp of death
With the poison bred of heat,
Timing with a tidal breath
The deep swaying of the wheat.
Not till mind is massed as near
Servant of the lucid soul,
Sensitive as ether clear,
Joining planets pole to pole,
Shall we have a dearth of this
Talk that lays the lash on life.
Only when the mind rings true
To the deep-held undertone
Heard where Nature moulds her young,
Will the fancy fail to brew
Noisome liquor for the tongue.

Heighten mind and heighten life,
Heighten comment above lure,
Heighten laughter above strife,
Bred to scourge the fancy pure.
Then will come the days of men,
When the mind will govern power;
When clear speech will spring again,
Flower unto a lovelier flower;
When dear laughter, victor browed,
From her scorning of your Dame,
Will play out a lambent flame
Over life to saneness vowed.

Contrast to the present hour!
As a sage might leave a coast
Where the cities shambles are,
And the people herded flesh,
Climb the uplands into wood
Where the trees are vined in mesh,
Where noon dreams with eyes of eve,
Where the beck is flecked with gold,
And the silver violets fold,
Under leafage cool and lush,
Where the moss is drenched with sleep,
Where the music-memoried thrush
Broods in dingles dusk and deep,
Upward to the brow of hill,
Where the wind soars cool with scent,
And the twilights end in stars,
Where upon the glimmering plain
Fireflies with the lights are blent
From the huts and haunts of men,
Jewels in the crown content.

The Cup

Here is pleasure; drink it down.
Here is sorrow; drain it dry.
Tilt the goblet, don't ask why.
Here is madness; down it goes.
Here's a dagger and a kiss,
Don't ask what the reason is.
Drink your liquor, no one knows;
Drink it bravely like a lord,
Do not roll a coward eye,
Pain and pleasure is one sword
Hacking out your destiny;
Do not say, "It is not just."

That word won't apply to life;
You must drink because you must;
Tilt the goblet, cease the strife.
Here at last is something good,
Just to warm your flagging blood.
Don't take breath--
At the bottom of the cup
Here is death:
Drink it up.

The Happy Fatalist

We plough the field,
And harrow the clod,
And hurl the seed,*
Trust for trust:
The germ yields,
The wheat brairds,
We gather the sheaf,
Deed for deed:
The stubble moulds,
The chaff is cast,
Dust for dust:
The man is worn,
His days are bound,
But his labour returns,
The child learns,*
Round for round:
The god is astir,
Firm and free,
Weaving his plan,
Swelling the tree,
Bracing the man:
All is for good,
Sweet or acerb,
Laughter or pain,
Freedom or curb:
Follow your bent,
Cry life is joy,
Cry life is woe,
The god is content,
Impartial in power,
Tranquil--and lo!
Like the kernels in quern,
Each in turn,
Comes to his hour,
Nor fast nor slow:
It is well: even so.

Song.

When the ash-tree buds and the maples,
And the osier wands are red,
And the fairy sunlight dapples
Dales where the leaves are spread,
The pools are full of spring water,
Winter is dead.

When the bloodroot blows in the tangle,
And the lithe brooks run,
And the violets gleam and spangle
The glades in the golden sun,
The showers are bright as the sunlight,
April has won.

When the colour is free in the grasses,
And the martins whip the mere,
And the Maryland-yellow-throat passes,
With his whistle quick and clear,
The willow is full of catkins;
May is here.

Then cut a reed by the river,
Make a song beneath the lime,
And blow with your lips a-quiver,
While your sweetheart carols the rhyme;
The glamour of love, the lyric of life,
The springtime--the springtime.

A Song.

The world is spinning for change,
And life has rapid wings;
O, one needs a steady heart
Not to falter while he sings.

But this is made for my Dear One
When we are far apart;
That she may have wherever she goes
A song of mine in her heart.

A song that will move with a memory
Of something she loves best;
A song that will throb at her waking,
A song that will lull her to rest.

A song that will serve for an anchor,
Compass, and pilot, and chart;
A song that will bid her remember
That love is the crown of art.

A song that will bid her remember
The north nights cool and still,
With the thrushes fluting deep, deep,
Deep on the pine-wood hill,

With a star at her open window,
When the cuckoo wakes with a start:
Oh! can she ever forget me
With a song of mine in her heart?

Song.

The wind is wild to-night,
In the dark he turns and stirs,
Or he falls into dream and quiet,
In the gloomy heart of the firs.

He springs upon the trees,
He shakes the sleeping nest;
And every little water-pool
Has a troubled breast.

He has come from a weary land,
Where the rivers of memory spring;
Their waters are bitter, are bitter,
And have dampened his wing.

The very flowers are musing
On something they longed to be,
In a land of peace and promise,
In a province of the sea.

The birds cry out and are silent,
They are dreaming once again
Of the tawny-throated hollow,
And the fern in the glen.

And the wind raves out like a spirit,
With his hands hid in his hair,
And my heart is leaping, and leaping,
To follow him--where?

A Song.

In the ruddy heart of the sunset,
Fading and fading still,
A planet throbs and smoulders,
Over the sapphire hill.

A mist steals up from the marshes,
Spreading tender and bright;
A heron floats from his haunt in the reeds,
Through the ruby light.

The elm-trees towered with shadow
Seem dripping and cool with dew;
There's a sigh in the cedar covert,
But never a breeze comes through.

A thrush keeps ringing and ringing--
Ringing--now he is still,
There's a starry light in a window
On the dark, dark hill.

The home that's far away
Comes stealing back to me,
With the calling of the thrushes
In the bonny birch-tree.

My eyes are full of tears
For to-day and yesterday,
For the yearning and the yearning,
And the heart that's far away.

Song.

Sorrow is come like a swallow to nest,
Winging him up from the wind and the foam;
Mine is the heart that he loves the best,
He dreams of it when he dreams of home.

Strange! in the daylight off he flies,
Swift to the south away to the sea;
But when in the west the ruby dies,
With the growing stars he comes back to me.

With the salt, cool wind in his wing,
And the rush of tears that tingle and start,
With a throb at the throat so he cannot sing,
He nestles him into my lonely heart.

And he tells me of something I cannot name,
Something the sea with the sea-wind sings,
That somehow he and love are the same,
That they float and fly with the same swift wings.

I cherish and cherish my timid guest,
For O, he has grown so dear to me
That my heart would break if he left his nest,
And dwelt in the strange land down by the sea.

A Song.

'Tis autumn and down in the fields
The buckwheat is browning still:
Gather yourself in your cloak,
The winter is over the hill.

There's a cloud of black in the north,
The aurora is smouldering behind,
There are stars in the parting clouds,
And a touch of frost in the wind.

Down in the icy dew
The crickets are cheering shrill:
"There is time for another song,
Though winter is over the hill."

Out of the great black cloud
The aurora leaps and flies,
Pushing its phosphor spikes
In the deeps of the violet skies.

The moon is wrapped in a film,
She looks wan and chill:
Gather yourself in your cloak,
The winter is over the hill.

Spring Song.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the adder-tongue swinging its golden bells
As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes
On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
Of the vivid Maryland-yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage,
Where the tender plants in the frames are set,
Where kneels my love Armitage,
Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
Through the early night.

Summer Song.

Sing me a song of the summer time,
Of the sorrel red and the ruby clover,
Where the garrulous bobolinks lilt and chime
Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry-bent,
Of the black-cap hiding the heap of stones,
Of the milkweed drowsy with sultry scent,
Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring head still,
Of the dewy fern in the solitude,
Of the hermit-thrush and the whippoorwill,
Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe,
Of the scented hay and the buried wain,
Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe,
In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the gage,
Of the apricot by the orchard wall,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling, slow
Sway of the wheat as the winds croon,
Of the golden disc and the dreaming glow
Of the harvest moon.

Autumn Song.

Sing me a song of the autumn clear,
With the mellow days and the ruddy eves;
Sing me a song of the ending year,
With the piled-up sheaves.

Sing me a song of the apple bowers,
Of the great grapes the vine-field yields,
Of the ripe peaches bright as flowers,
And the rich hop-fields.

Sing me a song of the fallen mast,
Of the sharp odor the pomace sheds,
Of the purple beets left last
In the garden beds.

Sing me a song of the toiling bees,
Of the long flight and the honey won,
Of the white hives under the apple-trees,
In the hazy sun.

Sing me a song of the thyme and the sage,
Of sweet-marjoram in the garden gray,
Where goes my love Armitage
Pulling the summer savory.

Sing me a song of the red deep,
The long glow the sun leaves,
Of the swallows taking a last sleep
In the barn eaves.

Winter Song.

Sing me a song of the dead world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go
Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes;
Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid
Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple-loft,
Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds of meal,
Of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft,
And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
In the purple sky.

The Canadian's Home-Song

There is rain upon the window,
There is wind upon the tree;
The rain is slowly sobbing,
The wind is blowing free:
It bears my weary heart
To my own country.

I hear the white-throat calling,
Hid in the hazel ring;
Deep in the misty hollows
I hear the sparrow sing;
I see the bloodroot starting,
All silvered with the spring.

I skirt the buried reed-beds,
In the starry solitude;
My snow-shoes creak and whisper,
I have my ready blood.
I hear the lynx-cub yelling
In the gaunt and shaggy wood.

I hear the wolf-tongued rapid
Howl in the rocky break,
Beyond the pines at the portage
I hear the trapper wake
His *En roulant ma boule*,
From the clear gloom of the lake.

Oh! take me back to the homestead,
To the great rooms warm and low,
Where the frost creeps on the casement,
When the year comes in with snow.
Give me, give me the old folk
Of the dear long ago.

Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
And the darling maple-tree,
Where the cedar buds and berries,
And the pine grows strong and free!
My heart is weary and weary
For my own country.

Madrigal

Snow-drops now begin in snows,
Crocuses to flush,
Gentle scilla buds and blows
Nurtured in the slush;
All about, like tinkling bells,
Falls the ice a-melting;
Ring, dilly dilly,--Sing, dilly dilly,--
Spring is here,
And the wolf is out of his den, O;
With a ren, O; and a fen, O;
And a den, den, den, O;
Sing, dilly dilly.

Slender moon is floating down
Through a vat of wine,
Bells knoll from the drowsy town,
Din--din--dine;
All about the red robins
Whistle in the dusk;

Ring, dilly dilly,--Sing, dilly dilly,--
Spring is here,
And the lambs are safe in their pen, O;
With a ren, O; and a fen, O;
And a den, den, den, O;
Sing, dilly dilly.

Comrade virgins clad in green
Quaff the nimble air;
Each one, if her mate's unseen,
Is the fairest fair;
Bran is hidden in the hedge
Breathing on his reeds;
Ring, dilly dilly,--Sing, dilly dilly,--
Spring is here,
And maidens beware of the men, O;
With a ren, O; and a fen, O;
And a den, den, den, O;
Sing, dilly dilly.

Words After Music

Where go all the melodies fair,
They that flow and fade in air?
Was their beauty all foredone?
(Ah, no--no!)
Pulse and cadence truth did tell,
Vowed to music's magic spell,
Passionate and ineffable.

Where do all the roses go,
They that die before the snow?
Was their beauty all forsworn?
(Ah, no--no!)
Flush and odor vowed aright,
When they promised rare delight,
Perennial and exquisite.

Fragile flowers and melodies
Claim a dual paradise,
Beauty is not feof to death;
(Ah, no--no!)
Beauty lives in essence free,
In the inner heart we see
Beauty's immortality.

Canada to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York
Representing King Edward VII on Their Visit to the
Canadian People, Sept. 1901.

I

With myriad voices mingled and upcaught,
In two tongues married in a single thought,
One hope, one fealty, one purpose and one heart,
All hail! we shout with our free flag outrolled:
The rising sun hears welcome! as he sets
Welcome, and welcome! from the dripping nets
Of Nova Scotia, to the verge of the chart,
Where the grim Yukon thaws her stones to gold.

II

The Ophir climbs the shoulder of the world,
Leaving the sultry seas with isles empearled,
Where India smoulders in the torrid light,
Australia and her welded destinies:
She crashes through the crests on Cartier's track,
And floats where Champlain moored and Frontenac,
Where bold LaSalle* dreamed of the Western Seas,
And Wolfe victorious lion-crowned the height.

III

Now in the freedom thou and thine make free,
Thy joyous people shout aloud to thee,
One hope, one fealty, one purpose and one heart:
In thee we hail the presage of the hour.
Old England federate of her utmost isles,
One from the lone lodge where the trapper piles
His Beaver skins, to where in nervous power,
London lies triumphing in her trampled mart.

The Coming of Winter.

Stubble's frozen on the hill,
Water's frozen in the rut;
Reeds are frozen, golden, still,
Round the tawny muskrat hut.

Furrows in the snow are lost,
Where the barley brimmed the dale;
Aster banks are pearled with frost;
Rime is on the leaning rail.

Breath springs like a spirit light,
Fades away like wan desire;
Over every chimney height
Hangs the pallid sign of fire.

Clouds are crowding cold with snow,
Where an east and norther brews;
When the fires are old and low,
Storm will rumble in the flues.

Gather, dearie, gather close,
Glance and dimple, smile and charm,
Mock the summer hearted rose--
Love will keep the winter warm!

Heine

I have songs of dancing pleasure,
I have songs of happy heart,
Songs are mine that pulse in measure
To the throbbing of the mart.

Songs are mine of magic seeming,
In a land of love forlorn,
Where the joys are had for dreaming,
At a summons from the horn.

But my sad songs come unbidden,
Rising with a wilder zest,
From the bitter pool that's hidden,
Deep--deep--deep within my breast.

The Home Comers

From the smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
To the land that gave us shelter,
To the land that gave us birth;
We, the wanderers, the dreamers,
That for lore or fortune roam,
In the gladness of the morning,
In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers,* mocked and broken
For the honor of a name,
Would not wear the conqueror's token,
Could not salt their bread with shame.
Plunged them in the virgin forest
With their axes in their hands,
Built a Province as a bulwark
For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,
Europe and her weary ways,
Saw the fading Emerald headlands,
Saw the heather quenched in haze,
Saw the coast of France or Flanders,
Like a glimmer sink and cease,
Won the ample land of maples,
The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,
Held it by the axe and sword,
Bred a race with brawn and marrow--
From no alien over-lord.
Gained the right to guide and govern;
Then, with labor strong and free,
Forged the land a shield of Empire,
Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,
Labor makes the heart grow fain,
Still wherever we may wander
We are of the lion strain;
We may trample foreign markets,
We may delve in outland loam,
Yet when memory cries and calls us,
All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities swelter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
Come we to our land of shelter,
To the land that gave us birth.
Lo, we bring thee our achievement
Won by strength and patient pain--
Thine the strength and thine the patience
Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,
Under snow and under sun,
Where the spruces root and thicken,
Where the waters flash and run;
Bid the towns of glad Ontario
Gather to a diadem*
Deep encrusted round Toronto,
As with gems the peerless setting folds
and holds the gem.

New World Lyrics

and Ballads

The Sea by the Wood

I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,
   But afar in a shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
   In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,
   The caves are crystal calm,
But I wish the sea were a little trace
Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,
   Are aweary of smoldering gold,
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls
   In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes
   With their passion prayer unsaid,
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
   And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips
   Ashen and sere and gray,
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
   Stir and shiver and sway,

In the weary solitude;
   If mine were the will of God, the main
Should melt away in the rustling wood
   Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep
   And afar in the shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
   In the wood upon the hill.

On the Way to the Mission

They dogged him all one afternoon,
Through the bright snow,
Two whitemen servants of greed;
He knew that they were there,
But he turned not his head;
He was an Indian trapper;
He planted his snow-shoes firmly,
He dragged the long toboggan
Without rest.

The three figures drifted
Like shadows in the mind of a seer;
The snow-shoes were whisperers
On the threshold of awe;
The toboggan made the sound of wings,
A wood-pigeon sloping to her nest.

The Indian's face was calm.
He strode with the sorrow of fore-knowledge,
But his eyes were jewels of content
Set in circles of peace.

They would have shot him;
But momently in the deep forest,
They saw something flit by his side:
Their hearts stopped with fear.
Then the moon rose.
They would have left him to the spirit,
But they saw the long toboggan
Rounded well with furs,
With many a silver fox-skin,
With the pelts of mink and of otter.
They were the servants of greed;
When the moon grew brighter
And the spruces were dark with sleep,
They shot him.
When he fell on a shield of moonlight
One of his arms clung to his burden;
The snow was not melted:
The spirit passed away.

Then the servants of greed
Tore off the cover to count their gains;
They shuddered away into the shadows,
Hearing each the loud heart of the other.
Silence was born.

There in the tender moonlight,
  As sweet as they were in life,
Glimmered the ivory features,
  Of the Indian's wife.

In the manner of Montagnais women
  Her hair was rolled with braid;
Under her waxen fingers
  A crucifix was laid.

He was drawing her down to the Mission,
  To bury her there in spring,
When the bloodroot comes and the windflower
  To silver everything.

But as a gift of plunder
Side by side were they laid,
The moon went on to her setting
And covered them with shade.

Twin-Flowers on the Portage

They cover in a twinkling host
The mosses, green and yellow,
One flower would be Titania's boast
Without her lovely fellow.

But linked in fragile twos they droop
Where'er the vines may wander,
Above the hidden loop in loop
They seem to drowse and ponder.

If form might wake in sound, these cones
Would haunt the dewy hollow
With tabors taut and golden drones,
With dancing flutes to follow.

If odours risen from orient wells
Might don a sea apparel,
The blooms would beam as rosy shells
Beneath a flood of beryl.

If thought might form in flowers, these lights
Would be the gentle seeming
That virgin fairies bend on knights
When they are half adreaming.

Where on the portage now they droop
In tint and odour mellow
One flower would grace Titania's troop
Without her lovely fellow.

The Mission of the Trees

Years ago one cruel winter
So the story-makers say,
There were fifteen Indian lodges
Starving at Negodina.

They had wandered for the hunting
To their wild ancestral wood,
Left the Mission in the hollow
Quiet in the solitude.

Now in famine there were faithful
Only two of all the pack,
Mizigun, the mighty hunter,
And his dear son, Matenack.

"These two Christians,"--cried the pagans,
"Breed our hunger and our woe,
Let us kill them and their spirits,
They are turning Wendigo."

Mizigun laughed out in scorning
When he heard their babble wild;
But he went apart and pondered,
He was grieving for his child.

Matenack was shrunk with hunger
And a sickness on him fell;
"I shall not be better, father,
Till I hear the chapel bell

At the Mission,"--there he faltered
"At the Mission of the Trees."
Then brave Mizigun in anguish
Rose upon his mighty knees,

Wrapped the boy in a rabbit-blanket,
Took a little shredded meat,
Drew his capot round his forehead,
Bound the snow-shoes to his feet,

Bore him from the camp at sunrise,
When the east was all aglow,
Bore him softly on his shoulder
Tracking through the rosy snow.

Colder grew the wind and colder,
Over ridges came the cloud,
And a storm blew up with anger
And the air was like a shroud.

The sharp snow was flung and hurtled,
Stinging like a swarm of bees;
Then he breathed the flakes like vapour
And the drift broke at his knees;

The dense cold came through his nostrils
With the ardent touch of fire;
Mizigun was faint for slumber
Kept awake by one desire,

Just to see the little Mission,
With the chapel in its calm,
Like a jewel held and guarded
In the hollow of the palm.

Matenack was growing weaker,
His short breath would hardly come;
"Don't you hear the bell-note, father?"
Mizigun was stricken dumb.

"I can hear it." Surely, never
Bell-note sounded so forlorn,
Like a plover in the clearing,
When the frost is on the corn.

"Don't you hear the bell, dear father?
Turn and answer, bend your head."
Mizigun grew faint and shuddered,
Matenack was fallen dead.

Mizigun bore his darling body,
Beating out a hopeless track,
With the cloud of snow before him,
And the storm-wind at his back.

Then he prayed that he might only
See the Mission of the Trees
Once, before his breath was shortened,
And his heart began to freeze;

Then the cloud was spent at midnight
And the world so gleamed with snow,
That the frosty moon looked downward
On a moon that glowed below.

Mizigun faltered, chill and weary
High above a birchen dell,
His tired heart beat wild and happy,
For he dreamed he knew it well.

Yes, he knew the little chapel
Shining like a silver stone
In the hollow of the birches,
And he heard the mellow tone

Of the vesper bell, swung slowly,
Sounding keenly with the frost,
Three times three, the mystic warning
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Matenack he gathered gently
From his shoulder to his breast,
"I am very weary, weary,
For a little I must rest,

Then I'll take you to the Mission."
Still he heard the calling bell,
Still he saw the ghostly chapel;
Then a stupor on him fell,

The whole vision shrank and dwindled
Into something eerie, wan,
The clear bell chirped like a cricket,
And the church was tiny drawn,

Small as any veined agate
Gathered on the island shore,
Then the vision faltered, fluttered,
Vanished, and he knew no more.

Matenack had gone for ever
From his nets and rabbit-snares,
Mizigun had left his province
To the otters and the bears.

But the hollow in the birches,
So the story-makers tell,
Ever after moves and trembles
Haunted by a silver bell.

Oft when June is lush and stilly
And the moon is o'er the glade,
Angelique awaits her lover
Hidden in the cedar shade;

Then instead of Toma's footstep
Clear she hears the bell-note break,
Back she rustles to the wigwams,
Clustered by the moon-lit lake.

In the wild October evenings,
With vast voice and inward hum,
When the dead leaves in the forest,
Gather up, and swirling come

To the hollow in the birches,
Where the wind drops them at rest,
And they cover slope and barrow,
Like the lining of a nest,

Then the weary partridge-hunter
Hears amid the rustling hush,
One, two, three, the triple tonguing,
Mellow as a calling thrush.

On clear twilights in December,
The lone trapper on the hills,
As he skirts the haunted hollow
Where the smouldering shadow fills,

Hears above his creaking snow-shoes,
And the clinking of his traps,
The sweet sound as pure as silver
Through the silence that enwraps.

Then he strives to hold his heart-beats,
Like a figure carved in frost;--
Three times three the mellow utterance,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

With a murmur to the Virgin
He strides through the frosty gloom,
Till he lines the snow with balsam
And sleeps in his starry room.

Peace

Give me the peace for which I seek
From ocean, vale and hill;
The peace that shines from the sea and the pines,
The peace that is white and still.

The peace mount-still and crystal-white,
In which all things have part;
It dwells for aye in the earth and the sky,
But never long in my heart.

I breathe in towns or uplands lone,
I hold a grail-like quest;
It flows in power one nameless hour,
Then I have rest, dear God, then I have rest.

The Forsaken

I

Once in the winter
Out on a lake
In the heart of the north-land,
Far from the Fort
And far from the hunters,
A Chippewa woman
With her sick baby,
Crouched in the last hours
Of a great storm.
Frozen and hungry,
She fished through the ice
With a line of the twisted
Bark of the cedar,
And a rabbit-bone hook
Polished and barbed;
Fished with the bare hook
All through the wild day,
Fished and caught nothing;
While the young chieftain
Tugged at her breasts,
Or slept in the lacings
Of the warm tikanagan.
All the lake-surface
Streamed with the hissing
Of millions of iceflakes
Hurled by the wind;
Behind her the round
Of a lonely island
Roared like a fire
With the voice of the storm
In the deeps of the cedars.
Valiant, unshaken,
She took of her own flesh,
Baited the fish-hook,
Drew in a gray-trout,
Drew in his fellows,
Heaped them beside her,
Dead in the snow.
Valiant, unshaken,
She faced the long distance,
Wolf-haunted and lonely,
Sure of her goal
And the life of her dear one:
Tramped for two days,
On the third in the morning,
Saw the strong bulk
Of the Fort by the river,

Saw the wood-smoke
Hang soft in the spruces,
Heard the keen yelp
Of the ravenous huskies
Fighting for whitefish:
Then she had rest.

II

Years and years after,
When she was old and withered,
When her son was an old man
And his children filled with vigour,
They came in their northern tour on the verge of winter,
To an island in a lonely lake.
There one night they camped, and on the morrow
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark
Their rabbit-skin robes and their mink-traps,
Launched their canoes and slunk away through the islands,
Left her alone forever,
Without a word of farewell,
Because she was old and useless,
Like a paddle broken and warped,
Or a pole that was splintered.
Then, without a sigh,
Valiant, unshaken,
She smoothed her dark locks under her kerchief,
Composed her shawl in state,
Then folded her hands ridged with sinews and corded with veins,
Folded them across her breasts spent with the nourishing of children,
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the cedars,
Saw two spangled nights arise out of the twilight,
Saw two days go by filled with the tranquil sunshine,
Saw, without pain, or dread, or even a moment of longing:
Then on the third great night there came thronging and thronging
Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;
They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud,
Covered her deep and silent.
But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,
Rose a column of breath
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the sight of the sun
Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in His breast,
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,
Then she had rest.

Roses on the Portage

Roses--roses--roses--
  How you glow and burn and beam,
Like lamps in the cave of spruces,
  That tremble and dance and gleam.

You bloom unheeded, unbidden,
  The Indians pass you by,
Wild Toma and ancient Pierrish,
  Arcange with the gypsy eye.

You might catch in their dusky raiment,
  Strange with the odour of smoke,
Your dew might be shaken and scattered,
  Your petals all riven and broke.

Even then in the spangled morning,
  They would not heed a whit,
Your virginal tremulous beauty,
  And the innocence of it.

O, if Arcange on the portage,
  With her swarthy cheek and breast,
Could know but a tithe of your beauty,
  As she pauses there to rest,

Would she pluck you, and hold you, and kiss you,
  Would she laugh as your loveliness clears,
Would she stand there awe-stricken, silent,
  Would her brown eyes fill with tears?

Dominique de Gourgues

Foreword

The story will be found in Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World." Dominique de Gourgues, a nobleman of France, resolved to revenge the atrocities perpetrated by Menendez upon the Huguenot settlement planted by Ribaut on the coast of Florida. He set out with the ostensible purpose of hunting slaves in Benin, and the real object of the expedition was not made known to his men until he reached Cape San Antonio in Cuba. There he addressed his followers and fired them with his desire for vengeance; then they utterly destroyed the Spaniards and their forts on the River of May.

I

O listen to a story of the fierce long ago,
How one hot-hearted Frenchman laid many Spaniards low;
He was born a Gascon dagger, and he grew
Where Mont de Marsan glistens by the Douze and the Maidou;
There he learned to hate the Spanish, as a novice learns his beads,
With the very love of hating;
There were death and Spaniards mating,
With the blessing of his deeds,
Where'er the might of Spain flaunting glowed.
But they fought him,
And they caught him,
This wolf of Gascony,
Where Siena smoked like sulphur through all one sultry day.
Then they chained him to the oar,
And wherever water flowed,
He strained him for the Spaniard or the Turk,
And ever more and more,
He loathed them in his freedom and his work,
Till his hate became a wonder,
Taking hold on hell,
Then he gathered up his vengeance in one blasting bolt of thunder,
And it fell.

II

In August fifteen sixty-seven, there sailed from Charente,
One hundred and eighty rovers whom nothing alive could daunt,
They had three little sturdy ships the day they sailed away;
They cheered the scud and spindrift and the toss of Biscay Bay,
They were as gallant lovers as the sea had ever seen,
They went to fight for negro slaves in the wilds of hot Benin.
Their leader heard their forecast but he dreamed of different wars,
He only talked with his deep soul beneath the quiet stars;
His heart was a next of tempests, his tongue a ready sword,
But his mind burned bright and steady for the glory of the Lord,
Dominique de Gourgues.

III

They trimmed their sails and coasted down the rocky shore of Spain,
And many pleasant sights they saw looking landward from the main;
Until one day at sunset, like a dragon from his lair,
Sprang a wild and livid tempest off the point of Finisterre;
Their sails were ripped and riven, their timbers scarcely stood,
They were like three frightened partridge a wolf drives through the wood,

They called to one another through the bursting of the foam,
They tried to keep their lanterns lit and each man thought of home,
Till they tugged at oars in cadence to a sort of rowing chant,
"There's a safe and merry haven at the mouth of the Charente."
But they stopped their coward chorus when the dawn struck full on him,
Silent, proud and grim,
Dominique de Gourgues.

IV

But when the sun was risen a fair wind began to blow,
And they bore away for Africa and the Rio del Oro;
There they paused and gathered heart;
Then they ventured on the leagues of sea that part
The coast from the first islands of the west,
And after many mornings they saw them on the lea,
All lush with tangled verdure and crowned with rosy snow
Uplifted from the sea.
Then like three veering seabirds they dipped from isle to isle,
Till the coast of Hispaniola gathered in the haze;
Then it made a green horizon, and for many a mile on mile
They fought with Spain for water down all her ports and bays.
Even after even when the broad sun went down,
Lurid as the sack and searing of a golden Spanish town,
Where the ashes of the ruins were the cinders of burnt pearls,
Where the charred hearts of great rubies in the blistered coffers lay
Heaped like dead rose-leaves in a jar,
They leaned upon the gunwales and wiled the hours away,
With many a marvel-tale of hazard and of war.
Then off the coast of Cuba they lay becalmed for days,
All dizzy in the sun-heat that fell through the dead haze.
Often were they pestered by little lingering gales,
That rippled in the water but hardly swayed their sails,
Often in the moonlight under the low white stars,
They beat the heavy water with their oars,
And saw it break in silver and part in crystal spars
In the shadow of the shores.
Once, for all one day,
They rested in the charméd ring,
Drawn round a haunted bay;
All life a bubble seemed,
A floating, pictured thing,
And each man dreamed:
There in a lucent spring*
They found sweet water, and lazily
They filled their casks and jars,
When the great sun dropped hazily,
They waited for the stars,
Before they sailed away:
And on the morrow morning a large wind began to flow,
That lifted them from Corrientes to San Antonio.

V

There, while the ships lay anchored out in the road
He mustered the men on shore;
They formed in a crescent that smouldered and glowed
Like a heap of wind-blown brands on the tawny beach;
Their leader waded in through the shallow reach
Strong and free;
As he strode,
Tufts of sun-fire sprang from his corselet and casque;
He stood with his back to the sea,
And threw off the mask.

"Frenchmen!" he said,
"Thus far have I led:
I have come your way and that was a lie,
For I think no more of your slaves than I think to die
In a palace of Spain on a perfumed bed,
But I have a sword in my hand, a torch in my head,
The torch is bright and dry, and the blade is keen;
Hear me, Frenchmen, I have a fighting name.
If I lead as I led
I lead you to glory, to fame,
But not to Benin."

Aflare was the crowd
Like flame that waxes in wind,
And wanes when the wind goes by;
There was a curse and a cry,---
"Traitor!" not loud,
But sharp as a dirk rammed down in its sheath,
Or the grind of an arquebuse on the stones beneath.
"That sword," he cried again,
"Is the Host for Spaniards dead;
That torch that flames in my head
Is the hate of Spain.
You ask why---
You that have fought them from island to island!
My score began before I was sword-high:
This breast that is branded deep,
This cracked wrist set awry,
This fever that burns my sleep,
Bred in their cursed ships,
Under the lashes of whips,
You ask why!"

Then a voice from the crowd outbroke,
Like flame from smoke,
"What care we for your private wrong?
Not a song,
We have come here for gold and for gain,
As for Spain,---

As well fight God who struck us with tempests,
Or the devils of Portuguese,
Who fought us with negroes at Blanco."
The speech left his mouth as fire leaves a brand,
And he glowed, and on either hand
Two swords leaped out:
"Traitor!" again was the shout.

But he gathered them up with his eye,
And held them like hounds in a leash;
"Those who fight," he said,
"Draw swords in a flash;
If 'traitor' lives in the head
'Tis but a small word for the tongue;
As for my private wrong,
Let it count as a song
With what you have suffered for chorus;
But here there is o'er us
Sky that saw treachery,
Sky that saw murder foul,
Sky that saw -------- Frenchmen!
You have heard of Menendez,
The name gives a hiss to the breath;
François, where is your brother Jean,
Gaston, where did your father die,
Mersac, where is young Giradin,
Where do the sons of Le Simon lie?
Ask not me,--ask Menendez.
These were each of them Ribaut's men
And a hundred more that all of you know
Slaughtered like lions caught in a pen,
All of them dead with Ribaut;
You ask me why they were slain,
"I cry--'Spain.'"
They sprang to the word as a charger leaps to the spur;
They bit their beards and their lips went wan like ash;
From each man's memory a blur
Rolled, and he saw in a lightning flash
Some face that was lost to fame.
Then up in their cavern-hearts, bitter and salt and free
Dashed the tide of hate from the terrible outer sea,
White with the crests of rage and the weltering hollows
of change.
Then were they ware
How their leader's face grew strange,
How he stretched his dagger aloft in the air
Held by the point.
His eyes were the eyes of a seer
Eager and rapt and solemn,
As he looked up wonderingly
To the cross of his dagger-hilt

And saw a vision go by;
He spake like one in a dream.
"They, who had suffered the seas,
He,--this Menendez, brother of Hell,---
Bound with cords;
The salt was dry in their hair,
Gaunt were they for meat,
They stood in the blood from their feet,
Wild with the hope that kills
That this stern way was the Lord's:
He gave them his faith and an oath on the body of God;
But when they had marched to a lonely place in the hills,
Where the sunset flood
Lay red as ghost of blood,
He had drawn a line in the sand with his cane,
That his Captains saw with a callous nod:
There they were slain---!"
The dagger dropped to the sand;
He wrapped his head with his arms
And shivered low down on the shore,
As if he were cold to the core
With horror.
Slowly the men sank down,
With never a cry or moan,
With only the sound of the sand,
That whispered about their knees;
Awed to the trembling lips,
As if the body of Christ went by
Between the shore and the ships.

Not long did he cower,
Like a bow when the frayed string breaks
He sprang to his height;
Vibrant he seemed to soar,
Glowing with withering ire;
His eyes were beacons of light
Below the great crag of his brows;
Held aloft in the burning air,
Point down, alive with power,
The dagger flashed back their fire.
"Frenchmen," he cried,
"This we avenge,
Over twelve that he hanged,
He branded this legend,
'Not as to Frenchmen,
But as to Lutherans.'
I too will brand him
Twelve good Spaniards,
Hanged with a French rope.
You that I trusted,
Will you betray me?

Gold have I given,
Now I give blood;
I, who will lead you,
Front every danger,
I have a fighting name,-----
Do you forget it?
Follow me."

Then a sound went out to the deepest sea,
That startled the sailors aboard the ships
As they dozed by the water-casks in the shade;
They sprang to the anchor-chains and gazed to the land,
Fearing the giants who dwelt in the hills were at hand,
Or a Spanish ambuscade.
Astonied they watched the rout
Charge over the margent,
With flashing arquebuses, and poniards and pikes
Brandished, with scarfs leaping like flags as they drave
Down, partizan clashing with glave;
With the leader aloft shoulder-high;
Tossing one name to the sea,
On they came with a triumphing shout;
The water roared gloriously
As they trampled it out,
Tossing one name to the sky;
It was mingled and riven, hurled from a hundred throats,
It fell like a scourge of cords,
Like a dagger driven home,-----
Dominique de Gourgues, Dominique de Gourgues.

Deep in the night when the ships had left the lagoon,
And the white sands floated the palm-shadows cast by the moon,
There came in the silence a sound that shuddered and fell,
Fell and shuddered and beat like a ominous knell
In the plangent wash of the ripple that reached the shore,
For the rovers fore-doomed who should home no more,
For mariners buried on highland or land-folk smothered in sea,
Weary one for the upland, weary one for the sea.
Dominique de Gourgues, Dominique de Gourgues.

VI

Then lo, on a sultry day,
When the Spaniards dozed in their forts on the River of May,
They heard the wild French shout and the Indian yell:
(Forever the action's done and the tale's to tell.)
Before they could turn to hide, or stand to see,
The foe swept out of the woods and up the glacis,
Stormed the dry moat, right in the cannon's throat,
The Spaniards quailed and fled and crowded the gate;
But they saw too late,
The awful wing of the French wheel round from the wood,
And knew they were caught in the trap where they stood.

Then a few that were warned at the first alarms
Rushed out from the armory door with pikes in their arms,
Rallied the crowd with the cry "Santiago, Santiago!"
Their blood burst back to their shrunken hearts in full spate,
They broke within and onward and out through the gate,
They stood like lions where they had meant to flee.
The French hurled on and the Indians clouded the rear,
"Santiago" was drowned with "de Gourgues and St. Denis!"
The pikes clashed down with a roar of hate and a shout of fear,
And then began a slaughter grisly and great.
But wherever the fight was hottest and the blows were heavy and dire,
The leader remembered the vow he had made at San Antonio,
And he plucked a Spaniard here and a Spaniard there, like brands from the fire
Until they were twelve in the pines strongly bound in a row.
They hewed in joy as the wood-man hews on the hill,
And hears the long pines roar down the hollows of dawn;
The Spaniards fought with a terrible venomous will,
Till those that were left were ringed about by the foe;
The glaivemen hacked at the clump like axemen that girdle an oak,
And whenever a Spaniard went down or the circle broke,
Rose up their waning cry "Santiago, Santiago."
Then the French who had no foe left to slay,
Leaned on their pikes and mocked, like critics who scoff at a play,
And over the Spaniards alive in the crushing ring
Hung the sneering lips and the ravening eyes,
One after one went down mid the shouts and the taunting cries,
Till one alone was left in the circle of dead.
He fought with a dirk and uncovered head
And a long Toledo blade.
There at the end of the fight a small truce was made,
And for a moment he stood,
Clouted and marred with blood;
Then he threw up his arms to their topmost height,
Brandished his blades red from the fight,
Drew a hard deep breath, deep and slow,
And with one great cry, "Santiago!"
Clanged down from his loftiest reach on the heap of the slain,
The last of fighting Spain.

VII

Down on the lonely solitude
  The moonlight fell from half the sphere;
The shadow from the silvered wood
  Filled half the space and half was clear
    As the moon's self with cloudless light;
    A little smoke stole dead and white,
  Across the black and crystal bars
    Cast by the pines from the pure height
  Where the cloud-branches held the stars.

Two only waked while the host dreamed;
A Spanish lad from Cordova
Bound in the pines, to him it seemed
That all the magic moonlight lay
Deep o'er a hamlet on a hill;
Crisp the wild mule-bells jangled still
At the road-bend where the olives bask;--
Some soldier restless in the chill,
His vauntbrace clashing on his casque.
And one whose joy was at full flood
The ruthless leader of the fray,
Like some old wolf-hound rolled in blood,
Felt his wounds stiffen where he lay;
But gloated over God's behest,
Plain from the night of his first quest,
When by a bastion masked with rain
He stabbed a guard, till in the west
He tramped upon the neck of Spain.

VIII

Now when the morn was come and the fires were aglow,
He gathered the handful left of the foe;
They stood 'neath the pines in the air and the sun,
Each with his corselet and grieves and morion,
No man asked his life with a craven breath,
Twelve good friends with death!
He preached them a sermon on Fate and Law,
Told them of heaven for true men and traitors for hell,
Then he hanged them well,
With a rope that was twisted in Oleron.
They heated a pike red hot in the coals of the fort,
And burned deep down on a slab of pine,
This legend, trenched in remembrance, line upon line:
"Not as to Spaniards, but as to Murderers, Traitors and Rogues."
They swung it above the men who had met in the trees,
Left them to turn in the idle breeze,
And then by the sea where the river disembogues,
They clambered into the ships with a cry and a cheer;
Then watched the Indians fade, the coast-line dwindle,
the forest disappear.
But once before they merged with the mist of the sea
A mirage swept them on wings of faëry,
Back to the low, long shore;
The Indians saw once more
The wind break out the rippling pennon of France,
The sailors haul the sheet and the soldiers dance,
The surgeons cool the wounds in the shade of the sail,
The armourers turn the dint in the battered mail,
And one on the deck with his cloak about him drawn,
Gaze to the west and the mouth of the river of May;
Last of the vision he lingered, and faded away,
And forever was gone.

IX

Still his name
And his fame,
Ring with the sound of terror and the shout of desperate hordes;
Still his memory lifts and fills,
Like a wind that soars and streams above a torrent in the hills,
Where two hosts clash in slaughter,
Now it chokes with strangled water,
Now it gluts the iron gorges with the sound of shattered swords,
Dominique de Gourgues!

Indian Place-Names

The race has waned and left but tales of ghosts,
That hover in the world like fading smoke
About the lodges: gone are the dusky folk
That once were cunning with the thong and snare
And mighty with the paddle and the bow;
They lured the silver salmon from his lair,
They drove the buffalo in trampling hosts,
And gambled in the tepees until dawn,
But now their vaunted prowess all is gone,
Gone like a moose-track in the April snow.
But all the land is murmurous with the call
Of their wild names that haunt the lovely glens
Where lonely water falls, or where the street
Sounds all day with the tramp of myriad feet;
Toronto triumphs; Winnipeg flows free,
And clangs the iron height where gaunt Quebec
Lies like a lion in a lily bed,
And Restigouche takes the whelmed sound of sea,
Meductic falls, and flutes the Mirimichi;
Kiskisink where the shy mallard breeds
Breaks into pearls beneath his whirling wings,
And Manitowapah sings;
They flow like water, or like wind they flow,
Waymoucheeching, loon-haunted Manowan,
Far Mistassini by her frozen wells,
Gold-hued Wayagamac brimming her wooded dells:
Lone Kamouraska, Metapedia,
And Metlakahtla ring a round of bells.

Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon

Here in the midnight, where the dark mainland and island
Shadows mingle in shadow deeper, profounder,
Sing we the hymns of the churches, while the dead water
Whispers before us.

Thunder is travelling slow on the path of the lightning;
One after one the stars and the beaming planets
Look serene in the lake from the edge of the storm-cloud,
Then have they vanished.

While our canoe, that floats dumb in the bursting thunder,
Gathers her voice in the quiet and thrills and whispers,
Presses her prow in the star-gleam, and all her ripple
Lapses in blackness.

Sing we the sacred ancient hymns of the churches,
Chanted first in old-world nooks of the desert,
While in the wild, pellucid Nipigon reaches
Hunted the savage.

Now have the ages met in the Northern midnight,
And on the lonely, loon-haunted Nipigon reaches
Rises the hymn of triumph and courage and comfort,
Adeste Fideles.

Tones that were fashioned when the faith brooded in darkness,
Joined with sonorous vowels in the noble Latin,
Now are married with the long-drawn Ojibwa,
Uncouth and mournful.

Soft with the silver drip of the regular paddles
Falling in rhythm, timed with the liquid, plangent
Sounds from the blades where* the whirlpools break and
are carried
Down into darkness;

Each long cadence, flying like a dove from her shelter
Deep in the shadow, wheels for a throbbing moment,
Poises in utterance, returning in circles of silver
To nest in the silence.

All wild nature stirs with the infinite, tender
Plaint of a bygone age whose soul is eternal,
Bound in the lonely phrases that thrill and falter
Back into quiet.

Back they falter as the deep storm overtakes them,
Whelms them in splendid hollows of booming thunder,
Wraps them in rain, that, sweeping, breaks and onrushes
Ringing like cymbals.

A Nest of Hepaticas

O passion of the coming of the spring!
When the light love has captured everything,
When all the winter of the year's dry prose
Is rhymed to rapture, rhythmed to the rose,
When all the heart's desire is fondly set
Just to remember never to forget;
O season of the mild and misty eves,
With the deep sky seen through the growing leaves!
Where in the crocus west the evening star
Grows distant from the moon, and sinks afar
As she grows lovelier; when the willow wands
Burst their brown buds in gray and gleaming bands
And score the surface of the amber pool
With little motes of silver beautiful;
When the hepatica, with her flushing crest,
Blooms in the leaves above the secret nest,
Where all her sisters, fairer far than she,
Lie curled in a frail silken galaxy:
Like a young girl's first, timid thought of love
That blossoms in her liquid eyes, above
A nest of hopes so secret and so fair
She hardly knows herself that they are there.

Catnip Jack

Yes, they call me "Herbe-à-chat Jack!"
  You wonder at the name!
Why, sir, I'll tell you the story,
  And how the legend came.

I was a sturdy English lad,
  I worked in this parish a week,
I liked the French and their homely ways;-
  And fortune is far to seek.

The countryside was new and wild;
  I bade my wandering cease,
For all the wooded virgin land
  Was full of lonely peace.

Ah! Then I loved a French lass,
  It seems like yesterday,
I saw her first in the beaver-meadow
  Gathering in the hay.

Half a dozen of common words
  Was all the French I knew;
But the tongue has little to do with love,
  If it be deep and true.

She had but one short English word,
  For me the best of the pack,
One of my words was Olivine,
  Her only word was Jack.

On an August day we walked where the road
  Was sheltered from the sun;
Our hearts met where our hands met,
  We knew that we were one.

Then we saw at a bend of the road,
  Where the sun fell full and strong,
Two men that strained like weary beasts,
  When the way is heavy and long.

They cried out hoarsely as they toiled
  From the shadow into the glare;
The thing they dragged raised a cloud of dust
  In the trembling sunny air.

"Picotte," they cried, "Picotte, Picotte,"
  No other word did they say;
They lashed their heads with balsam boughs,
  To scare the flies away.

Olivine cried out in fear
  And fled deep into the wood,
She called me there like a mating thrush.
  But I laughed back and stood.

I did not know the language well,
  For I was an English lad,
So I stopped in the way and let them go by
  And saw the thing they had.

A body covered with maple boughs
  They dragged on a rough stone-boat,
This word they cried as if to try
  Which was the hoarsest throat.

The stone-boat growled as it tore the road,
  It seemed to understand;
A bit of chain trailed out behind
  And worked like a snake in the sand.

Olivine came out of the wood,
  Her face was as pale as ash;
They had hardly gone by in the middle road,
  When this vision grew in a flash.

She was a haggard, tottering thing
With a flame-like rise and fall,
That first seemed hard as any stone,
Then not to be at all.

"Picotte," she shrieked, and shook her staff,
She was foul to the finger tips.
"Picotte," she shrieked and two black teeth
Fell out from her yellow lips.

She was crowned with a halo of fiery flies
That seemed to take no rest,
So thick she was with filth and mould
A toadstool grew in her breast.

We shrank from the road down into the ditch,
Where the catnip grew rank and tall,
And we crushed it out beneath our feet,
As we struggled not to fall.

We had to look on the shrieking hag
Whether we would or no;
But where the balsams grew at the bend
She vanished,--and we could go.

Olivine held me at arm's length,
Her eyes were as large as a doe's;
I covered her hands to the tender wrists
And felt them as they froze.

"That was old Mother Picotte," she said,
She clung to me and cried;--
Two weeks after she sickened and failed,
Then the fifth day she died.

I was the one who did not know,---
See! I am old and grey:
She was the one who knew and feared,---
She has gone her way.

Catnip! the boys shout after me;
Now I know the language well,
But I thank God in mine own tongue,
For the weed saved me from hell.

For many mortals know not love,
They change as the days go by,
But we were two with but one soul
Olivine and I.

When she died I should have died;
  I was going slowly mad,
When I smelt this weed by a heap of stones,
  Then something made me glad.

For somehow in its keen wild smell
  God sent a thought from above,
How we came to be that dreadful day
  Closer in death than in love.

So I gather it up and crush it hard,
  I wear it here in my breast;
There is a spirit in weeds, I think,
  This one gives me rest.

The Wood Peewee

He comes in Springtime with the breeze
  That shakes the flowering maples,
He builds his nest in greening trees
  Where shower and sunshine dapples;
When all the woods are tranced and still,
  Amid the virgin leaves
His pensive note he sounds at will,
  He grieves.

At dawning when the cool air floats,
  When dove-wing tints are streaming,
He, earliest of the early throats,
  Begins his song adreaming;
While round his nest still clings the night,
  He pipes in wistful flushes,
But when the wind lets in the light,
  He hushes.

Yet is his heart with joyance filled
  And not with brooding sadness;
If he might utter as he willed
  His strain would mount in gladness;
It meaneth joy in simple trust,
  Though pensively it rings;
Not as he would but as he must
  He sings.

Life and a Soul

Let it pass like a breath,
Said the soul,
Let it pass like a breath:
What I am I control:
The world is not anything
But a pebble hurled from a sling,
The soul saith
Let it pass like a breath,

For love is naught,
Said the soul,
Love is naught;
Life is a vacant scroll;
The past but seems;
The future is sought
As a drug to charm dreams;
Death is a vaunt--Great Death!
The soul saith.

Then said the Lord,
Let it pass like a breath:
The angel lifted the sword
Of two-edged death,
And there drifted out with a sigh
From the life it had never lived
The soul that can never die,
To wander for aye:
For Life is the first great prize,
The soul that mocks is not wise,
The Lord God saith,
Let it pass like a breath.

Dulse Gathering

We watched the tide with the current fight,
  And the shingle clash before
And the wild floods of fugitive light
  Play on the pale south-shore.

We gathered dulse that the sea had cast,
  In many a glistering heap;
We bore it back to the farm on the hill
  Where the corn and the flax-fields sleep.

There in the loft of an upland barn,
  A league from its tossing bed,
It gathered salt and shrivelled with age
  To a parchment purple and red.

But still it holds the soul of the tide--
  This rag of wizened dulse;
The keen free scent and the tang of the salt
  Brings the sea into the pulse.

And memories lone on the heart are hurled,
  Like the waves on the shingle flung,
When the sun was young, and young was the world,
  When we were young.

The Forgers

In the smithy it began:
Let's make something for a man!
Hear the bellows belch and roar,
Splashing light on roof and floor:
From their nest the feathery sparks
Fly like little golden larks:
Hear each forger's taunting yell,
Tell--tell--tell--tell--
Tell us what we make, my master!
Hear the tenor hammers sound,
Ring-a-round, ring-a-round;
Hear the treble hammers sing,
Ding-a-ring, ding-a-ring;
Hear the forger's taunting yell,
Tell--tell--tell--tell!
Though the guess be right or wrong
You must wear it all life long!
How it glows as it grows,
Ding-a-ring-a-derry-down,
Into something--Is't a crown?

Hear them half in death with laughter,
Shaking soot from roof and rafter;
Tell--tell--tell--tell--
Ding-a-ring, ding-a-ring,
See them round the royal thing,
See it fade to ruby rose,
As it glows and grows,
Guess, they shout, for worse or better:
Not a crown!
Is't a fetter?
Hear them shout demonic mirth:
Here's a guesser something worth;
Make it solid, round, and fine,
Fashioned on a cunning plan,
For the riddle-reader Man;
Ho--ho--ho--ho!

Hear the bellows heave and blow:
Heat dries up their tears of mirth;
Let the marvel come to birth,
Though his guess be right or wrong
He must wear it all life long!
Sullen flakes of golden fire
Fawn about the dinning choir,
They're a dusky pack of thieves
Shaking rubies from their sleeves,
Hear them wield their vaunting yell,
Tell--tell--tell--tell!
Forging faster--taunting faster--
Guess, my master--Guess, my master!
Grows the enigmatic thing!
Ruddy joyance--Deep disaster?
Ding-a-ring, ding-a-ring,
Ding-a-ring-a-derry-down!
Is't a fetter--I'st a crown?

Rapids at Night

Here at the roots of the mountains,
Between the sombre legions of cedars and tamaracks,
The rapids charge the ravine:
A little light, cast by foam under starlight,
Wavers about the shimmering stems of the birches:
Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle,
Immense and mournful.
Far above curves the great dome of darkness
Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets.
Deep at the core of the tumult,
Deeper than all the voices that cry at the surface,
Dwells one fathomless sound,
Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the plangent clamour.

O human heart that sleeps,
Wild with rushing dreams and deep with sadness!

The abysmal roar drops into almost silence,
While over its sleep play in various cadence
Innumerous voices crashing in laughter;
Then rising calm, overwhelming,
Slow in power,
Rising supreme in utterance,
It sways, and reconquers and floods all the spaces of silence,
One voice, deep with the sadness,
That dwells at the core of all things.

*There by a nest in the glimmering birches,
Speaks a thrush as if startled from slumber,
Dreaming of Southern ricefields,
The moted glow of the amber sunlight,
Where the long ripple roves among the reeds.

Above curves the great dome of darkness,
Scored with the limitless lines of the stars and the planets;
Like the strong palm of God,
Veined with the ancient laws,
Holding a human heart that sleeps,
Wild with rushing dreams and deep with the sadness,
That dwells at the core of all things.

At the End

I have learned well,--a child I've grown by knowing;
I have taught well,--I know not why;
A few have garnered well my careless sowing,
And one sound kernel fills the granary.

I have fought well,--have turned and dared disaster;
I've been well vanquished--and I know not why;
Well have I suffered and called no man master,
But have wrought sleepless for the mastery.

I have loved well,--and that's the best of living;
I've been well loved,--I know not why;
But O, the rapture of the giving!
And of the taking--the wild ecstasy!

I boast too well, you say, a noisy scandal
Vexing the hearing of the scornful gods:
But life,--yes, life was worth the candle,
So what's the odds;

He that cowers now is not the less a varlet,
I know I'll brave them well,--I know not why;
Toss me my proudest cloak of green and scarlet,
Fellows,--old friends,--good bye.

The Builder

When the deep cunning architect
Had the great minster planned,
They worked in faith for twice two hundred years
And reared the building grand;
War came and famine and they did not falter,
But held his line,
And filled the space divine
With carvings meet for the soul's eye;
And not alone the chantry and thereby
The snowy altar,
But in every part
They carved the minster after his own heart,
And made the humblest places fair,
Even the dimmest cloister-way and stair,
With vineyard tendrils,
With ocean-seeming shells,
With filmy weeds from sea,
With bell-flowers delicate and bells,
All done minute with excellent tracery.

Come, O my soul,
And let me build thee like the minster fair,
Deep based and large as air,
And full of hidden graces wrought
In faith and infinite thought,
Till all thy dimmest ways,
Shall gleam with little vines and fruits of praise.
So that one day
The consummate Architect
Who planned the souls that we are set to build,
May pause and say:
How curiously wrought is this!
The builder followed well My chart
And worked for Me, not for the world's wild heart:
Here are the outward virtues, true!
But see how all the inner parts are filled
With singular bliss:
Set it aside
I shall come here again at eventide.

The House of the Broken-Hearted

It is dark to the outward seeming,
  Wherever its walls may rise,
Where the meadows are adreaming,
  Under the open skies,
  Where at ebb the great world lies,
    Dim as a sea uncharted,
  Round the house of sorrow,
    The house of the broken-hearted.

It is dark in the midst of the city,
  Where the world flows deep and strong,
Where the coldest thing is pity,
  Where the heart wears out ere long,
  Where the plough-share of wrath and of wrong
    Trenches a ragged furrow,
  Round the house of the broken-hearted,
    The house of sorrow.

But while the world goes unheeding
  The tenant that holds the lease,
Or fancies him grieving and pleading
  For the thing which it calls peace,
  There has come what shall never cease
    Till there shall come no morrow
  To the house of the broken-hearted,*
    The house of sorrow.

There is peace no pleasure can jeopard,
  It is so sure and deep,
And there, in the guise of a shepherd,
  God doth him keep,
  He leads His belovéd sheep*,
    To fold when the day is departed,
  In the house of sorrow,*
    The house of the broken-hearted.

The Wood by the Sea

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind
  But afar off tolls the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
  And the roving of the rain.

The shade is dark as a palmer's hood,
  The air with balm is bland:
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
  Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
  Are aweary of casting shade;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
  In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
  The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep,
  The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,
  So still when the dead cones fall,
Near in the vale or away on the hill,
  You can hear them one and all,

And their falling wearies me;
  If mine were the will of God,--O, then
The wood should tramp to the sounding sea,
  Like a marching army of men!

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
  Afar off tolls the main;
Afar, far off I hear the wind
  And the roving of the rain.

Via Borealis

Spring on Mattagami

Far in the east the rain-clouds sweep and harry,
  Down the long haggard hills, formless and low,
Far in the west the shell-tints meet and marry,
  Piled gray and tender blue and roseate snow;
East--like a fiend, the bolt-breasted, streaming
  Storm strikes the world with lightning and with hail;
West--like the thought of a seraph that is dreaming,
  Venus leads the young moon down the vale.

Through the lake furrow between the gloom and bright'ning
  Firm runs our long canoe with a whistling rush,
While Potàn the wise and the cunning Silver Lightning
  Break with their slender blades the long clear hush;
Soon shall I pitch my tent amid the birches,
  Wise Potàn shall gather boughs of balsam fir,
While for bark and dry wood Silver Lightning searches;
  Soon the smoke shall hang and lapse in the moist air.

Soon shall I sleep--if I may not remember
  One who lives far away where the storm-cloud went;
May it part and starshine burn in many a quiet ember,
  Over her towered city crowned with large content;
Dear God, let me sleep, here where deep peace is,
  Let me own a dreamless sleep once for all the years,
Let me know a quiet mind and what heart ease is,
  Lost to light and life and hope, to longing and to tears.

Here in the solitude less her memory presses,
  Yet I see her lingering where the birches shine,
All the dark cedars are sleep-laden like her tresses,
  The gold-moted wood-pools pellucid as her eyen;
Memories and ghost-forms of the days departed
  People all the forest lone in the dead of night;
While Potàn and Silver Lightning sleep, the happy-hearted,
  Troop they from their fastnesses upon my sight.

Once when the tide came straining from the Lido,
  In a sea of flame our gondola flickered like a sword,
Venice lay abroad builded like beauty's credo,
  Smouldering like a gorget on the breast of the Lord:
Did she mourn for fame foredoomed or passion shattered
  That with a sudden impulse she gathered at my side?
But when I spoke the ancient fates were flattered,
  Chill there crept between us the imperceptible tide.

Once I well remember in her twilight garden,
  She pulled a half-blown rose, I thought it meant for me,
But poising in the act, and with half a sigh for pardon,
  She hid it in her bosom where none may dare to see:

Had she a subtle meaning?--would to God I knew it,
Where'er I am I always feel the rose leaves nestling there,
If I might know her mind and the thought which then flashed through it,
My soul might look to heaven not commissioned to despair.

Though she denied at parting the gift that I besought her,
Just a bit of ribbon or a strand of her hair;
Though she would not keep the token that I brought her,*
Proud she stood and calm and marvellously fair;
Yet I saw her spirit--truth cannot dissemble--
Saw her pure as gold, staunch and keen and brave,
For she knows my worth and her heart was all atremble,
Lest her will should weaken and make her heart a slave.

If she could be here where all the world is eager
For dear love with the primal Eden sway,
Where the blood is fire and no pulse is thin or meagre,
All the heart of all the world beats one way!
There is the land of fraud and fame and fashion,
Joy is but a gaud and withers in an hour,
Here is the land of quintessential passion,
Where in a wild throb Spring wells up with power.

She would hear the partridge drumming in the distance,
Rolling out his mimic thunder in the sultry noons;
Hear beyond the silver reach in ringing wild persistence
Reel remote the ululating laughter of the loons;
See the shy moose fawn nestling by its mother,
In a cool marsh pool where the sedges meet;
Rest by a moss-mound where the twin-flowers smother
With a drowse of orient perfume drenched in light and heat:

She would see the dawn rise behind the smoky mountain,
In a jet of colour curving up to break,
While like spray from the iridescent fountain,
Opal fires weave over all the oval of the lake:
She would see like fireflies the stars alight and spangle
All the heaven meadows thick with growing dusk,
Feel the gipsy airs that gather up and tangle
The woodsy odours in a maze of myrrh and musk:

There in the forest all the birds are nesting,
Tells the hermit thrush the song he cannot tell,
While the white-throat sparrow never resting,
Even in the deepest night rings his crystal bell:
O, she would love me then with a wild elation,
Then she must love me and leave her lonely state,
Give me love yet keep her soul's imperial reservation,
Large as her deep nature and fathomless as fate:

Then, if she would lie beside me in the even,
On my deep couch heaped of balsam fir,
Fragrant with sleep as nothing under heaven,
Let the past and future mingle in one blur;
While all the stars were watchful and thereunder
Earth breathed not but took their silent light,
All life withdrew and wrapt in a wild wonder
Peace fell tranquil on the odorous night:

She would let me steal,--not consenting or denying--
One strong arm beneath her dusky hair,
She would let me bare, not resisting or complying,
One sweet breast so sweet and firm and fair;
Then with the quick sob of passion's shy endeavour,
She would gather close and shudder and swoon away,
She would be mine for ever and for ever,
Mine for all time and beyond the judgment day.

Vain is the dream, and deep with all derision--
Fate is stern and hard--fair and false and vain--
But what would life be worth without the vision,
Dark with sordid passion, pale with wringing pain?
What I dream is mine, mine beyond all cavil,
Pure and fair and sweet, and mine for evermore,
And when I will my life I may unravel,
And find my passion dream deep at the red core.

Venus sinks first lost in ruby splendour,
Stars like wood-daffodils grow golden in the night,
Far, far above, in a space entranced and tender,
Floats the growing moon pale with virgin light.
Vaster than the world or life or death my trust is
Based in the unseen and towering far above;
Hold me, O Law, that deeper lies than Justice,
Guide me, O Light, that stronger burns than Love.

An Impromptu

Here in the pungent gloom
Where the tamarac roses glow
And the balsam burns its perfume,
A vireo turns his slow
Cadence, as if he gloated
Over the last phrase he floated;
Each one he moulds and mellows
Matching it with its fellows:
So have you noted
How the oboe croons,
The canary-throated,
In the gloom of the violoncellos
And bassoons.

But afar in the thickset forest
I hear a sound go free,
Crashing the stately neighbours
The pine and the cedar tree,
Horns and harps and tabors,
Drumming and harping and horning
In savage minstrelsy--
It wakes in my soul a warning
Of the wind of destiny.

My life is soaring and swinging
In triple walls of quiet,
In my heart there is rippling and ringing
A song with melodious riot,
When a fateful thing comes nigh it
A hush falls, and then
I hear in the thickset world
The wind of destiny hurled
On the lives of men.

The Half-Breed Girl

She is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil.

Her dreams are undiscovered,
Shadows trouble her breast,
When the time for resting cometh
Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,
When she visits the rabbit snares,
An appearance floats in the crystal air
Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll,

The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor,

Frail traces of kindred kindness,
  Of feud by hill and strand,
The heritage of an age-long life
  In a legendary land.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam,
  Where the air is heavy and wild,
She fears for something or nothing
  With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly
  Past the tangle of the poles,
Through the smoke of the dying embers,
  Like the eyes of dead souls.

Her heart is shaken with longing
  For the strange, still years,
For what she knows and knows not,
  For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,
  Deep, careless and free,
A voice that is larger than her life
  Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,
  Her fierce soul hates her breath,
As it cries with a sudden passion
  For life or death.

Night Burial in the Forest

Lay him down where the fern is thick and fair.
Fain was he for life, here lies he low:
With the blood washed clean from his brow and his beautiful hair,
Lay him here in the dell where the orchids grow.

Let the birch-bark torches roar in the gloom,
And the trees crowd up in a quiet startled ring
So lone is the land that in this lonely room
Never before has breathed a human thing.

Cover him well in his canvas shroud, and the moss
Part and heap again on his quiet breast,
What recks he now of gain, or love, or loss
Who for love gained rest?

While she who caused it all hides her insolent eyes
Or braids her hair with the ribbons of lust and of lies,
And he who did the deed fares out like a hunted beast
To lurk where the musk-ox tramples the barren ground
Where the stroke of his coward heart is the only sound.

Haunting the tamarac shade,
Hear them up-thronging
Memories foredoomed
Of strife and of longing:
Haggard or bright
By the tamaracs and birches,
Where the red torch light
Trembles and searches,
The wilderness teems
With inscrutable eyes
Of ghosts that are dreams
Commingled with memories.

Leave him here in his secret ferny tomb,
Withdraw the little light from the ocean of gloom,
He who feared nought will fear aught never,
Left alone in the forest forever and ever.

Then, as we fare on our way to the shore
Sudden the torches cease to roar:
For cleaving the darkness remote and still
Comes a wind with a rushing, harp-like thrill,
The sound of wings hurled and furled and unfurled,
The wings of the Angel who gathers the souls from the wastes of the world.

Dream Voyageurs

To ports of balm through isles of musk
The gentle airs are leading us;
To curtained calm and tents of dusk,
The wood-wild things unheeding us
Will share their hoards of hardihood,
Cool dew and roots of fern for food,
Frail berries full of the sun's blood.

To planets bland with dales of dream
A tranquil life is leading us,
We shall land from the languid stream,
The musing shades, unheeding us,
Will share their dues of angelhood,
Thoughts that are tranced with mystic food,
Still broodings tinct with a seraph's blood.

Song

Creep into my heart, creep in, creep in,
Afar from the fret, the toil and the din,
Where the spring of love forever flows,
As clear as light and as sweet as the rose;
(Creep into my heart),
Where the dreams never wilt but their tints refine,
Rooted in beautiful thoughts of thine;
Where morn falls cool on the soul, like sleep,
And the nights are tranquil and traced and deep;
Where the fairest thing of all the fair
Thou art, who hast somehow crept in there,
Deep into my heart,
Deep into my heart.

Ecstasy

The shore-lark soars to his topmost flight,
  Sings at the height where morning springs,
What though his voice be lost in the light,
  The light comes dropping from his wings.

Mount, my soul, and sing at the height
  Of thy clear flight in the light and the air,
Heard or unheard in the night in the light
  Sing there! Sing there!

On a Portrait of Judge Haliburton

"It shouldn't be England and her Colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole,--one vast home market from Hong-Kong to Labrador."--Haliburton.

Ah, not for thee philosophy that chills!
The singing words of wisdom winged with wit
Spring from thy brain; and, if they fail to hit,
Safe harnessed in the whittled hickory thills
Thy humour pulls the spirit where it wills,
While glorious roars of laughter roll and smite,
Homeric pealings, as in genial might
Sunlight falls merged with thunder on the hills.
And not alone for thee this wealth of heart;
Thou in the darkness of an earlier hour
Hailed Britain Empire to her utmost isles,
One from the fir lodge where the Indian piles
His beaver skins, to the vast cloud of power
Where London dreams amid her trampled mart.

Lines in Memory of

Edmund Morris

Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris

Dear Morris--here is your letter--
Can my answer reach you now?
Fate has left me your debtor,
You will remember how;
For I went away to Nantucket,
And you to the Isle of Orleans,
And when I was dawdling and dreaming
Over the ways and means
Of answering, the power was denied me,
Fate frowned and took her stand;
I have your unanswered letter
Here in my hand.
This--in your famous scribble,
It was ever a cryptic fist,
Cuneiform or Chaldaic
Meanings held in a mist.

Dear Morris, (now I'm inditing
And poring over your script)
I gather from the writing,
The coin that you had flipt,
Turned tails; and so you compel me
To meet you at Touchwood Hills:
Or, mayhap, you are trying to tell me
The sum of a painter's ills:
Is that Phimister Proctor
Or something about a doctor?
Well, nobody knows, but Eddie,
Whatever it is I'm ready.

For our friendship was always fortunate
In its greetings and adieux,
Nothing flat or importunate,
Nothing of the misuse
That comes of the constant grinding
Of one mind on another.
So memory has nothing to smother,
But only a few things captured
On the wing, as it were, and enraptured.
Yes, Morris, I am inditing--
Answering at last it seems,
How can you read the writing
In the vacancy of dreams?

I would have you look over my shoulder
Ere the long, dark year is colder,
And mark that as memory grows older,
The brighter it pulses and gleams.
And if I should try to render
The tissues of fugitive splendour

That fled down the wind of living,
Will they read it some day in the future,
And be conscious of an awareness
In our old lives, and the bareness
Of theirs, with the newest passions
In the last fad of the fashions?

. . . . .

How often have we risen without daylight
When the day star was hidden in mist,
When the dragon-fly was heavy with dew and sleep,
And viewed the miracle pre-eminent, matchless,
The prelusive light that quickens the morning.
O crystal dawn, how shall we distill your virginal freshness
When you steal upon a land that man has not sullied with his intrusion,
When the aboriginal shy dwellers in the broad solitudes
Are asleep in their innumerable dens and night haunts
Amid the dry ferns, in the tender nests
Pressed into shape by the breasts of the Mother birds?

How shall we simulate the thrill of announcement
When lake after lake lingering in the starlight
Turn their faces towards you,
And are caressed with the salutation of colour?
How shall we transmit in tendril-like images,
The tenuous tremor in the tissues of ether,
Before the round of colour buds like the dome of a shrine,
The preconscious moment when love has fluttered in the bosom,
Before it begins to ache?

How often have we seen the even
Melt into the liquidity of twilight,
With passages of Titian splendour,
Pellucid preludes, exquisitely tender,
Where vanish and revive, thro' veils of the ashes of roses,
The crystal forms the breathless sky discloses.

The new moon a slender thing,
In a snood of virgin light,
She seemed all shy on venturing
Into the vast night.

Her own land and folk were afar,
She must have gone astray,
But the gods had given a silver star,
To be with her on the way.

. . . . .

I can feel the wind on the prairie
And see the bunch-grass wave,
And the sunlights ripple and vary
The hill with Crowfoot's grave
Where he "pitched off" for the last time
In sight of the Blackfoot Crossing,
Where in the sun for a pastime
You marked the site of his tepee
With a circle of stones. Old Napiw
Gave you credit for that day.
And well I recall the weirdness
Of that evening at Qu'Appelle,
In the wigwam with old Sakimay,
The keen, acrid smell,
As the kinnikinick was burning;
The planets outside were turning,
And the little splints of poplar
Flared with a thin, gold flame.
He showed us his painted robe
Where in primitive pigments
He had drawn his feats and his forays,
And told us the legend
Of the man without a name,
The hated Blackfoot,
How he lured the warriors,
The young men, to the foray
And they never returned.
Only their ghosts
Goaded by the Blackfoot
Mounted on stallions:
In the night time
He drove the stallions
Reeking into the camp;
The women gasped and whispered,
The children cowered and crept,
And the old men shuddered
Where they slept.
When Sakimay looked forth
He saw the Blackfoot,
And the ghosts of the warriors,
And the black stallions
Covered by the night wind
As by a mantle.

. . . . .

I remember well a day,
When the sunlight had free play,
When you worked in happy stress,
While grave Ne-Pah-Pee-Ness

Sat for his portrait there,
In his beaded coat and his bare
Head, with his mottled fan
Of hawk's feathers, A Man!
Ah Morris, those were the times
When you sang your inconsequent rhymes
Sprung from a careless fountain:

"He met her on the mountain,
He gave her a horn to blow,
And the very last words he said to her
Were, 'Go 'long, Eliza, go.'"

Foolish,--but life was all,
And under the skilful fingers
Contours came at your call--
Art grows and time lingers;--
But now the song has a change
Into something wistful and strange.
And one asks with a touch of ruth
What became of the youth
And where did Eliza go?
He met her on the mountain,
He gave her a horn to blow,
The horn was a silver whorl
With a mouthpiece of pure pearl,
And the mountain was all one glow,
With gulfs of blue and summits of rosy snow.
The cadence she blew on the silver horn
Was the meaning of life in one phrase caught,
And as soon as the magic notes were born,
She repeated them once in an afterthought.
They heard in the crystal passes,
The cadence, calling, calling,
And faint in the deep crevasses,
The echoes falling, falling,
They stood apart and wondered;
Her lips with a wound were aquiver,
His heart with a sword was sundered,
For life was changed forever
When he gave her the horn to blow:
But a shadow arose from the valley,
Desolate, slow and tender,
It hid the herdsmen's chalet,
Where it hung in the emerald meadow,
(Was death driving the shadow?)
It quenched the tranquil splendour
Of the colour of life on the glow-peaks,
Till at the end of the even,
The last shell-tint on the snow-peaks
Had passed away from the heaven.

And yet, when it passed, victorious,
The stars came out on the mountains,
And the torrents gusty and glorious,
Clamoured in a thousand fountains,
And even far down in the valley,
A light re-discovered the chalet.
The scene that was veiled had a meaning,
So deep that none might know;
Was it here in the morn on the mountain,
That he gave her the horn to blow?

. . . . .

Tears are the crushed essence of this world,
The wine of life, and he who treads the press
Is lofty with imperious disregard
Of the burst grapes, the red tears and the murk.
But nay! that is a thought of the old poets,
Who sullied life with the passional bitterness
Of their world-weary hearts. We of the sunrise,
Joined in the breast of God, feel deep the power
That urges all things onward, not to an end,
But in an endless flow, mounting and mounting,
Claiming not overmuch for human life,
Sharing with our brothers of nerve and leaf
The urgence of the one creative breath,--
All in the dim twilight--say of morning,
Where the florescence of the light and dew
Haloes and hallows with a crown adorning
The brows of life with love; herein the clue,
The love of life--yea, and the peerless love
Of things not seen, that leads the least of things
To cherish the green sprout, the hardening seed;
Here leans all nature with vast Mother-love,
Above the cradled future with a smile.
Why are there tears for failure, or sighs for weakness,
While life's rhythm beats on? Where is the rule
To measure the distance we have circled and clomb?
Catch up the sands of the sea and count and count
The failures hidden in our sum of conquest.
Persistence is the master of this life;
The master of these little lives of ours;
To the end--effort--even beyond the end.

. . . . .

Here, Morris, on the plains that we have loved,
Think of the death of Akoose, fleet of foot,
Who, in his prime, a herd of antelope
From sunrise, without rest, a hundred miles
Drove through rank prairie, loping like a wolf,
Tired them and slew them, ere the sun went down.

Akoose, in his old age, blind from the smoke
Of tepees and the sharp snow light, alone
With his great-grandchildren, withered and spent,
Crept in the warm sun along a rope
Stretched for his guidance. Once when sharp autumn
Made membranes of thin ice upon the sloughs,
He caught a pony on a quick return
Of prowess and, all his instincts cleared and quickened,
He mounted, sensed the north and bore away
To the Last Mountain Lake where in his youth
He shot the sand-hill-cranes with his flint arrows.
And for these hours in all the varied pomp
Of pagan fancy and free dreams of foray
And crude adventure, he ranged on entranced,
Until the sun blazed level with the prairie,
Then paused, faltered and slid from off his pony.
In a little bluff of poplars, hid in the bracken,
He lay down; the populace of leaves
In the lithe poplars whispered together and trembled,
Fluttered before a sunset of gold smoke,
With interspaces, green as sea water,
And calm as the deep water of the sea.

There Akoose lay, silent amid the bracken,
Gathered at last with the Algonquin Chieftains.
Then the tenebrous sunset was blown out,
And all the smoky gold turned into cloud wrack.
Akoose slept forever amid the poplars,
Swathed by the wind from the far-off Red Deer
Where dinosaurs sleep, clamped in their rocky tombs.
Who shall count the time that lies between
The sleep of Akoose and the dinosaurs?
Innumerable time, that yet is like the breath
Of the long wind that creeps upon the prairie
And dies away with the shadows at sundown.

. . . . .

What we may think, who brood upon the theme,
Is, when the old world, tired of spinning, has fallen
Asleep, and all the forms, that carried the fire
Of life, are cold upon her marble heart--
Like ashes on the altar--just as she stops,
That something will escape of soul or essence,--
The sum of life, to kindle otherwhere:
Just as the fruit of a high sunny garden,
Grown mellow with autumnal sun and rain,
Shrivelled with ripeness, splits to the rich heart,
And looses a gold kernel to the mould,
So the old world, hanging long in the sun,
And deep enriched with effort and with love,
Shall, in the motions of maturity,
Wither and part, and the kernel of it all

Escape, a lovely wraith of spirit, to latitudes
Where the appearance, throated like a bird,
Winged with fire and bodied all with passion,
Shall flame with presage, not of tears, but joy.

Threnody

Sing we a dirge for our heroes,
   But how shall we keep it free
From the pride and the glorious knowledge
   That they died for liberty?

Our land is rocked with weeping,
   Our flowers and our star-lit crags,
For our grief and our bitter sorrow
   Is young as our battle flags.

But they are flushed with glory
   From the war flame and the thunder,
Who now shall mock or deride us,
   Who shall bind us or trample us under?

An answer comes up from Saint Julien
   And the battered Flanders plain,
It is bruited around the Empire,
   By the spirits of the slain.

It echoes in exultation,
   When the deepest griefs abide,
As beneath the roar of the tempest,
   Throbs the lull of the tide.

Sing we a dirge for our heroes,
   But how shall we keep it free
From the pride and the glorious knowledge
   That they died for liberty.

Lundy's Lane

and

Other Poems

The Battle of Lundy's Lane

Rufus Gale speaks-1852

Yes,--in the Lincoln Militia,--in the war of eighteen-twelve;
Many's the day I've had since then to dig and delve--
But those are the years I remember as the brightest years of all,
When we left the plow in the furrow to follow the bugle's call.
Why, even our son Abner wanted to fight with the men!
"Don't you go, d'ye hear, sir!"--I was angry with him then.
"Stay with your mother!" I said, and he looked so old and grim---
He was just sixteen that April--I couldn't believe it was him;
But I didn't think--I was off--and we met the foe again,
Five thousand strong and ready, at the hill by Lundy's Lane.
There as the night came on we fought them from six to nine,
Whenever they broke our line we broke their line,
They took our guns and we won them again, and around the levels
Where the hill sloped up--with the Eighty-ninth,--we fought like devils
Around the flags; and on they came and we drove them back,
Until with its very fierceness the fight grew slack.

It was then about nine and dark as a miser's pocket,
When up came Hercules Scott's brigade swift as a rocket,
And charged,--and the flashes sprang in the dark like a lion's eyes;
The night was full of fire--groans, and cheers, and cries;
Then through the sound and the fury another sound broke in--
The roar of a great old duck-gun shattered the rest of the din;
It took two minutes to charge it and another to set it free.
Every time I heard it an angel spoke to me;
Yes, the minute I heard it I felt the strangest tide
Flow in my veins like lightning, as if, there, by my side,
Was the very spirit of Valor. But 'twas dark--you couldn't see--
And the one who was firing the duck-gun fell against me
And slid down to the clover, and lay there still;
Something went through me--piercing--with a strange, swift thrill;
The noise fell away into silence, and I heard as clear as thunder
The long, slow roar of Niagara: O the wonder
Of that deep sound. But again the battle broke
And the foe, driven before us desperately--stroke upon stroke,
Left the field to his master, and sullenly down the road
Sounded the boom of his guns, trailing the heavy load
Of his wounded men and his shattered flags, sullen and slow,
Setting fire in his rage to Bridgewater mills, and the glow
Flared in the distant forest. We rested as we could,
And for a while I slept in the dark of a maple wood:
But when the clouds in the east were red all over,
I came back there to the place we made the stand in the clover;
For my heart was heavy then with a strange, deep pain,
As I thought of the glorious fight, and again and again
I remembered the valiant spirit and the piercing thrill;

But I knew it all when I reached the top of the hill,--
For there, there with the blood on his dear, brave head,
There on the hill in the clover lay our Abner--dead!--
No--thank you--no, I don't need it; I'm solid as granite rock,
But every time that I tell it I feel the old, cold shock,
I'm eighty-one my next birthday--do you breed such fellows now?
There he lay with the dawn cooling his broad fair brow,
That was no dawn for him; and there was the old duck-gun
That many and many's the time,—just for the fun,
We together, alone, would take to the hickory rise,
And bring home more wild pigeons than ever you saw with your eyes.
Up with Hercules Scott's brigade, just as it came on night--
He was the angel beside me in the thickest of the fight--
Wrote a note to his mother--He said, "I've got to go,*
Mother;* what would home be under the heel of the foe!"
Oh! she never slept a wink, she would rise and walk the floor;
She'd say this over and over, "I knew it all before!"
I'd try to speak of the glory to give her a little joy.
"What is the glory to me when I want my boy, my boy!"
She'd say, and she'd wring her hands; her hair grew white as snow--
And I'd argue with her up and down, to and fro,
Of how she had mothered a hero, and his was a glorious fate,
Better than years of grubbing to gather an estate.
Sometimes I'd put it this way: "If God was to say to me now
'Take him back as he once was helping you with the plow,'
I'd say, 'No, God, thank You kindly; 'twas You that he obeyed;
You told him to fight and he fought, and he wasn't afraid;
You wanted to prove him in battle, You sent him to Lundy's Lane,
'Tis well!'" But she only would answer over and over again,
"Give me back my Abner--give me back my son!"
It was so all through the winter until the spring had begun,
And the crocus was up in the dooryard, and the drift by the fence was thinned,
And the sap drip-dropped from the branches wounded by the wind,
And the whole earth smelled like a flower,--then she came to me one night--
"Rufus!" she said, with a sob in her throat,--"Rufus, you're right."
I hadn't cried till then, not a tear--but then I was torn in two--
There, it's all right--my eyes don't see as they used to do!

*But O the joy of that battle--it was worth the whole of life,
You felt immortal in action with the rapture of the strife,
There in the dark by the river, with the flashes of fire before,
Running and crashing along, there in the dark, and the roar
Of the guns, and the shrilling cheers, and the knowledge that filled your heart
That there was a victory making and you must do your part,

But--there's his grave in the orchard where the headstone glimmers white:
We could see it, we thought, from our window even on the darkest night;
It is set there for a sign that what one lad could do
Would be done by a hundred hundred lads whose hearts were stout and true.
And when in the time of trial you hear the recreant say,
Shooting his coward lips at us, "You shall have had your day:
For all your state and glory shall pass like a cloudy wrack,
And here some other flag shall fly where flew the Union Jack,"--
Why tell him a hundred thousand men would spring from these sleepy farms,
To tie that flag in its ancient place with the sinews of their arms;
And if they doubt you and put you to scorn, why you can make it plain,
With the tale of the gallant Lincoln men and the fight at Lundy's Lane.
1908.

Meditation at Perugia

The sunset colours mingle in the sky,
And over all the Umbrian valleys flow;
Trevi is touched with wonder, and the glow
Finds high Perugia crimson with renown;
Spello is bright;
And, ah! St. Francis, thy deep-treasured town,
Enshrined Assisi, fully fronts the light.

This valley knew thee many a year ago;
Thy shrine was built by simpleness of heart;
And from the wound called life thou drew'st the smart:
Unquiet kings came to thee and the sad poor--
Thou gavest them peace;
Far as the Sultan and the Iberian shore
Thy faith and abnegation gave release.

Deeper our faith, but not so sweet as thine;
Wider our view, but not so sanely sure;
For we are troubled by the witching lure
Of Science, with her lightning on the mist;
Science that clears,
Yet never quite discloses what she wist,
And leaves us half with doubts and half with fears.

We act her dreams that shadow forth the truth,
  That somehow here the very nerves of God
  Thrill the old fires, the rocks, the primal sod;
We throw our speech upon the open air,
    And it is caught
Far down the world, to sing and murmur there;
  Our common words are with deep wonder fraught.

Shall not the subtle spirit of man contrive
  To charm the tremulous ether of the soul,
  Wherein it breathes?--until, from pole to pole,
Those who are kin shall speak, as face to face,
    From star to star,
Even from earth to the most secret place,
    Where God and the supreme archangels are.

Shall we not prove, what thou hast faintly taught,
  That all the powers of earth and air are one,
  That one deep law persists from mole to sun?
Shall we not search the heart of God and find
    That law empearled,
Until all things that are in matter and mind
    Throb with the secret that began the world?

Yea, we have journeyed since thou trod'st the road,
  Yet still we keep the foreappointed quest;
  While the last sunset smoulders in the West,
Still the great faith with the undying hope
    Upsprings and flows,
While dim Assisi fades on the wide slope
    And the deep Umbrian valleys fill with rose.

At William MacLennan's Grave

Here where the cypress tall
Shadows the stucco wall,
  Bronze and deep,
Where the chrysanthemums blow,
And the roses--blood and snow--
  He lies asleep.

Florence dreameth afar;
Memories of foray and war,
  Murmur still;
The Certosa crowns with a cold
Cloud of snow and gold
  The olive hill.

What has he now for the streams
Born sweet and deep with dreams
From the cedar meres?
Only the Arno's flow,
Turbid, and weary, and slow
With wrath and tears.

What has he now for the song
Of the boatmen, joyous and long,
Where the rapids shine?
Only the sound of toil,
Where the peasants press the soil
For the oil and wine.

Spirit-fellow in sooth
With bold La Salle and Duluth,
And La Vérandrye,--
Nothing he has but rest,
Deep in his cypress nest
With memory.

Hearts of steel and of fire,
Why do ye love and aspire,
When follows
Death--all your passionate deeds,
Garnered with rust and with weeds
In the hollows?

"God that hardened the steel,
Bade the flame leap and reel,
Gave us unrest;
We act in the dusk afar,
In a star beyond your star,
His behest.

"We leave you dreams and names,*
Still we are iron and flames,
Biting and bright;
Into some virgin world,
Champions, we are hurled,
Of venture and fight."

Here where the shadows fall,
From the cypress by the wall,
Where the roses are--
Here is a dream and a name,
There, like a rose of flame,
Rises--a star.

The Wood-Spring to the Poet

Dawn-cool, dew-cool
Gleams the surface of my pool
Bird haunted, fern enchanted,
Where but tempered spirits rule;
Stars do not trace their mystic lines
In my confines;
I take a double night within my breast
A night of darkened heavens, a night of leaves,
And in the two-fold dark I hear the owl
Puff at his velvet horn
And the wolves howl.
Even daylight comes with a touch of gold
Not overbold,
And shows dwarf-cornel and the twin-flowers,
Below the balsam bowers,
Their tints enamelled in my dew-drop shield.
Too small even for a thirsty fawn
To quench upon,
I hold my crystal at one level
There where you see the liquid bevel
Break in silver and go free
Singing to its destiny.

Give, Poet, give!
Thus only shalt thou live.
Give! for 'tis thy joyous doom
To charm, to comfort, to illume.

Speak to the maiden and the child
With accents deep and mild,
Tell them of the world so wide
In words of wonder and pure pride,
Touched with the rapture of surprise
That dwells in a child angel's eyes,
Awed with the strangeness of new-birth,
When the flaming seraph sent
To lead him into Paradise,
Calls his name with the mother's voice
He has just ceased to hear on earth.
Give to the youth his heart's content,
But power with prudence blent,
Thicken his sinews with love,
With courage his heart prove,
Till over his spirit shall roll
The vast wave of control.
In the cages and dens of strife,
Where men draw breath
Thick with a curse at the dear thing called life,
Give them courage to bear,

Strength to aspire and dare;
Give them hopes rooted in stone,
That the loveliest flowers take on,
Bind on their brows with a gesture free
The palm green bays of liberty.

Give to the mothers of men
The knowledge of joy in pain,
Give them the sense of reward
That grew in the breast of the Lord
On the dawn of the seventh morn;
For 'tis they who re-create the world
Whenever a child is born.

Give, Poet, give!
Give them songs that charm and fill
The soul with an alluring pleasure,
Prelusive to a deeper thrill,
A richer tone, a fuller measure;
Like voices, veiled with hidden treasure,
Of angels on a windy morning,
That first far off, then all together,
Come with a glorious clarion calling;
And when they swoon beneath the spell
Recapture them to hear the echoes
Falling--falling--falling.

To those stoned for the truth
Give truth;
Give manna for the mourner's mouth
Sovereign as air;
For his heart's drouth
A prayer.
Give to dead souls that mock at life
Aweary of their cankered hearts,
Weary of sleep and weary of strife,
Weary of markets and of arts,--
Helve them a song of life,
Two-edged with joyous life,
Tempered trusty with life,
Proud pointed with wild life,
Plunge it as lightning plunges,
Stab them to life!

Give to those who grieve in secret,
Those who bear the sorrows of earth,
The deep unappeasable longings
Which beset them with throngings and throngings,
(As, on a windless night,
Through the fold of a dark mantle furled,
Gleams on our world, world after unknown world)

Give them peace,
Wide as the veil that hides God's face,
The pure plentitude of space,
In which our universe is but a glittering crease,--
Give them such peace.

Give, Poet, give!
Thus only shalt thou live:
Give as we give who are hidden
In myriad dimples of rock and fern;
Give as we give unbidden
To tarn and rillet and burn,
Where the lake dreams,
Where the fall is hurled,
Striving to sweeten
The oceans of the world.

Should my song for a moment cease,
Silence fall in the woodland peace;
Should I wilfully check the flow
Bubbling and dancing up from below;
Say to my heart be still--be still,
Let the murmur die with the rill;
Then should the glittering, grey sea-things
Sigh as they wallow the under springs;
Where the deep brine-pools used to lie
Deserts vast would stare at the sky,
And even thy rich heart
(O Poet, Poet!)
Even thy rich heart run dry.

The November Pansy

This is not June,--by Autumn's stratagem
  Thou hast been ambushed in the chilly air;
  Upon thy fragile crest virginal fair
The rime has clustered in a diadem;
  The early frost
Has nipped thy roots and tried thy tender stem,
  Seared thy gold petals, all thy charm is lost.

Thyself the only sunshine: in obeying
  The law that bids thee blossom in the world
  Thy little flag of courage is unfurled;
Inherent pansy-memories are saying
  That there is sun,
That there is dew and colour and warmth repaying
  The rain, and starlight when the light is done.

These are the gaunt forms of the hollyhocks
That shower the seeds from out their withered purses;
Here were the pinks; there the nasturtium nurses
The last of colour in her gaudy smocks;
The ruins yonder
Show but a vestige of the flaming phlox;
The poppies on their faded glory ponder.

Here visited the vagrant humming-bird,
The nebulous darting green, the ruby-throated;
The warm fans of the butterfly here floated;
Those two nests reared the robins, and the third
Was left forlorn
Muffled in lilacs, whence the perfume stirred
The tremulous eyelids of the dewy morn.

Thy sisters of the early summer-time
Were masquers in this carnival of pleasure;
Each in her turn unrolled her golden treasure,
And thou hast but the ashes of the prime;
'Tis life's own malice
That brings the peasant of a race sublime
To feed her flock around her ruined palace.

Yet for withstanding thus the autumn's dart
Some deeper pansy-insight will atone;
It comes to souls neglected and alone,
Something that prodigals in pleasure's mart
Lose in the whirl;
The peasant child will have a purer heart
Than the vain favourite of the vanished earl.

And far above this tragic world of ours
There is a world of a diviner fashion,
A mystic world, a world of dreams and passion
That each aspiring thing creates and dowers
With its own light;
Where even the frail spirits of trees and flowers
Pause, and reach out, and pass from height to height.

Here will we claim for thee another fief,
An upland where a glamour haunts the meadows,
Snow peaks arise enrobed in rosy shadows,
Fairer the under slopes with vine and sheaf
And shimmering lea;
The paradise of a simple old belief,
That flourished in the Islands of the Sea.

A snow-cool cistern in the fairy hills
  Shall feed thy roots with moisture clear as dew;
  A ferny shield to temper the warm blue
That heaven is; a thrush that thrills
  To answer his mate,
And when above the ferns the shadow fills,
  Fireflies to render darkness consolate.

Here muse and brood, moulding thy seed and die
  And re-create thy form a thousand fold,
  Mellowing thy petals to more lucent gold,
Till they expand, tissues of amber sky;
  Till the full hour,
And the full light and the fulfilling eye
  Shall find amid the ferns the perfect flower.

The Height of Land

Here is the height of land:
The watershed on either hand
Goes down to Hudson Bay
Or Lake Superior;
The stars are up, and far away
The wind sounds in the wood, wearier
Than the long Ojibwa cadence
In which Potàn the Wise
Declares the ills of life
And Chees-que-ne-ne makes a mournful sound
Of acquiescence. The fires burn low
With just sufficient glow
To light the flakes of ash that play
At being moths, and flutter away
To fall in the dark and die as ashes:
Here there is peace in the lofty air,
And Something comes by flashes
Deeper than peace;--
The spruces have retired a little space
And left a field of sky in violet shadow
With stars like marigolds in a water-meadow.

Now the Indian guides are dead asleep;
There is no sound unless the soul can hear
The gathering of the waters in their sources.

We have come up through the spreading lakes
From level to level,--
Pitching our tents sometimes over a revel
Of roses that nodded all night,
Dreaming within our dreams,
To wake at dawn and find that they were captured

With no dew on their leaves;
Sometimes mid sheaves
Of bracken and dwarf-cornel, and again
On a wide blueberry plain
Brushed with the shimmer of a bluebird's wing;
A rocky islet followed
With one lone poplar and a single nest
Of white-throat-sparrows that took no rest
But sang in dreams or woke to sing,--
To the last portage and the height of land--:
Upon one hand
The lonely north enlaced with lakes and streams,
And the enormous targe of Hudson Bay,
Glimmering all night
In the cold arctic light;
On the other hand
The crowded southern land
With all the welter of the lives of men.
But here is peace, and again
That Something comes by flashes
Deeper than peace,--a spell
Golden and inappellable
That gives the inarticulate part
Of our strange being one moment of release
That seems more native than the touch of time,
And we must answer in chime;
Though yet no man may tell
The secret of that spell
Golden and inappellable.

Now are there sounds walking in the wood,
And all the spruces shiver and tremble,
And the stars move a little in their courses.
The ancient disturber of solitude
Breathes a pervasive sigh,
And the soul seems to hear
The gathering of the waters at their sources;
Then quiet ensues and pure starlight and dark;
The region-spirit murmurs in meditation,
The heart replies in exaltation
And echoes faintly like an inland shell
Ghost tremors of the spell;
Thought reawakens and is linked again
With all the welter of the lives of men.
Here on the uplands where the air is clear
We think of life as of a stormy scene,--
Of tempest, of revolt and desperate shock;
And here, where we can think, on the bright uplands
Where the air is clear, we deeply brood on life
Until the tempest parts, and it appears
As simple as to the shepherd seems his flock:

A Something to be guided by ideals--
That in themselves are simple and serene--
Of noble deed to foster noble thought,
And noble thought to image noble deed,
Till deed and thought shall interpenetrate,
Making life lovelier, till we come to doubt
Whether the perfect beauty that escapes
Is beauty of deed or thought or some high thing
Mingled of both, a greater boon than either:
Thus we have seen in the retreating tempest
The victor-sunlight merge with the ruined rain,
And from the rain and sunlight spring the rainbow.

The ancient disturber of solitude
Stirs his ancestral potion in the gloom,
And the dark wood
Is stifled with the pungent fume
Of charred earth burnt to the bone
That takes the place of air.
Then sudden I remember when and where,--
The last weird lakelet foul with weedy growths
And slimy viscid things the spirit loathes,
Skin of vile water over viler mud
Where the paddle stirred unutterable stenches,
And the canoes seemed heavy with fear,
Not to be urged toward the fatal shore
Where a bush fire, smouldering, with sudden roar
Leaped on a cedar and smothered it with light
And terror. It had left the portage-height
A tangle of slanted spruces burned to the roots,
Covered still with patches of bright fire
Smoking with incense of the fragrant resin
That even then began to thin and lessen
Into the gloom and glimmer of ruin.

'Tis overpast. How strange the stars have grown;
The presage of extinction glows on their crests
And they are beautied with impermanence;
They shall be after the race of men
And mourn for them who snared their fiery pinions,
Entangled in the meshes of bright words.

A lemming stirs the fern and in the mosses
Eft-minded things feel the air change, and dawn
Tolls out from the dark belfries of the spruces.
How often in the autumn of the world
Shall the crystal shrine of dawning be rebuilt
With deeper meaning! Shall the poet then,
Wrapped in his mantle on the height of land,
Brood on the welter of the lives of men
And dream of his ideal hope and promise

In the blush sunrise? Shall he base his flight
Upon a more compelling law than Love
As Life's atonement; shall the vision
Of noble deed and noble thought immingled
Seem as uncouth to him as the pictograph
Scratched on the cave side by the cave-dweller
To us of the Christ-time? Shall he stand
With deeper joy, with more complex emotion,
In closer commune with divinity,
With the deep fathomed, with the firmament charted,
With life as simple as a sheep-boy's song,
What lies beyond a romaunt that was read
Once on a morn of storm and laid aside
Memorious with strange immortal memories?
Or shall he see the sunrise as I see it
In shoals of misty fire the deluge-light
Dashes upon and whelms with purer radiance,
And feel the lulled earth, older in pulse and motion,
Turn the rich lands and the inundant oceans
To the flushed color, and hear as now I hear
The thrill of life beat up the planet's margin
And break in the clear susurrus of deep joy
That echoes and reëchoes in my being?
O Life is intuition the measure of knowledge
And do I stand with heart entranced and burning
At the zenith of our wisdom when I feel
The long light flow, the long wind pause, the deep
Influx of spirit, of which no man may tell
The Secret, golden and inappellable?

New Year's Night, 1916

The Earth moans in her sleep
Like an old mother
Whose sons have gone to the war,
Who weeps silently in her heart
Till dreams comfort her.

The Earth tosses
As if she would shake off humanity,
A burden too heavy to be borne,
And free of the pest of intolerable men,
Spin with woods and waters,
Joyously in the clear heavens,
In the beautiful cool rains,
Bearing gladly the dumb animals,
And sleep when the time comes
Glistening in the remains of sunlight
With marmoreal innocency.

Be comforted, old mother,
Whose sons have gone to the war;
And be assured, O Earth,
Of your burden of passionate men;
For without them who would dream the dreams
That encompass you with glory,
Who would gather your youth
And store it in the jar of remembrance,
Who would comfort your old heart
With tales told of the heroes,
Who would cover your face with the cere-cloth
All rustling with stars,
And mourn in the ashes of sunlight,
Mourn your marmoreal innocency?

Fragment of an Ode to Canada

This is the land!
It lies outstretched a vision of delight,
Bent like a shield between the silver seas
It flashes back the hauteur of the sun;
Yet teems with humblest beauties, still a part
Of its Titanic and ebullient heart.

Land of the glacial, lonely mountain ranges,
Where nothing haps save vast AEonian changes,
The slow moraine, the avalanche's wings,
Summer and Sun,--the elemental things,
Pulses of Awe,--Winter and Night and the lightnings.
Land of the pines that rear their dusky spars
A ready midnight for the earliest stars.
The land of rivers, rivulets, and rills,
Straining incessant everyway to the sea,
With their white thunder harnessed in the mills,
Turning one wealth to another wealth perpetually;
Spinning the lightning with dynamic spindles,
Till some far city dowered with fire enkindles.
The land of fruit, fine-flavoured with the frost,
Land of the cattle, the deep-chested host,
The happy-souled, that contemplate the hours,
Their dew-laps buried in the grass and flowers.
And, O! the myriad-miracle of the grain
Cresting the hill, brimming the level plain,
The miracle of the flower and milk and kernel,
Nurtured by sun-fire and frost-fire supernal,
Until the farmer turns it in his hand,
The million-millioned miracle of the land.

And yet with all these pastoral and heroic graces,
Our simplest flowers wear the loveliest faces;
The sparrows are our most enraptured singers,
And round their songs the fondest memory lingers;
Our forests tower and tremble, star-enchanted,
Their roots are by the timid spirits haunted
Of hermit thrushes,--trancèd is the air,
Ever in doubt when they shall sing or where;
The mountains may with ice and avalanche wrestle,
Far down their rugged steeps dimple and nestle
The still, translucent, turquoise-hearted tarns.

. . . .

And Thou, O Power, that 'stablishest the Nation,
Give wisdom in the midst of our elation;
Who are so free that we forget we are--
That freedom brings the deepest obligation:
Grant us this presage for a guiding star,
To lead the van of Peace, not with a craven spirit,
But with the consciousness that we inherit
What built the Empire out of blood and fire,
And can smite, too, in passion and with ire.
Purge us of Pride, who are so quick in vaunting
Thy gift, this land, that is in nothing wanting;
Give Mind to match the glory of the gift,
Give great Ideals to bridge the sordid rift
Between our heritage and our use of it.

*Then in some day of terror for the world,
When all the flags of the Furies are unfurled,
When Truth and Justice, wildered and unknit,
Shall turn for help to this young, radiant land,
We shall be quick to see and understand:
What shall we answer in that stricken hour?
Shall the deep thought be pregnant then with power?
Shall the few words spring swift and grave and clear?
Use well the present moment. They shall hear.

August, 1911.

Fantasia

Here in Samarcand they offer emeralds,
Pure as frozen drops of sea-water,
Rubies, pale as dew-ponds stained with slaughter,
Where the fairies fought for a king's daughter
In the elfin upland.
Here they sell you jade and calcedony,
And the matrix of the turquoise,
Spheres of onyx held in eagles' claws,
But they keep the gems as far asunder
From the dull stones as the lightning from the thunder;
They can never come together
On the mats of Turkish leather
In the booths of Samarcand.

Here they sell you balls of nard and honey,
And squat jars of clarid butter,
And the cheese from Kurdistan.
When you offer Frankish money,
Then they scowl and curse and mutter,
Deep in Kurdish or Persan
For they want your heart out and my hand
In the booths of Samarcand.

They would sell your heart's blood separate,
In a jar with a gold brim,
With a text of burning hatred
Coiled around the rim;
They would sell my hand upon a beam of teak wood,
In the other scale a feather curled;
They would sell your heart upon a silver balance
Weighed against the world.
But your heart could never touch my hand,
They could never come together
On the mats of Turkish leather
In the booths of Samarcand.

The Lover to his Lass

Crown her with stars, this angel of our planet,
  Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot
  See her for the garments of the light and the night.

How far I wandered, worlds away and far away,
  Heard a voice but knew it not in the clear cold,
Many a wide circle and many a wan star away,
  Dwelling in the chambers where the worlds were
    growing old.

Saw them growing old and heard them falling
Like ripe fruit when a tree is in the wind;
Saw the seraphs gather them, their clarion voices calling
In rounds of cheering labour till the orchard floor
was thinned.

Saw a whole universe turn to its setting,
Old and cold and weary, gray and cold as death,
But before mine eyes were veiled in forgetting,
Something always caught my soul and held its breath.

Caught it up and held it, now I know the reason;
Governed it and soothed it, now I know why;
Nurtured it and trained it and kept it for the season
When new worlds should blossom in the springtime sky.

How have they blossomed, see the sky is like a garden!
Ah! how fresh the worlds look hanging on the slope!
Pluck one and wear it, Love, and ask the Gardener's
pardon,
Pluck out the Pleiads like a spray of heliotrope.

See Aldebaran like a red rose clamber,
See brave Betelgeux pranked with poppy light;
This young earth must float in floods of amber
Glowing with a crocus flame in the dells of night.

O you cannot cheat the soul of an inborn ambition,
'Tis a naked viewless thing living in its thought,
But it mounts through errors and by valleys of contrition
Till it conquers destiny and finds the thing it sought.

Crown her with stars, this angel of our planet,
Cover her with morning, this thing of pure delight,
Mantle her with midnight till a mortal cannot
See her for the garments of the light and the night.

The Ghost's Story

All my life long I heard the step
Of some one I would know,
Break softly in upon my days
And lightly come and go.

A foot so brisk I said must bear
A heart that's clean and clear;
If that companion blithe would come,
I should be happy here.

But though I waited long and well,
  He never came at all,
I grew aweary of the void,
  Even of the light foot-fall.

From loneliness to loneliness
  I felt my spirit grope--
At last I knew the uttermost,
  The loneliness of hope.

And just upon the border land,
  Where flesh and spirit part,
I knew the secret foot-fall was
  The beating of my heart.

Night

The night is old, and all the world
  Is wearied out with strife;
A long gray mist lies heavy and wan
  Above the house of life.

Four stars burn up and are unquelled
  By the low, shrunken moon;
Her spirit draws her down and down--
  She shall be buried soon.

There is a sound that is no sound,
  Yet fine it falls and clear,
The whisper of the spinning earth
  To the tranced atmosphere.

An odour lives where once was air,
  A strange, unearthly scent,
From the burning of the four great stars
  Within the firmament.

The universe, deathless and old,
  Breathes, yet is void of breath:
As still as death that seems to move
  And yet is still as death.

The Apparition

Gentle angel with your mantle,
  All of tender green,
I was yearning for a vision
  Of the life unseen.

When you hovered in the sunset,
  Just as rain was done;
Where the dropping from the poplars
  Seemed like rain begun.

There you gathered forming slowly,
  Rounding into view:
All your vesture glowed like verdure
  When the sap is new.

Then you mutely gave your warning
  And I felt the stress
Of its passion and its presage
  And its utterness.

There you swayed one tranquil moment,
  Mystically fair,
Then you were not of the sunset,
  Were not in the air.

At Sea

There are emerald pools in the sea,
  And wing-like flashes of light;
The sea is bound with the heavens
  In a large delight.

Night comes out of the east
  And rushes down on the sun;
The emerald pools and the light pools
  Are darkened and done.

Our boat dips and cleaves onward,
  Careless of night or of light,
Following the line of her compass
  By her engines' might.

Through the desert of air and of water,*
  Like the lonely soul of man,
Following her fate to the ending,
  Unaware of the hidden plan.

Sure only of battle and longing,
  Of the pain and the quest,
And beyond in the darkness somewhere
  Sure of her rest.

Madonna with Two Angels

Under the sky without a stain
The long, ripe, rippling of the grain;
Light, broadcast from the golden oats
Over the blackberry fences floats.
Madonna sits in a cedar chair
Tranquillized by the warm, still air;
One of the angels asleep on her knee
Under the shade of an apple tree.
The other angel holds a doll,
Covered warm in a tiny shawl;
The toy is supposed to be fast asleep
As the sister angel: in dimples deep
The grave, sweet charm on the baby face
Repeats the look of maturer grace
That hovers about Madonna's eyes,
One of the heavenly mysteries
From far ethereal latitudes
Where neither doubt nor trouble intrudes.
Ponder here in the orchard nest
On the truth of life made manifest:
The struggle and effort was all to prove
That the best of the world is home and love.

Mid-August

From the upland hidden,
  Where the hill is sunny
  Tawny like pure honey
  In the August heat,
Memories float unbidden
  Where the thicket serries
  Fragrant with ripe berries
  And the milk-weed sweet.

Like a prayer-mat holy
  Are the patterned mosses
  Which the twin-flower crosses
  With her flowerless vine;
In fragile melancholy
  The pallid ghost flowers hover
  As if to guard and cover
  The shadow of a shrine.

Where the pine-linnet lingered
The pale water searches,
The roots of gleaming birches
Draw silver from the lake;
The ripples, liquid-fingered,
Plucking the root-layers,
Fairy like lute players
Lulling music make.

O to lie here brooding
Where the pine-tree column
Rises dark and solemn
To the airy lair,
Where, the day eluding,
Night is couched dream laden,
Like a deep witch-maiden
Hidden in her hair.

In filmy evanescence
Wraithlike scents assemble,
Then dissolve and tremble
A little until they die;
Spirits of the florescence
Where the bees searched and tarried
Till the blossoms all were married
In the days before July.

Light has lost its splendour,
Light refined and sifted,
Cool light and dream drifted
Ventures even where,
(Seeping silver tender)
In the dim recesses,
Trembling mid her tresses,
Hides the maiden hair.

Covered with the shy-light,
Filling in the hushes,
Slide the tawny thrushes
Calling to their broods,
Hoarding till the twilight
The song that made for noon-days
Of the amorous June days
Preludes and interludes.

The joy that I am feeling
Is there something in it
Unlike the warble the linnet
Phrases and intones?
Or is a like thought stealing
With a rapture fine, free
Through the happy pine tree
Ripening her cones?

In some high existence
In another planet
Where their poets cannot
Know our birds and flowers,
Does the same persistence
Give the dreams they issue
Something like the tissue
Of these dreams of ours?

O to lie athinking--
Moods and whims! I fancy
Only necromancy
Could the web unroll,
Only somehow linking
Beauties that meet and mingle
In this quiet dingle
With the beauty of the whole.

Mist and Frost

Veil-like and beautiful
Gathered the dutiful
Mist in the night,
True to the messaging,
Dreamful and presaging
Vapour and light.

Ghostly and chill it is,
Pallid and still it is,
Sudden uprist;
What is there tragical,
Moving or magical,
Hid in the mist?

Millions of essences,
Fairy-like presences
Formless as yet;
Light-riven spangles,
Crystalline tangles
Floating unset.

Frost will come shepherding
Nowise enjeoparding
Frondage or flower;
Just a degree of it,
Nought can we see of it
Only its power.

Earth like a Swimmer
Plunged into the dimmer
  Wave of the night,
Now is uprisen,
An Elysian vision
  Of spray and of light.

'Tis the intangible
Delicate frangible
  Secret of mist,
Breathing may banish it,
Thought my evanish it,--
  Ponder and whist!

Passionless purity,
Calmness in surety
  Dwells everywhere,
A winnowed whiteness,
A lunar lightness
  Glows in the air.

But in the heart of it
Every least part of it
  Blooms with the charm,
Star-shape and frondage
Broken from bondage
  Forged into form.

Crystals encrusted,
Diamonds dusted
  Line everything,
Tiny the stencillings
Are as the pencillings
  On a moth's wing.

And O, what a wonder!
No farther asunder
  Than atoms are laid,
The arches and angles
Of star-froth and spangles
  Cast their own shade.

Out from the chalices,
The pigmy palaces
  Where the tint hides,
Opal and sapphire
Half-pearl and half-fire
  The colour slides;

Till the frail miracle
Rapturous lyrical
  Flushes and glows
With a wraith of florescence
That tempers or lessens
  The light of the snows.

Held all aquiver,--
But now with a shiver
  The power of the sun
Dissolves the laces
Of the tender mazes,
  All is undone.

But the old Earth brooding,
All wisdom including,
  Affirms and assures
That above the material,
Triumphal imperial
  Beauty endures.

The Beggar and the Angel

An angel burdened with self-pity
Came out of heaven to a modern city.

He saw a beggar on the street,
Where the tides of traffic meet.

A pair of brass-bound hickory pegs
Brought him his pence instead of legs.

A murky dog by him did lie,
Poodle, in part, his ancestry.

The angel stood and thought upon
This poodle-haunted beggar man.

"My life is grown a bore," said he,
"One long round of sciamachy;

I think I'll do a little good,
By way of change from angelhood."

He drew near to the beggar grim,
And gravely thus accosted him:

"How would you like, my friend, to fly
All day through the translucent sky;

To knock at the door of the red leaven,
And even to enter the orthodox heaven?

If you would care to know this joy,
I will surrender my employ,

And take your ills, collect your pelf,
An humble beggar like yourself.

For ages you these joys may know,
While I shall suffer here below;

And in the end we both may gain
Access of pleasure from my pain."

The stationary vagrant said,
"I do not mind, so go ahead."

The angel told the heavenly charm,
He felt a wing on either arm;

"Good-day," he said, "this floating's queer
If I should want to change next year--?"

"Pull out that feather!" the angel said,
"The one half black and the other half red."

The cripple cried, "Before you're through
You may get fagged, and if you do,--"

The angel superciliously--
"My transformed friend, don't think of me.

I shall be happy day and night,
In doing what I think is right."

"So so," the feathered beggar said,
"Good-bye, I am just overhead."

* * * * *

The angel when he grasped the dish,
Began to criticize his wish.

The seat was hard as granite rocks,
His real legs were in the box.

His knees were cramped, his shins were sore,
The lying pegs stuck out before.

In vain he clinked the dish and whined.
The passers-by seemed deaf and blind.

As pious looking as Saint Denis,
An urchin stole his catch-penny.

And even the beggar's drab-fleeced poodle
Began to know him for a noodle.

"It has an uncelestial scent,
The clothing of this mendicant;"

He cried, "That trickling down my spine
Is anything but hyaline.

This day is like a thousand years:
I'd give an age of sighs and tears

To see with his confectioned grin
One cherub sitting on his chin.

That cripple was by far too sly--
I wish he'd tumble from the sky,

That things might be as they were before;
I really cannot stand much more!"

* * * * *

The beggar in the angel's guise,
Rose far above the smoky skies.

But being a beggar, never saw
The charm of the compelling law

That turned the swinging universe:
'Twas gloomy as an empty purse.

Often with heaven in his head,
He blundered on a planet dead.

And when with an immortal fuss,
He singed his wings at Sirius,*

He plucked the feather with his teeth,
The charm was potent and beneath,

He saw the turmoil of the way
Grown wilder at the close of day,

With the sad poodle, can in hand,
The angel still at the old stand.

"My friend," said the angel, hemming and humming,
"Truly I thought you were never coming."

"That's an unhandsome thing to say,
Seeing I've only been gone a day.

But there's nothing in all your brazen sky
To match the cock of that poodle's eye."

"Take your dish and give me my wings,
'Tis but a fair exchange of things."

* * * * *

The beggar felt his garment's rot,
The horn ridge of each callous spot;

He clinked his can and was content;
His poverty was permanent.

Improvisation on an Old Song

(The refrain is quoted by Edward Fitzgerald
in one of his letters.)

Growing, growing, all the glory going;
Flashing out of fire and light, burning to a husk,
All the world's a-dying and failing in the dusk--
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

Rust is on the door-latch, ashes at the root,
Dry rot in the ridge-pole, canker in the fruit;
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

Plot, ye subtle statesmen,--a trace of melted wax;
Blind, ye haughty prelates,--a thread of ravelled flax;
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

March, ye mighty captains,--an eddy in the dust;
Rave, ye furious lovers,--a stain of crimson rust;
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

Pictures, poems, music--their essential soul,
Idle as dry roses in a silver bowl;
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

London is a hearsay, Paris but a myth,
Rome a wand of sweet-flag withered to the pith;
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

Palsy shakes the planets, frost has chilled the sun,
In a crushing silence the All is dead and done.
Growing, growing, all the glory going.

II

Going, going, all the glory growing,
See it stir and flutter; that is singing, hark!
Singing in the caverns of the primal dark.
Going, going, all the glory growing.

What is in the making, what immortal plan
Draws to its unfolding? 'Tis the Soul of man.
Going, going, all the glory growing.

See it mount and hover, singing as it goes,
Battling with the darkness, nourished by its woes;
Going, going, all the glory growing.

The bale-fires of midnight glaring in its eyes,
Past the phantom shadows see it rush and rise;
Going, going, all the glory growing.

The supernal morning on its dewy wings,
Soaring and scorning the lust of earthy things;
Going, going, all the glory growing.

The beatific noontide on its eager breast
Springing and singing to its halcyon rest;
Going, going, all the glory growing.

In its starry vesture not a vestige of the sod,
Winging still and singing to the heart of God.
Going, going, all the glory growing.

O Turn Once More

O turn once more!
The meadows where we mused and strayed together
Abound and glow yet with the ruby sorrel;
'Twas there the bluebirds fought and played together,
Their quarrel was a flying bluebird-quarrel;
Their nest is firm still in the burnished cherry,
They will come back there some day and be merry;
O turn once more.

O turn once more!
The spring we lingered at is ever steeping
The long, cool grasses where the violets hide,
Where you awoke the flower-heads from their sleeping
And plucked them, proud in their inviolate pride;
You left the roots, the roots will flower again,
O turn once more and pluck the flower again;
O turn once more.

O turn once more!
We were the first to find the fairy places
Where the tall lady-slippers scarf'd and snooded,
Painted their lovely thoughts upon their faces,
And then, bewitched by their own beauty, brooded;
This will recur in some enchanted fashion;
Time will repeat his miracles of passion;
O turn once more!

O turn once more!
What heart is worth the longing for, the winning,
That is not moved by currents of surprise;
Who never breaks the silken thread in spinning,
Shows a bare spindle when the daylight dies;
The constant blood will yet flow full and tender;
The thread will mended be though gossamer-slender;
O turn once more.

At the Gill-Nets

Tug at the net,
Haul at the net,
Strip off the quivering fish;
Hid in the mist
The winds whist,
Is like my heart's wish.

What is your wish,
Your heart's wish?
Is it for home on the hills?
Strip off the fish,
The silver fish,
Caught by their rosy gills.

How can I know,
I love you so,
Each little thought I get
Is held so,
It dies you know,
Caught in your heart's net.

Tug at your net,
Your heart's net,
Strip off my silver fancies;
Keep them in rhyme,
For a dull time,
Fragile as frost pansies.

A Love Song

I gave her a rose in early June,
Fed with the sun and the dew,
Each petal I said is a note in the tune,
The rose is the whole tune through and through,
The tune is the whole red-hearted rose,
Flush and form, honey and hue,
Lull with the cadence and throb to the close,
I love you, I love you, I love you.

She gave me a rose in early June,
Fed with the sun and the dew,
Each petal she said is a mount in the moon,
The rose is the whole moon through and through,
The moon is the whole pale-hearted rose,
Round and radiance, burnish and blue,
Break in the flood-tide that murmurs and flows,
I love you, I love you, I love you.

This is our love in early June,
Fed with the sun and the dew,
Moonlight and roses hid in a tune,
The roses are music through and through,
The moonlight falls in the breath of the rose,
Light and cadence, honey and hue,
Mingle, and murmur, and flow to the close,
I love you, I love you, I love you.

Three Songs

I

Where love is life
The roses blow,
Though winds be rude
And cold the snow,
The roses climb
Serenely slow,
They nod in rhyme,

We know--we know
Where love is life
The roses blow.

Where life is love
The roses blow,
Though care be quick
And sorrows grow,
Their roots are twined
With rose-roots so
That rosebuds find
A way to show
Where life is love
The roses blow.

II

Nothing came here but sunlight,
  Nothing fell here but rain,
Nothing blew but the mellow wind,
  Here are the flowers again!

No one came here but you, dear,
  You with your magic train
Of brightness and laughter and lightness,
  Here is my joy again!

III

I have songs of dancing pleasure,
  I have songs of happy heart,
Songs are mine that pulse in measure
  To the throbbing of the mart.

Songs are mine of magic seeming,
  In a land of love forlorn,
Where the joys are had for dreaming,
  At a summons from the horn.

But my sad songs come unbidden,
  Rising with a wilder zest,
From the bitter pool that's hidden,
  Deep--deep--deep within my breast.

The Sailor's Sweetheart

O if love were had for asking,
  In the markets of the town,
Hardly a lass would think to wear
  A fine silken gown:
But love is had by grieving
By choosing and by leaving,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O if love were had for a deep wish
  In the deadness of the night,
There'd be a truce to longing
  Between the dusk and the light:
But love is had for sighing,
For living and for dying,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O if love were had for taking
  Like honey from the hive,
The bees that made the tender stuff
  Could hardly keep alive:
But love it is a wounded thing,
A tremor and a smart,
And there's no one left to kiss me now
Over my heavy heart.

Feuilles D'Automne

Gather the leaves from the forest
  And blow them over the world,
The wind of winter follows
  The wind of autumn furled.

Only the beech tree cherishes
  A leaf or two for ruth,
Their stems too tough for the tempest,
  Like thoughts of love and of youth.

You may sit by the fire and ponder
  While darkness veils the pane,
And fear that your memories are rushing away
  In the wind and the rain.

But you'll find them in the quiet
When the clouds race with the moon,
Making the tender silver sound
Of a beech in the month of June.

For you cannot rob the memory
Of the leaves it loves the best;
The wind of time may harry them,
It rushes away with the rest.

To the Heroic Soul

I

Nurture thyself, O Soul, from the clear spring
That wells beneath the secret inner shrine*;
Commune with its deep murmur,--'tis divine;
Be faithful to the ebb and flow that bring
The outer tide of Spirit to trouble and swing
The inlet of thy being. Learn to know
These powers, and life with all its venom and show
Shall have no force to dazzle thee or sting:

And when Grief comes thou shalt have suffered more
Than all the deepest woes of all the world;
Joy, dancing in, shall find thee nourished with mirth;
Wisdom shall find her Master at thy door;
And Love shall find thee crowned with love empearled;
And death shall touch thee not but a new birth.

II

Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And that alone prevails which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave:
Then from the portal where the ripple rings,
He bursts into the boundless morning,--free!

Retrospect

This is the mockery of the moving years;
Youth's colour dies, the fervid morning glow
Is gone from off the foreland; slow, slow,
Even slower than the fount of human tears
To empty, the consuming shadow nears
That Time is casting on the worldly show
Of pomp and glory. But falter not;--below
That thought is based a deeper thought that cheers.

Glean thou thy past; that will alone inure
To catch thy heart up from a dark distress;
It were enough to find one deed mature,
Deep-rooted, mighty 'mid the toil and press;
To save one memory of the sweet and pure,
From out life's failure and its bitterness.

Frost Magic

I

Now, in the moonrise, from a wintry sky,
The frost has come to charm with elfin might
This quiet room; to draw with symbols bright
Faces and forms in fairest charactery
Upon the casement; all the thoughts that lie
Deep hidden in my heart's core he would tell,
How the red shoots of fancy strike and swell,
How they are watered, what soil nourished by.

With eerie power he piles his atomies,
Incrusted gems, star-glances overborne
With lids of sleep pulled from the moth's bright eyes,
And forests of frail ferns, blanched and forlorn,
Where Oberon of unimagined size
Might in the silver silence wind his horn.

II

With these alone he draws in magic lines,
Faces that people dreams, and chiefly one
Happy and brilliant as the northern sun,
And by its darling side there gleams and shines
One of God's children with the laughing signs
Of dimples, and glad accents, and sweet cries,
That angels are and heaven's memories:
The wizard thus my soul's estate divines;
All it holds dear he sets alone apart,
Etches the past in likeness of dim groves

Silvered in quiet rime and with rare art,
In crystal spoils and fairy treasure-troves,
He draws the picture of the happy heart,
By those who love it most, whom most it loves.

In Snow-Time

I have seen things that charmed the heart to rest:
Faint moonlight on the towers of ancient towns,
Flattering the soul to dream of old renowns;
The first clear silver on the mountain crest
Where the lone eagle by his chilly nest
Called the lone soul to brood serenely free;
Still pools of sunlight shimmering in the sea,
Calm after storm, wherein the storm seemed blest.

But here a peace deeper than peace is furled,
Enshrined and chaliced from the changeful hour;
The snow is still, yet lives in its own light.
Here is the peace which brooded day and night,
Before the heart of man with its wild power
Had ever spurned or trampled the great world.

To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War

O noble youth that held our honour in keeping,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
And brought it in with shouts and exultation;
With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
Of suns unwearied; all unwithered, wearing
Thy valor stainless in our heart of hearts.

The Closed Door

The dew falls and the stars fall,
The sun falls in the west,
But never more
Through the closed door,
Shall the one that I loved best
Return to me:
A salt tear is the sea,
All earth's air is a sigh,
But they never can mourn for me
With my heart's cry,
For the one that I loved best
Who caressed me with her eyes,
And every morning came to me,
With the beauty of sunrise,
Who was health and wealth and all,
Who never shall answer my call,
While the sun falls in the west,
The dew falls and the stars fall.

By a Child's Bed

She breathéd deep,
And stepped from out life's stream
Upon the shore of sleep;
And parted from the earthly noise,
Leaving her world of toys,
To dwell a little in a dell of dream.

Then brooding on the love I hold so free,
My fond possessions come to be
Clouded with grief;
These fairy kisses,
This archness innocent,
Sting me with sorrow and disturbed content:
I think of what my portion might have been,
A dearth of blisses,
A famine of delights,
If I had never had what now I value most;
Till all I have seems something I have lost;
A desert underneath the garden shows,
And in a mound of cinders roots the rose.

Here then I linger by the little bed,
Till all my spirit's sphere,
Grows one half brightness and the other dead,
One half all joy, the other vague alarms;
And, holding each the other half in fee,

Floats like the growing moon
That bears implicitly
Her lessening pearl of shadow
Clasped in the crescent silver of her arms.

Elizabeth Speaks
(Aetat Six)

Now every night we light the grate
And I sit up till <u>really</u> late;
My Father sits upon the right,
My Mother on the left, and I
Between them on an ancient chair,
That once belonged to my Great-Gran,
Before my Father was a man.
We sit without another light;
I really, truly never tire
Watching that space, as black as night,
That hangs behind the fire;
For there sometimes, you know,
The dearest, queerest little sparks,
Without a sound creep to and fro;
Sometimes they form in rings
Or lines that look like many things,
Like skipping ropes, or hoops, or swings:
Before you know what you're about,
They all go out!

My Father says that they are gnomes,
Beyond the grate they have their homes,
In a tall, black, and windy town,
Behind a door we cannot see.
Often when it's time for bed
The children run away instead,
Out through the door to see our fire,
Then their angry parents come
With every candle in the town,
The beadle with his lantern too,
And search and rummage up and down,
To catch the children as they play,
Between the rows of new-mown hay,
And bring them home;
(They must be, O, so very small,
How do they capture them at all?
But then they must be <u>very</u> dear);
When they can find no more
They blow a horn we cannot hear,
And march with the beadle at their head,
Right through the little open door,
Then close it tight and go to bed.

My Mother says that may be so;
(They both agree they're gnomes, you know).
She says, she thinks that every night,
The gnomes have had a fearful fight;
Their valiant General has been slain,
And all the soldiers leave the camp
To dig his grave upon the plain;
They drag the General on a gun;
Every bandsman has a lamp
And there's a torch for every one,
They dig his grave with bayonets
And wrap him grandly in his flag.
Then they gather in a ring,
The band plays very soft and low,
And all the soldiers sing.
(Of course we cannot hear, you know,)
Then some one calls "The enemy comes!"
They muffle up their pipes and drums;
Every soldier in a fright
Puts out his light.
Then hand in hand, and very still,
They clamber up the dark, dark hill
And hold their breath tight--tight.

(I'd like to know which tale is right.)

O! there is something I forgot!
Sometimes one little spark burns on
Long after the rest have gone.

My Father says that lamp is left
By a little crooked, crotchety man,
Who cannot find his wayward son;
When the horn begins to blow,
He has to drop his light and run.
Of course he limps so slow
He squeezes through the very last,
When he is gone the naughty scamp
Jumps up and puff! out goes the lamp.

My Mother* says that is the light,
Borne by the very bravest knight;
He is so very, very brave,
He would not leave his General's grave.
And when the Enemy General tries
To make him tell where his General lies,
He answers boldly, "I--will--not!"
Then they shoot him on the spot,
And give a horrid, dreadful shout,
And then of course his light goes out.

I sit and think when they are through,
Which tale I like best of the two.
Sometimes I like the Father one;
It is such fun!
But then I love the Mother one,
That dear brave soldier and the rest:--
Now which one do you like the best?

A Legend of Christ's Nativity

At Bethlehem upon the hill,
The day was done, the night was nigh,
The dusk was deep and had its will,
The stars were very small and still,
Like unblown tapers, faint and high.

The noises had begun to fall,
And quiet stole upon the place,
The howl of dogs along the wall,
Voices that from the housetops call
And answer, and the grace

Of some low breath of even-song
Grew faint apace: between the rocks
In misty pastures, and along
The dim hillside with crook and thong
The lonely shepherds watched their flocks.

The Inn-master within the Inn
Called loudly out after this sort,
"Draw no more water, cease the din,
Pile the loose fodder, and begin
To turn the mules out of the court.

The time has come to shut the gate,
Make way," he cried, and then began
To sweep and set the litter straight,
And pile the saddle-bags and freight
Of some belated caravan.

The drivers whirled their beasts about,
And beat them on with shoutings great;
The nosebags slipped, the feed flew out,
The water-buckets reeled, the rout
Went jostling onward to the gate.

Came one unto the master then,
Hasting to find him through the gloom,
"Give us a place to rest;" and when
He spake, the master cried again,
"There is no room--there is no room."

"But I have come from Nazareth,
  Full three days' toil to Bethlehem"--
"What matters that," the master saith,
"For here is hardly room for breath;
  The guests curse me for crowding them."

"Hold, Sir! leave me not so, I pray"--
  He plucked him sudden by the sleeve,
"My wife is with me and doth say,
Her hour hath come, I beg you, stay,
  And make some plan for her relief."

"Two hours ago you might have had
  The chamber wherein stands the loom;
But then to drive me wholly mad,
Came this great merchant from Baghdad,
  And thrust himself into the room.

"There is no other shelf to call
  A bed--But just beyond the gate,
You may find shelter in a stall,
If there be shelter left at all,
  You may be even now too late."

Beyond the gate within the night,
  A figure rested on the ground,
About her all the rout took flight,
The dizzy noise, the flashing light,
  The mules were tramping all around.

Leaning in mute expectancy,
  Beneath a stunted sycamore,
She added darkness utterly,
To the dim light, the shrouded tree,
  By her hands held her face before.

And yet to mock her eye's desire,
  The cavern into which she stared,
Was lit with disks and lines of fire;
When triple darkness did conspire,
  The secret founts of light were bared.

And all the wheeling fire was rife
  With haunting fears, her broken breath
Grew short with this prophetic strife;
What was for one the dawn of life,
  Would be for one the dawn of death.

Meantime the stranger with a lamp,
  Which lit the darkness, small and wan,
Searched where the mules did tramp and stamp,
Amid the litter and the damp,
  For some small place to rest upon.

And there against the furthest wall,
  Where the black shade was dense and deep,
He found a mean and meager stall,
But there when the weak light did fall,
  He found a little lad asleep.

He lifted up his childish head,
  And smiled serenely at the light,
"And have you found him, then," he said,
"My brother who I thought was dead,
  I lost him in the crowd last night.

"His name is Ezra, and he is
  So tall and strong that when I try,
Standing on tiptoe for a kiss
I could not reach, except for this,
  He lifts me up so easily.

"I had two little doves to take
  Up to the booths"--he held his breath,
"Peace, child! and for your mother's sake,
Yield me this place--nay, nay! awake!
  My weary wife is sick to death."

"I will," the little lad replied
  "I promised never to forget
My mother, years ago she died,
I will lie out on the hillside,
  And I may find dear Ezra yet."

And now she drooped her weary head,
  Within that comfortless manger,
It might have been a palace bed,
With canopy of gold instead,
  So little did she know or care.

Gentle Jesus, slumber mild,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Succored by a little child,
  Lull, lullaby.

You of children are the king,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Sovereign to all ministering,
  Lull, lullaby.

Grace you bring them from above,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
They give promise, lisping love,
  Lull, lullaby.

And out upon the darkened hill,
  With all the quiet-pastured sheep,
Charmed by the falling of a rill,
Where in the pool it cadenced still,
  The little lad was fallen asleep.

All his young dreams were robed with power.
  And glad were all his vision folk;
He wandered on from hour to hour,
With Ezra, happy as a flower
  That blooms safe-shadowed by the oak.

But once before his dreams were told,
  He thought he saw within the deep
Vault of the sky a rose unfold,
Made all of fire and lovely gold,
  Whose petals seemed to glow and leap,

As if each dewy, crystal cell
  Were a great angel live with light,
And trembling to the coronal,
Merging in sheen of pearl and shell,
  With his great comrade, equal, bright,

Until the petals flashed and sprang,
  And folded to the central heart;
Music there was that showered and rang,
As if each angel harped and sang,
  Controlled by some celestial art.

The child saw splendour without name,
  And turned and smiled, and all the noise
Of strings and singing sank; it came
Faint and dream-altered, yet the same,
  Soft-tempered to his mother's voice.

Slumber, slumber, gentle child,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Sweet as henna, dear and mild,
  Lull, lullaby.

You the first of all the race,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Gave your master early grace,
  Lull, lullaby.

Gave a shelter for his head,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Took the chilly earth instead,
  Lull, lullaby.

Now take comfort,* infant earth,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Jesus Christ is come to birth,
  Lull, lullaby.

For his principality,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Children cluster at his knee,
  Lull, lullaby.

Hail the heaven-happy age,
  Lullaby, lullaby;
Love begins his pilgrimage,
  Lull, lullaby.

Willow-Pipes

So in the shadow by the nimble flood
He made her whistles of the willow wood,
Flutes of one note with mellow slender tone;
(A robin piping in the dusk alone).
Lively the pleasure was the wand to bruise,
And notch the light rod for its lyric use,
Until the stem gave up its tender sheath,
And showed the white and glistening wood beneath.
And when the ground was covered with light chips,
Grey leaves and green, and twigs and tender slips,
They placed the well-made whistles in a row
And left them for the careless wind to blow.

Angel

Come to me when grief is over,
  When the tired eyes,
Seek thy cloudy wings to cover
  Close their burning skies.

Come to me when tears have dwindled
  Into drops of dew,
When the sighs like sobs re-kindled
  Are but deep and few.

Hold me like a crooning mother,
Heal me of the smart;
All mine anguish let me smother
In thy brooding heart.

Christmas Folk-Song

Those who die on Christmas Day
(I heard the triumphant Seraph say)
Will be remembered, for they died
Upon the Holy Christmastide;
When they attain to Paradise,
The Angels with the tranquil Eyes
Will ask if Jesus rules on Earth
The Anniversary of His Birth;
This Question do they ask alway
Of those who die on Christmas Day.

Those who are born on Christmas Day
(I heard the triumphant Seraph say)
Will bring again the Peace on Earth
That came with gentle Christ His Birth;
They may be lowly Folk and poor
Living about the Manger Door,
They may be Kings of Mighty Line,
Their Lives alike will be benign;
To them belongeth Peace alway,
Those who are born on Christmas Day.

From Beyond

Here there is balm for every tender heart
Wounded by life;
Rest for each one who bore a valiant part
Crushed in the strife.

I suffered there and held a losing fight
Even to the grave;
And now I know that it was very right
To suffer and be brave.

The Leaf

This silver-edged geranium leaf
Is one sign of a bitter grief
Whose symbols are a myriad more;
They cluster round a carven stone
Where she who sleeps is never alone
For two hearts at the core,

Bound with her heart make one of three,
A trinity in unity,
One sentient heart that grieves;
And myriad dark-leaved memories keep
Vigil above the triune sleep,--
Edged all with silver are the leaves.

A Mystery Play

Characters

The Father. The Child. Death. Angels. Two Travellers.

. . . . .

The even settles still and deep,
In the cold sky the last gold burns,
Across the colour snowflakes creep.
Each one from grey to glory turns
Then flutters into nothingness;
The frost down falls with mighty stress
Through the swift cloud that parts on high;
The great stars shrivel into less
In the hard depth of the iron sky.

. . . . .

The Child:
  What is that light, dear father,
    That light in the dark, dark sky?

The Father:
  Those are the lights of the city
    And the villages thereby.

The Child:
  There must be fire in the city
    To throw that yellow glare;
  And fire in the little villages
    On all the hearthstones there.

The Father, musing:
Yea, flames are on the hearthstones;
The ovens are full of bread,
But here the coals are dying
And the flames are dead.

The Child:
What is the cold, dear father?
It stings like an angry bee.
Wherever it stings my hand turns white,
See!

The Father:
The cold is a beast, my dear one,
With his paws he tears at the thatch,
His breath is a curse and a warning,
You can see it creep on the latch.

The Child:
If 'tis a wolf, dear father,
That lies with his paw on the floor,
Let us heat the spade in the embers
And drive him away from the door.

Angels:
God is the power of growth,
In the snail and the tree,
God is the power of growth
In the heart of the man.

The Child:
Did you not hear the singing,
Voices overhead?
Mother's voice and Ruth's voice,
Voices of the dead.

The Father, musing:
Our Ruth died in the springtime,
With the spade I turned the sod,
We buried her by the brier rose,
Her life is hid with God.

The Child:
All summer long in the garden
No roses came to the tree.
Father, was it for sorrow,
Sorrow for thee and me?

The Father:
Roses grew in the garden,
I saw them at morning and even,
Shadows of earthly roses
They bloomed for fingers in heaven.

. . . . .

The air is very clear and still,
The moonlight falls from half the sphere;
The shadow from the silver hill
Fills half the vale, and half is clear
As the moon's self with cloudless snow;
By the dead stream the alders throw
Their shadows, shot with tingling spars;
On the sheer height the elm trees glow:
Their tops are tangled with the stars.

. . . . .

The Child:
Father, the coals are dying,
See! I have heated the spade,
Let me throw the door wide open,
I will not be afraid.

The Father:
Let me kiss you once on the forehead,
And once on your darling eyes;
We may see them both at the dawning,
In the dales of Paradise.

The Child:
And if I only see them,
I will tell them how you smiled;
For the wolf, you know, is angry,
And I am a little child.

Death:
Undaunted spirits,
I give thee peace,
For a world of dread--
Calm.
For desperate toil—
Rest.
Thou who didst say,
When the waters of poverty
Waxed deep, deep,
What we bear is best;
Just ones,
I give thee sleep.

First Traveller:
Keep up your spirits, I know
There's a cabin under the hill,
The fellow will make a roaring fire;
We'll heat our hands and drink our fill
And go warm to our heart's desire!

Second Traveller:
The door is open,--Heigho!
This pair will claim neither crown nor groat,
The man has gripped his garden spade
As if he would dig his grave in the snow;
The boy has the face of a saint, I trow;
His brow says, "I was not afraid!"

First Traveller:
Ah, well, these things must be, you know!
Gather your sables around your throat;
Give us that story about the monk,
His niece, and the wandering conjurer,
Just to keep our blood astir.

The Angels:
The heart of God,
The worlds and man,
Are fashioned and molded,
In a subtle plan;
Passion outsurges,
Sweeps far but converges;
Nothing is lost,
Sod or stone,
But comes to its own;
Bear well thy joy,
'Tis mixed with alloy,
Bear well thy grief,
'Tis a rich full sheaf:
Gather the souls that have passed in the night,
Theirs is the peace and the light.

. . . . .

The moon is gone, the dawning brings
A deeper dark with silver blent,
Above the wells where, myriad, springs
Light from the crimson orient;
The elms are born, the shadows creep,
Tremble and melt away--one sweep
The great soft colour floods and flows,
Where under snow the roses sleep;
The morn has turned the snow to rose.

To the Canadian Mothers

and Three Other Poems

Somewhere in France

The storm was done
And fragments of the sun
Fell on the great Cathedral front
Of saints and heroes,
And fell on a woman's form
That vanished through the porch.
She pushed the leathern door
And saw the great rose-window like a torch
Colour the million ghosts of the dead incense.
She paused at the bénitier
And trembled down the aisle,
She thought to make a prayer,
She knelt but could not pray;
A month on yesterday
Her lover had been killed at Verdun.

Deep grief dawns slowly
And the light was on her soul.

She thought on God and called on Christ,
And fainted in her woe.
And lo!
As she leant against the pillar,
Pale like a saint--stiller
Than death--from out the stone
Thrilled a warm tone,
As if an Angel spoke:
"Thou are not here alone,
Thy sorrow woke
One who once loved as thou,
Long, long ago.
Noble he was--and he stooped low,
His princely people said,
To crown me.
Him they banished oversea
To kill his love,
They could not--this have I for proof,
They killed me here instead,
They walled me up at night within the stone
When this church was abuilding,
A narrow niche, and I was all alone.
It did not take me long to die,
And now my little dust has enough room.
But love can never die,
And when I felt my heart cry out in thine
I rose after three hundred years
To kiss your tears,
And tell you that our little wells of love
Have springs in the great deeps thereof.

And this I know in mine own soul,
And by the blessed rood,
There is a solitude
Beyond his death and thine
Where time shall have no hours,
Where you shall be together,
Till then above mischance
Thy soul is guarded in the soul of France."

And then the lovely shape within the stone
Fell into silence, and a little dust
Fell in the silence.

But she who was so strangely comforted,
Left the dim shrine,
And pushed the leathern door,
And stood upon the threshold in the shine
Struck from a thousand banners in the sky,
Where a great tempest-sunset marching by
Deployed before the portal
As all the flags of France were beating there
In the flushed air
Triumphant and immortal.

To a Canadian Aviator who Died for his Country in France

Tossed like a falcon from the hunter's wrist,
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering noise,
And thou hast dared, with a long spiral twist,
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-chant
Subdued to a whisper--then a silence,--
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke--a breathless exhalation.

But ere that came a vision sealed thine eyes,
Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence it sprang.

In all their eyries, eagles shall mourn thy fate,
And leaving on the lonely crags and scaurs
Their unprotected young, shall congregate
High in the tenuous heaven and anger the sun
With screams, and with a wild audacity
Dare all the battle danger of thy flight;
Till weary with combat one shall desert the light,
Fall like a bolt of thunder and check his fall
On the high ledge, smoky with mist and cloud,
Where his neglected eaglets shriek aloud,
And drawing the film across his sovereign sight
Shall dream of thy swift soul immortal
Mounting in circles, faithful beyond death.

To the Canadian Mothers
1914-1918

Why mourn thy dead, that are the world's possession*?
These, our Immortals--Shall we give them up
To the complaint of private loss and dole?
Nay--mourn for them, if mourn thou must,--
Grief is thy private treasure;
Thy soul alone can count its weight or measure.
But we who know they saved the world
Think of them joined to that unwithering throng,
Who in the long dread strife
Have thought and fought for Liberty:
When she was but a faint pulsation in the mind,
The faintest rootlet of a growing thought,
They nourished her with tears
And gave their dreams to add depth to her foliage;
And when the enemy ravaged her bright blossoms,
Drenched her with their rich blood
To prove she lived and was the ever-living.
These are the true Immortals,
The deathless ones that saved the world.

Nay, weep, if weep thou must
And think upon thy lad, onetime in trust
To fortune; of his gallant golden head
And all the wayward sanctities of childhood;
Of how he crowned thy life with confidences;
Of the odour of his body, lulled with sleep,

Confusing thy dim prayers for some best future
With the sheer love that is the deepest:
False fortune has destroyed her hostages!
Old joys are bitter, bitter as very death!
Let break thy heart and so be comforted.

Be comforted, for we have claimed the child
And taken him to be with light and glory;
Not as we knew him in his earthly days
The lovely one, the virtuous, the dauntless,--
Or one who was a boaster, thick with faults
Perchance,--but as the index of the time,
The stay and nurture of the world's best hope,
The peerless seed of valour and victory.

Here in a realm beyond the fading world,
We garner them and hold them in abeyance
Ere we deliver them to light and silence--
The vestiges of battle fallen away--
Fragments of storm parting about the moon,--
Here in the dim rock-chambers, garlanded
With frail sea-roses perfumed by the sea
That murmurs of renown, and murmuring,
Scatters the cool light won by the ripple
From the stormless moon, cloistered with memory,
Whose dim caves front the immortal vistas
Plangent with renown, here they await
The light, the glory and the ultimate rest.

Be comforted,--nay sob, if sob thou must,
Cover thy face and dim thy hair with dust,
And we who know they live
Gather thy dead in triumph--
Exalted from the caves of memory,
Purified from the least assail* of time,--
And lay them with all that is most living,
In light transcendent,
In the ageless aisles of silence,
With the Immortals that have saved the world.

Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell

Lift up thine eyes, Sad Earth,
From contemplation of the years of wrong;
Shake the last tears away,
And through thy glistening lashes
See how the bright dawn flashes
On the dark frontiers of another day.

He who was born a hundred years ago
Greets thee from out his silence;
He had his share in that great answer
Of the million-throated, No!
To the base plot for Freedom's overthrow;
All lovers of divinest Liberty
Were present in that concord,
And Lowell's voice, free
With the freedom of two nations,
Vibrated in that trumpet tone:
How could that soul be alien and alone
Who nourished Freedom in her direst need?
Watcher of the world's turbid tide,
He found our faults; Truth was his only pride;
But Truth had taken Humour by the hand
For counsel, that she might better understand;
His mind was cheered and lit
By the still silver lamps of elder days;
He pierced the gloom of many a clinging haze
With arrows of burning wit;
He knew that Thought is master of Deed,
He dwelt in mansions with the Lords of Thought,
And by their wisdom we are freed.

Thought flies before the venture,
Prompting with lonely impulse
When it moves and breathes;
When the deed is fact,
And Victor-laughter crowns the act,
Thought heaps the ringing portal
With the roses and the wreaths;
When they are old
Thought summons a few words,
Clear with light and the songs of birds,
Graves them with gold;
The deed is made immortal!

Come, let us dream the dream
That Milton and Shelley,
That Lowell and Whitman dreamed,
Prompting the Future with our thought,
Then when the deed is wrought,
The thinkers who come after

Will join their thought with ours
And crown the event;-
Liberty justified of her roots and flowers:
Then we, with silence blent,
Shall feel the Victor-laughter
Thrill all our silence, and shall be well content.

Beauty and Life

Ode for the Keats Centenary

February 23, 1921.

Read at Hart House Theatre before the University of Toronto.

The Muse is stern unto her favoured sons,
Giving to some the keys of all the joy
Of the green earth, but holding even that joy
Back from their life;
Bidding them feed on hope,
A plant of bitter growth,
Deep-rooted in the past;
Truth, 'tis a doubtful art
To make Hope sweeten
Time as it flows;
For no man knows
Until the very last,
Whether it be a sovereign herb that he has eaten,
Or his own heart.

O stern, implacable Muse,
Giving to Keats so richly dowered,
Only the thought that he should be
Among the English poets after death;
Letting him fade with that expectancy,
All powerless to unfold the future!
What boots it that our age has snatched him free
From thy too harsh embrace,
Has given his fame the certainty
Of comradeship with Shakespeare's?
He lies alone
Beneath the frown of the old Roman stone
And the cold Roman violets;
And not our wildest incantation
Of his most sacred lines,
Nor all the praise that sets
Towards his pale grave,
Like oceans towards the moon,
Will move the Shadow with the pensive brow
To break his dream,
And give unto him now
One word!--

When the young master reasoned
That our puissant England
Reared her great poets by neglect,
Trampling them down in the by-paths of Life
And fostering them with glory after death,
Did any flame of triumph from his own fame
Fall swift upon his mind; the glow
Cast back upon the bleak and aching air
Blown round his days--?

Happily so!
But he, whose soul was mighty as the soul
Of Milton, who held the vision of the world
As an irradiant orb self-filled with light,
Who schooled his heart with passionate control
To compass knowledge, to unravel the dense
Web of this tangled life, he would weigh slight
As thistledown blown from his most fairy fancy
That pale self-glory, against the mystery,
The wonder of the various world, the power
Of "seeing great things in loneliness."

Where bloodroot in the clearing dwells
Along the edge of snow;
Where, trembling all their trailing bells,
The sensitive twinflowers blow;

Where, searching through the ferny breaks,
The moose-fawns find the springs;
Where the loon laughs and diving takes
Her young beneath her wings;

Where flash the fields of arctic moss
With myriad golden light;
Where no dream-shadows ever cross
The lidless eyes of night;

Where, cleaving a mountain storm, the proud
Eagles, the clear sky won,
Mount the thin air between the loud
Slow thunder and the sun;

Where, to the high tarn tranced and still
No eye has ever seen,
Comes the first star its flame to chill
In the cool deeps of green;--
Spirit of Keats, unfurl thy wings,
Far from the toil and press,
Teach us by these pure-hearted things,
Beauty in loneliness.

Where, in the realm of thought, dwell those
Who oft in pain and penury
Work in the void,
Searching the infinite dark between the stars,
The infinite little of the atom,
Gathering the tears and terrors of this life,
Distilling them to a medicine for the soul;
(And hated for their thought
Die for it calmly;
For not their fears,
Nor the cold scorn of men,

Fright them who hold to truth:)
They brood alone in the intense serene
Air of their passion,
Until on some chill dawn
Breaks the immortal form foreshadowed in their dream,
And the distracted world and men
Are no more what they were.
Spirit of Keats, unfurl thy deathless wings,
Far from the wayward toil, the vain excess,
Teach us by such soul-haunting things
Beauty in loneliness.

The minds of men grow numb, their vision narrows,
The clogs of Empire and the dust of ages,
The lust of power that fogs the fairest pages,
Of the romance that eager life would write,
These war on Beauty with their spears and arrows.
But still is Beauty and of constant power;
Even in the whirl of Time's most sordid hour,
Banished from the great highways,
Affrighted by the tramp of insolent feet,
She hangs her garlands in the by-ways;
Lissome and sweet
Bending her head to hearken and learn
Melody shadowed with melody,
Softer than shadow of sea-fern,
In the green-shadowed sea:
Then, nourished by quietude,
And if the world's mood
Change, she may return
Even lovelier than before.--

The white reflection in the mountain lake
Falls from the white stream
Silent in the high distance;
The mirrored mountains guard
The profile of the goddess of the height,
Floating in water with a curve of crystal light;
When the air, envious of the loveliness,
Rushes downward to surprise,
Confusion plays in the contact,
The picture is overdrawn
With ardent ripples,
But when the breeze, warned of intrusion,
Draws breathless upward in flight,
The vision reassembles in tranquillity,
Reforming with a gesture of delight,
Reborn with the rebirth of calm.

Spirit of Keats, lend us thy voice,
Breaking like surge in some enchanted cave
On a dream-sea-coast,
To summon Beauty to her desolate world.

For Beauty has taken refuge from our life
That grew too loud and wounding;
Beauty withdraws beyond the bitter strife,
Beauty is gone, (Oh where?)
To dwell within a precinct of pure air
Where moments turn to months of solitude;
To live on roots of fern and tips of fern,
On tender berries flushed with the earth's blood.
Beauty shall stain her feet with moss
And dye her cheek with deep nut-juices,
Laving her hands in the pure sluices
Where rainbows are dissolved.
Beauty shall view herself in pools of amber sheen
Dappled with peacock-tints from the green screen
That mingles liquid light with liquid shadow.
Beauty shall breathe the fairy hush
With the chill orchids in their cells of shade,
And hear the invocation of the thrush
That calls the stars into their heaven,
And after even
Beauty shall take the night into her soul.
When the thrill voice goes crying through the wood,
(Oh, Beauty, Beauty!)
Troubling the solitude
With echoes from the lonely world,
Beauty will tremble like a cloistered thing
That hears temptation in the outlands singing,
Will steel her dedicated heart and breathe
Into her inner ear to firm her vow:--
"Let me restore the soul that ye have marred.
O mortals, cry no more on Beauty,
Leave me alone, lone mortals,
Until my shaken soul comes to its own,
Lone mortals, leave me alone!"
(Oh Beauty, Beauty, Beauty!)
All the dim wood is silent as a dream
That dreams of silence.

Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme

It was high spring, and all the way
Primrosed, and hung with shade.
Henry Vaughan, 1622-1695.

I

O younge and freschë was the lovely Eve
Who was our moder, and of fayre visage
When sche her house in Eden-bower must leave
With Adam whom God made in His image,
As the good bookë saith; in youth and age
Study it close and con the gospel well,
For it will save your seely soul from Hell.

A Poete telleth in an olde romaunt
Of our foreparents and their first distress.
They were all naked sauf for the kinde plaunt,
Where Eve had gathered leaves them for to dress.
They were adrad at the broode wilderness,
Shivering bothe, altho they knew ne cold,
For the high sonne was shining bright and bold.

When the wing-schuldered aungel there did stonde,
And shake his sword in flame of gold and red,
Adam espied that in her little honde
Eve covered something that it cherishèd.
What was it Eva from the aungel hid?
Sche without ever askin Goddis pardon
Had a small primrose taken from His garden.

And there sche guarded it all faithfully,
Like as a youngë priest sholde guard the Host,
Then looking on its beauty, sodenly
Her timid mind with payne was rudely crost,
Sche thought on all the blossoms sche had lost,
And the first tear of all the teares sche shed,
Fell down upon the litel yalow head.

But when our fader Adam saw her payne,
His hert was all aswownying with her grief,
For he of gentle Eva was full fayne
And tender at the hert beyond belief.
He went away as he had been a thief,
And where he went the Poete did not know,
But all that day Eve never saw him mo.

II

All in the high May-time,
The only merry play-time,
A pedlar comes clad all in yellow;
Down the lane as he passes,
The lads and the lasses
Crowd after the impudent fellow.

He sells ballads and snatches
Of glees and of catches,
That go with a wonderful jingle;
He teaches a dance
That is perfect romance,
And sets all your blood in a tingle.

He has treasures untold
Of things made in gold,
Of jewels and carvings and laces;
But the moment you try
A thought for to buy
He makes a few frowns and grimaces.

If you mention a hope
Off he goes in a mope,
He is wrath if you ask an ideal;
He cries with a sneer
"You can't buy them here!
I only engage in the real."

"Dreams are a stuff
All well enough
For those who love shadows to cherish,
They're nothing but bubbles;
I have my own troubles
To gather up things that don't perish."

"Come then, my boon lad,
All thinkers are mad,
For your strength I will give you good measure;
Come, don't be afraid,
My pretty wild maid
To barter your beauty for pleasure."

"For this is high May-time,
The only merry play-time,
When the primrose has lighted her wan-fire,
Come, stroll down the lane,
You'll not bargain in vain,
At the end of the path is a bonfire!"

III

I dreamed a dream once in the long ago,
A tranquil angel spoke beside my bed,
Two figures stood beside him in the glow
Cast from his vesture and his glorious head,
One held a crystal globe all primrose-rayed,
The other held a temple hung with shade.

"O man, these symbols are the whole of life,
Here is the round of pleasure dashed with light,
Here is the shade of sorrow and of strife,
Temple and sphere--the sombre and the bright,
Make thou thy choice, thy mighty will is free,
In this election is thy destiny."

I thought to choose the crystal, 'twas so fair.
Eyes of serene enchantment seemed to peer,
Shadows of filmy beauty floated there,
But as I closed my hand upon the sphere,
I saw a flash of something in the gold
That made my very heart turn grey and cold.

And so I grasped the temple hung with shade,
The angel and the figures vanished away,
I put aside the shadows undismayed,
And felt my heart turn weary and old and grey,
The very thing that I had hoped to shun
Sat on a throne, it was the All Powerful One.

"Make thou thy choice, thy mighty will is free,"
The mocking words were ever in my ears,
Through all my days I strove with destiny,
With teen and sorrow harvested the years.
I lie through æons as all mortals must,
A little heap of ashes and of dust.

IV

The moon glows with a primrose light
To-night!
A happy vesper sparrow sings,
His wings
Are moist with dew, a wraith of mist,
Grey amethyst,
Deepens the purple in the fields,
Slow yields
Twilight to the vast shade that listlessly
Moves landward from the sea.

V

A playwright's room all hung about with masks,
Three candles burning and a fire half dying,
Points of high-light on shadowed foils and flasks,
A tragic form on a grey sofa lying:
Enter a youth too out of breath for speech--he
Was ancient clad like one of the Medici.

Piero:
Why are you here, Paolo, after a first night
Like that? Flaming! Everyone crying "Paolo"!
Crowding onto the stage, crowning Giovanna with flowers.
Then when they cleared, and we set out the supper
On the stage, you know--as we planned--and everyone
Came from the dressing-rooms in Florentine
Costume, you know--as we planned--then we missed you.
I rushed here--never thinking!

Paolo: And you found me.
After failure a little realm of quiet.

Piero:
Failure!

Paolo:
After the end a pause before the end!

Piero:
Failure! The most absolute success!

Paolo:

I will tell you, Piero, inner secrets—
A play within a play--in the second act
Giovanna was to give my love an answer--
It was not so arranged--too subtle for that,
When she handed Antonio the flowers
I was to divine it by a certain gesture
Imagined long by me,--it was to come
Instinctive to her, like a revelation:
There she failed, wanting in noble insight!

Piero:
Fancy, morbid fancy--tortured, over-wrought!
We all know that Giovanna loves you!
She knows it now herself, no one could act
Like that, unless she loved!

Paolo:

And yet, and yet,
It is the end!

Piero:
I'll rush back and bring the restless players
With torches and music and tear you out of this
And set you with your triumph.

Paolo:
Give her these flowers!

Piero:
Primroses! those flowers in the second act were primroses!

Paolo:
They were false--tell her--

Piero:
What?

Paolo:
Well, nothing, Piero, the flowers will tell her.

The place was still when music danced about,
Dark when the torches played upon the gloom,
The jest and clamour of a merry rout
Was heard by no one in the upper room;
Then there was breathless running on the stair,
Confusion at the door, and frantic groping there.

Piero:
One moment! Wait!

Giovanna:
Is there no more haste in the world?

Piero:
All dark, there's something terribly wrong here,
Go back!

Giovanna:
What the flowers told me! Jesu have pity!
But if there be no pity give me strength!

VI

Youth is a blossom yellow at the edge,
All full of honeyed pleasantness,
If you leave it, it will wither in the hedge,
If you pluck it, it will wither none the less,
Then pluck it--that were better after all,
But pluck it with a sort of wistfulness,
Yea, pluck it if you must, and let if fall

Regretfully, with a last touch of tenderness,
Before the colour and the honey all
Are flown away,
And you are holding but a withered tress
Of passion and of loveliness.
Now let it fall--
Yet hold it--hold it--'tis thy youth!
Nay, let it fall--fall--fall--
Caress it ere it fall,
Then let it fall and die.

VII

A Fairy Funeral

What we bury here is nought,
Hardly dreaming, hardly thought.

For dead fairies go nowhere,
Leaving nothing in the air.

Their clear bodies are all through
Made of shadow, mixed with dew.

When they change their fairy state,
They, like dew, evaporate.

But we fairies that remain,
The dead fairy's funeral feign.

Place within a shepherd's purse
Primrose pollen; for a hearse,

Lady-birds we harness up
To an empty acorn cup.

This we bury, deep in moss;--
Then we mourn our grievous loss,

Mourn with music, piercing thin,
Cricket with his mandolin,

Many a hautboy, many a flute,
Played by them you fancy mute.

Then a solemn epigraph
Grave we on the cenotaph:--

"Once a fairy of the best,
Here lies nothing,--Stranger, rest,--

"Ponder,--when you change your state,
You may thus evaporate,

"Follow where the fairy goes,
Into nothing, no one knows."

VIII

Bleak Spring in a north city overseas,
In the moist window of a florist's shop,
Pots of primroses,
Labelled 'Only a quarter.'
The drizzle begins to freeze,
Daylight closes:
The passers-by loiter or stop,
And one old body
Broken with child-bearing and woe
And work and toddy
Looks once and lo!
An English lane below the thorns
Was gilded with the glow
Of a myriad lemon-coloured horns,--
Primroses--primroses!
All her girlish days came with a rush
Back from her shire home where the wild thrush
Sprinkled the primrose buds with music,
And the young morning light
Soared up to meet the skylark on his height.
She fingered in the knotted corner of a rag
A coin, the very price!
Her faded blue-bell eyes
Were moistened with remembrance;
She dreamed a little--murmured in her dream.
"The same old bloomin' colour!
But I keeps my quarter,
Though--perhaps I'd orter;
Would it please old Jerry
If I was to blow it?
But the merry stuff--the merry,--
Tcht! is London Dry!
P'rhaps I'd orter!
But he'll never know it,
And anyhow he wouldn't give a damn;
This darling little quarter,
(Feeling it fondly in the filthy rag)
Oh my eye!
(Giving her head a roguish wag)
Will buy a proper dram,
Then we'll be merry,
One drink for me and two for dear old Jerry."

IX

Ecossaise

My Love is like the primrose light
That springs up with the morn,
My love is like the early night
Before the stars are born.

My Love is like the shine and shade
That ripple on the wood,
(The shadow is her dark green plaid,
The light her silver snood).

They never meet with eager lips,
And mingle in their mirth,
They only touch their finger-tips,
And circle round the earth.

My Love's so pure, so winsome-sweet,
So dancing with delight,
That I shall love her till they meet,
And all the world is night.

X

A few chords now for a brimming close,
No climax, but a fading away
Into something either grave or gay
As the line wanders and falters. The rose
Must fade and the tone must lessen and die,
But the sweetest note of a melody
Is the last note, and who can tell
That the last note in the long tune
Of life on the earth will not be fraught
With all the joy of each perished day.
The earth will pass in frost, they say,
And be all senseless like the moon.
Well, as the earth grows stark and cold,
Let us imagine it will hold
To the very end, the things worth while.
The last of all the race, a youth
And a maid with a shy triumphant smile,
Adam and Eve--beyond all ruth--
Above the need of trial or pardon,
Happy alone in their frozen garden,
And a Primrose hid in the withered foliage
Fallen down from the Tree of Knowledge,
To glow with clarid light and lend
A touch of beauty to the end.
They will recall a wild strange myth,--
Once the earth was warm to the very pith
With noble fire and the sun cast light,

And the heart of man was burning bright;
They will love in a final fashion,
The quintessential human passion,
The summation of all vanished love
With beauty as the breath thereof,
Love their last word, and human bliss
Rounded upon a marble kiss.
For cold will stop their breathing there,
And they will never know nor care
How, long ago in the blithe air,
The old earth really looked in May,
When over every lane and glade
IT WAS HIGH SPRING AND ALL THE WAY
PRIMROSED, AND HUNG WITH SHADE.

The Fragment of a Letter

You will recall, of all those magic nights
One when we floated on the sunset lights,
In all the mirrored crimson from the flare;
Not knowing whether we were led by air
Or by secret impulse of the lake.
We watched the youthful darkness swiftly take
The burning mountain-chain of fretted colour
And drench it with his dream of dusk;--duller
It grew and duller, to a high coast of ashes.
The impalpable sheet lightning fled in flashes,
Signalling, in a vivid instant code,
The approach of another wonder-episode
Of beauty, ever stealing nigh and nigher,
And then we were aware of the still fire
Of the Great Moon!

We neared a shadowy island where we lay
And watched the faint illusive moonlight play
Along the shore whereon our tents were pitched.
The silver-birches like live things bewitched
By malice jealous of their beauty, stood
Upon the liquid threshold of the wood.
Then quick upon the dark, like knocks of fate,
There fell three axe-strokes, and then clear, elate
Came back the echoes true to tune and time,
Three axe-strokes--rhythmed and matched in rhyme;
Then a leaf-comment died away in murmurs.
The smoke of our camp-fire amid the firs
Like a tall ghost rose up below the moon.
The enchanted water joined an antiphonal rune

In labials and liquids with the rocky shoal
Where we were moored by pressure of the breeze,
That barely chafed our bark canoe, and stole
Like a wing-flutter through the hazel-trees.
Hidden above there, half asleep, a thrush
Spoke a few silver words upon the hush,--
Then paused self-charmed to silence.

'Tis winged impromptu and the occasion strange
That gives to beauty its full power and range.
The bird was nature; and his casual giving,
Us to ourselves--for what we gain from living,
When we possess our souls or seem to own,
Is not the peak of knowledge, but the tone
Of feeling; is not the problem solved, but just
The hope of solving opened out and thrust
A little further into the spirit air;
But whether there be demonstration there
We know not; no more than the growing vines
When they commission their young eager bines
To find amid the void a clinging-spot
Know whether it be really there or not.

The bird is silent in the groves that grow
Around the past; still the reflections are
That fluttered from his song, and long ago
The tranquil evening ended with a star.
Nothing of all remains but pure romance,
A magic space wherein the mind can dwell,
Above the touch of tedium or of chance
Where fragile thoughts are irrefrangible.
Still the young Time is guardian of that space,
Trembling with unstained beauty through and through,
Where shoots of memory radiate and enlace
Bright as the sun-point in a globe of dew;
Until old Time sables the crystal door,
We may re-enter there,--once more, once more.

The Flight

She:

Not one step farther:---
What yawns below is Death,--the lightning showed me.

He:

I was too careful for the path, our feet
Cannot tread air.

She:

My heart lives in the dark
Before your face; you are advanced too far,--
To feel safe I should have the beating of your heart
Next mine; then, if we slip and live a moment
Till the air drowns us, we live together
The last moment.

He:

The precipice curves upward here
And outward; press to the wall for shelter.
That was a stab! Nimble lightning to avoid
The imminent thunder-crash! Did your heart stop?

She:

Death dogs us! Lures us on a perilous mountain
Full of traps and then casts storm upon us.

He:

Death's full of fraud, but we have a light
For his deception.

She:

A light?

He:

Why, Love!

She:

Alas! Death is so envious of Love!
Thunder is not more envious of lightning
That flies before and is not when he calls.

He:

True!-- So Death can never overtake Love!

She:

But think of all those piteous lovers
Deluded that they were shut in with God,
Yet Death struck them;-- Tristan and Isolde,
Launcelot and Guinevere, and the whirling pair,
Paolo and that other, transfixed forever
By the bitter-lipped Florentine. Their sobs
Fill all the world; then how shall we escape?

He:

These models of agony the mad world
Cherishes, but the greatest lovers go
Unrecorded, the line of the profoundest poet
Finds tides under his deepest lead; resources
Of passion are hid in simple lives like ours
Would swamp his boat to lift them from the deeps.

She:

But Death's the point, and if he falls
On such high peers of pure romance
He'll crush us with the wind of a frown.

He:

Death's full of fraud, he's but negation,
We know of him by breathing. The cunning fellow
Has a mask he wears to look like Life.

She:

He's dropped it now and I fear his glare
That lit those older passions; and no pity
Showed from his naked countenance then.

He:

Careless Death, who has lost his precious mask
Found by two mortals fearless made through Love!--
Here in the hollow of the ample cheek
Above the awful oval of the mouth
We'll hide, and when Death calls us, sharp, once,
We will not answer;--and when Death, testy,
Calls us twice, we'll be oblivious,
And when Death calls us thrice--for the last time,
Mark you,--we'll be asleep. Then Death will say
"I've lost those lovers, so they're lost, they're lost,
They were to die to-day,--but now they're lost."
So the old dotard fumbling in the mist
About his throat--will stumble here and there
And cry,--"My Mask, my Mask! how can these mortals
Look upon Death unless he looks like Life,
My Mask!" And then he'll find it lying here
And raise us clear until your sparkling beauty
Catch in his eye and then he'll startle up
With--"Ha! I have them now these tricksy
Bemused and vagrant lovers fast asleep
In the precinct and appurtenance of Death."
He'll peer upon us like a wildered pearl-fisher
That finds two priceless pearls in a single shell;
He'll say-- "She minds me of another face
Some dim complainant in the ages gone
That cried out on me, and so agonized

In simple words that poison memory still.
Not of the famous lovers of the world,
Arthur's tall queen, or she that drank Love's potion
On the wild sea, or the bewitched Egyptian,
But one of those whose passion is pure tragic,--
The unknown lovers ever are the greatest,--
They that build the scaffold up for these
Brave puppets to pine and pose as Love's exemplars.
Well, for her sake sleep on but for an hour;
Your time shall come; pity is but postponement.
Some kingliness too hovers about the youth,
He shelters her with nobleness; an echo
Of something haunts my ear, of deeds with swords
For lighting, coupled somehow in covenant
With her whose beauty pierced me long ago.
Let him hold her close, for their brief fluttering hour
Is but a moth-wing in the wind of time.
Pity is but--what--pity--!" So, wandering,
He'll drowse and start, and doze and start--and sleep,
And then we'll spring and take him in a net
And show him in the markets of the world,
Confuting all the sceptics of renown,
Here's the pure proof that Love can conquer Death.

She:
The storm dwindles: the lightning hangs like signals
In the rear-guard of retreat, a cool wind
Blows backward from the vortex of the cloud;
There's a starved moon at the tip of the crag
That hunts like a silver hound for starlight;
She'll pass, and next in progress comes the dawn.

He:
We'll wait secure and hear the crushed thunder
Recoil, and the water-voices of the gorge
Fill in the pauses, and then the faint first light
Will point the peaks and we'll go down to safety.

Leaves

The great elms hold
Aloft their clouds of early autumn gold,
Compressed of summer-sunshine and so treasured,
Till now like alms doled out and slowly measured
To the starved earth. The oak-leaves are tenacious
And cling close to the oak-trees, contumacious
Of all the laws of winter and his rights.
You'll find them there on moonlit winter nights,
Above their sparkling shadows on the snow.

Of finer parchment are beech-leaves; they glow
In spectral wraiths, and rustle, rustle, rustle
In the frost wind, even above the bustle
Of the blown snow that streams across the crust
Of brighter silver like a silver dust.
The sulphur-coloured poplars burn and quiver,
Each leaf contributes its ancestral shiver
To the illusion of a flaming cone,
At the black core the stems show cool as stone,
That soon will brave it frigid and unstoled,
Each standing in his round of fallen gold.
The sumachs vanished early, in a passion,
Squandering their colour in a prodigal fashion,
They've left us cones of faded purple fire,
Sharp as mementoes of destroyed desire.
The ash trees have a little leaf and so
They pass quiescently and make no show
In exodus, as mourning for past laches,
They lie about in heaps of dust and ashes.
Not so the mountain ashes, the leaves perish
Unthought of, the tough twigs still hold and cherish
The berries in dense clusters of dark coral,
Which the pine grosbeaks share without a quarrel
In the clear, blustery days of early March.
The leaves of bass-woods seem to curl and parch;
The trees are rounded like a bee-hive dome,
The leaves dry up as pale as honeycomb,
As if those robbers, the inveterate bees,
Murmured their colour-secret to the trees;
So when they die the cunning leaves contrive
To simulate the hoard within the hive.
But when the maple-leaves are touched with frost,
All our similitudes are dwarfed or lost;
We do not think of single leaf or tree,
No more than of water when we think of the sea;
We only know the hills are hung with garlands,
And in a happy trance we dream there are lands
As calm with beauty as this painted scene,
Calm with perpetual beauty; this demesne
We wander in awhile and deeply muse
On past deeds and on future shadows, and choose
Out of the lives we lived only those things
That left no thirst, no ardours and no stings,
Out of the life to come the dreams that chime
Consistent with imaginary time.
But, while we muse, there falls a fairy jar
That subtly tells us where we really are;
There is a stir within the loveliness,
A lessening in the colour, a faint stress

Of grey, a silver thinning of the air,
And ere our painted vision is nowhere,
Fearing a coming change we cannot brook,
We raise our wistful eyes for one last look.

The Tree, the Birds, and the Child

A birch before the northern window stood
Silvery white,
Shrouded in greens of liquid tender hue,
All laved in light.
It seemed a naiad in a fountain caught
Had charmed the spray
To blow about her naked loveliness,
Never away.
And all the rustle of the inner shadow
Was full of dancing,
Now the swift sun and now the lustrous rain
Flashing and glancing.
Two robins searching for an empty tree
Saw it was fair,
Liked the seclusion of an ambushed crotch
And settled there.
And there a child beside the window sat
Watching them brood
Over their eggs, with all the fluttering care
Of parenthood.
She clasped her hands below her vivid face,
Her lips apart,
As if she mothered there a little bird
Close to her heart.
But then ere long, she turned and vanished
Through the closed door,
No more to laugh, to love--perhaps 'twere best
To say no more.
Then the tree died, it could not answer once
To Spring's desire,
It was cut down and split and corded up
And burned with fire.
The birds were certain of their slender tree
Early that Spring,
But when they strove to perch upon the limbs
There was nothing.
They flew away and built in other branches
Another nest,
Disquieted with foreign winds and shadows
Banished and dispossessed.
But even now the tree, the birds, the child

Come back again,
And live for moments in the crystal clear
Orb of the brain;
The birds are quick, the leaves are light and laughing
In profusion,
The child is radiant with a lovely motion--
'Tis an illusion!
But ah! the love that conjures up the vision,
Intense and breathless,
Own to me as it trembles and disperses,
The love is deathless.

Last Year

By the grey shores of Rideau,
The bells are calling clear,
Over the dying ripple,
The swallows dip and veer,
The spring is coming slow,
As it came last year!

But a slow spring is sure
With freshets of cold rain;
As it came last year
And ever may come again,
With flowers frail and pure,
Where the pure snow had lain.

The bells have ceased their calling
But silence calls as clear,
Within the earth's shadow
A few stars appear,
The chill night is falling
As it fell last year.

On the Death of Claude Debussy

March 26th, 1918

Then Death who was watching
Raised him more tenderly
Than the forms of other men,
And wrapped him in her hair,
Her mouth drooped to his mouth,
And they became one
Forever--

Then arose around them
A confusion of light and sound,
The complaint of the wind
In the plane-trees,
The far away pulse of a horn,
Ripples of fairy colour,
Rhythms of Spain,
The overtones of cymbals,
The sobs of tormented souls,
Crys of delight and their echoes,
The crystal stroke of goat-bells,
The tremor of temple gongs,
The robes of Melisande,
Trailing vague glories;
Fauns' eyes in the vapour,
Flutes of Dionysus,
Haunting his ruined fane,
Veils of rain, quenching the tulip gardens,
Sea-light at the roots of islands,
The Spirit of Puck
With the ghost of a humming-bird,
The chords of boys' voices,
The open organ tones;
And under all the pedal-point
Of the deep-based ocean,
Hidden under the mists,
Chanting, infinitely remote,
At the foot of enchanted cliffs.
Then with a turn of illumination,
An enharmonic change of vision,
Death and Debussy
Become France and her heroes,
As if all her sacred heroes
Were in that one form,
Clasped in the bosom of France,
Enfolded with her ideals and inspirations.

Then the group loses outline,
Firmness dissolves,
And surrounded by light and sound,
Shadows, they drift away
Into the shadow.

Bells

Slow bells at dawn--
What mean ye by your tolling?
Bells in the growing light,
Knolling afar,
Loitering in leisured sequence,
Where the ringing seraphim
Shake you out of heaven,
From the morning star.

. . . . .

Echoes are in my soul,--
Consonances and broken melodies,--
Survivals frayed and remembrances
Vanished and irretrievable.

. . . . .

What know ye of life,
Or of perished hours or years?
Ye tones that are born in air,
And throb in air and die,
Leaving no traces anywhere,
Save tremors in the quickened pool of tears
Within the windless deeps of memory?

Reverie

"Le plaisir délicieux et toujours nouveau d'une occupation inutile."

Henri de Regnier.

Then something moves in the unquiet mind,
Something impalpable and hard to bind,
The double of the thought or the thought's essence;
The annunciation of its subtle presence
Is a slight perfume, or a fragile shading,
Hardly perceived ere it is frayed and fading:
Is it the core of all the secret longing
That keeps the memory populous, a thronging
Of ghosts of all the passions, proving deathless
The dead passions? Is it the shadows faithless
Of joys that were to live but once and die
Without a hope of immortality,
That now come treading the old jocund measure,
Mere apparitions, pulseless of all pleasure?
Is it aroma faint from Nature's chalice,
The odour of the aurora borealis
That shifts before the stars a silver fume,

Or peacock-tints on pools of amber gloom
In some fir-forest, all of light denuded,
The aroma faint that keeps the mind deluded
With the vain thought that here it lived before
In many incarnations o'er and o'er,
Till all this life seems but a spectral show
Of something real that perished long ago?
Thus the unquiet mind is charmed and caught
When comes to Beauty Beauty's afterthought,
The shadow rainbow, that the rainbow flings
On the torn storm-breast underneath his wings.

Threnody

Now the only debt that can be paid to her
Is the thought that life was grievous;
No amends can now be ever made to her;
Kiss her hands before they leave us.

Gently raise her; she was moulded slenderly,
Not for days so wild and deep;
Leave her where the poplars murmur tenderly,
"This night she shall sleep!"

Spirit and Flesh

I

A house stands clear on a mellow rise,
With meadows in a ring,
An orchard blossoms white with surprise
At the urgency of spring.

The meadows fall to the winnowed sand
Where a cove breaks free,
Like the curve of a fragile ivory hand
Trembling full of the sea.

II

(He speaks.)
Here is your pantry, love,
Full of useful dishes,
All the glass and napery
The heart of woman wishes.

Here is your parlour,
Hung with rose and mauve,
All its lacquer cabinets
Filled with treasure trove.

Here is your chamber, love,
With its smooth bed,
With the pretty chintz flowered
Canopy overhead.

We shall sit beneath the tree,
When our work is done,
Watch the colour in the orchard
From the setting sun.

III

(She speaks.)
O life what do you hold
So mysterious, so alluring,
That I have no rest?
The sea's breast
Tells me the whole round earth
Is flaming with haunts of pleasure,
Glades where deathless dancers
Weave and swerve
To music that maddens the nerve,
Scents that pierce like sounds,
Vision without bounds,
Colour that changes as fire
Changes, and deeps of desire
Whose margins are ferned with dreams.
Take me, O Life,
Drive me like a shuttle
Through the warp of pleasure,
The woof shall I give without measure
To the last hour,
But stint me no longer
Of passion and power!

IV

It was a painted evening at the fall
   Of leaf and apple and frost-withered grape,
A form was flitting through the hall
   Of changeful colour and shape.

It paced the floor, it climbed the narrow stair,
   It wreathed the chamber door with quick desire,
The only bride that entered there
   Was the swift bride of fire;

She lived her sudden life so wild, so feared,
Of all the petty wealth she left alone
A pit of rubble scarred and seared,
A broken threshold stone.

Yet over the ruin hovers a ghostly house,
The walls, and roof, and chambers all inwove
With unquiet memories, tremulous,
And phantom treasure trove.

V

(He speaks from the world.)
The turn of a throat,
A glint of hair,
It might be--!
I rush in the tides of men
Following a shadow;
She might be here or there;
Rescue her from splendour,
Rescue her faint, tender
Feet from disaster;
O Master of Life,
Lay her gleaming head
Radiant or broken
Here on my breast!

VI

But never a thought for the ghost of the house on the hill
That he burned with fire, or the crescent of winnowed sand,
That holds the sea as the new moon holds the still,
Gray wraith of a perished moon in her ivory hand.

VII

(She speaks from the world.)
I have conquered all life with its glory and passion,
Its beauty and danger;
There is nothing of chance or of folly or fashion
To which I am stranger.
My insatiable heart is yet bounding and eager
For potent new flashes;
The body of bye-gone delights is as meagre
And arid as ashes.

VIII

But the ghost house on the hill
Hovers not alone,
A fond spirit flits at will
To the threshold stone;

Enters on the vacant air,
Counts the pantry store,
Climbs the visionary stair
To the upper floor;

Sets her little room to rights,
When the work is done,
In the orchard sees the lights
From the setting sun;

Turns her vision to the sand,
Watches wistfully,
The cove like the curve of an ivory hand
Trembling full of the sea.

The Lovers

The robins round the lilac tree
Were fluttering in the rain,--
Before we knew--the cloud had fled,
The sky was fair again.

Before we knew--the young, sweet moon
With rose was drifted o'er,
The dusk had drowsed the stream and lit
The lights along the shore.

The stars were faint--before we knew
The night was on the lawn:--
Before we knew--a shadow stirred
It must have been the dawn.

By the Shore

Ripples that run so gladly
To the sands of the broken shore,
I wish that I knew your meaning
And I would ask no more.

My heart is bitter with sorrow
For the years that are long gone,
There is no consolation
That I may dwell upon.

'Tis idle to sway and glitter
And make a sound of mirth,
The human heart is hungry
For comfort on the earth.

Is all that you can tell me,
As you waver and sparkle and glance,
That after the scourge of tempest
You still can laugh and dance?

If this is the depth of your meaning,
Rave on, or murmur or cease,
My heart is riven with sorrow
And cannot be at peace.

The Anatomy of Melancholy

I read once in an ancient and proud book
How beauty fadeth,
How stale will Helen or Leucippe grow
When custom jadeth,
"When the black ox has trodden on her toe,"
Beauty will alter,
And love that lives on beauty, so it said,
Will fade and falter.

Then, while your mistress wrinkles and grows sour,
O sage sardonic,
What charm preserves your virile strength and show,
What potent tonic?
An elephant has trodden on your toe,
Your look grows bleary,
Leucippe has quick eyes, her love of you
Is dull and weary.

I laid his book beside a Chinese rose-jar,
(Old Robert Burton),
Lifted the dragon-guarded lid and--lo!
Faint and uncertain,
Frail rose-ghosts of rose-gardens all in blow
Haunted the room,
The spangled dew, the shell-tints and the moonlight
Lived in the fume,

And still shall linger in the leaves until
The jar shall perish.
So the true lovers in their memories stow
The things they cherish,
And loose them in the tender after-glow
Of life's long day,
Till memory dies, and the world with all its passion
Passes away.

Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon

Beauty is ambushed in the coils of her
Gold hair--honey from the silver comb
Drips, and the clustered under-tone is warm
As beech leaves in November--the light slides there
Like minnows in a pool,--slender and slow.
A glow is ever in her tangled eyes,
Surprise is settling in them, never to be caught;
Thought lies there lucent but unsolvable,
Her curvèd mouth is tremulous yet still,
Her will holds it in check; were it to sleep
One moment, that white guardian will of hers,
Words would brim over in a wild betrayal,
Fall sweet and tell the secret of her charm,
Harm would befall the world, Beauty would fly
Into the shy recesses of the wood--
Be seen no more of mortals, be a myth
Remembered by a few who might recall
A nerveless gesture, a frail colour, a faint stress,
Some vestige of a vanished loveliness.

Ste. Petronille,
July 25th, 1919

The Water Lily

In the granite-margined pool,
Hot to its shallow deeps,
The water-lily sleeps
And wakes in light,
While all the garden blossoms shine
Rich in the sun,
The throbbing circles tangled round the shrine
Of the Peerless one.

. . . . .

Ripples outrun her
As she slides with the air;
Like moonstones frail, the waterdrops
Invade her red-rimmed pads,--
Tremble mercurial there;
Ivory rose petals,
Fugitive, wind-blown
Shallops of kindred beauty
Attend the starry-pointed wonder,
Lolling so languidly by the lotus leaves.

. . . . .

An odour vibrates upward from the flower,
An incense faint
Gathers and floats
Above the chalice of the breathing lily,
Firm as the halo of a saint,
Immaculate and chilly;
Or the distilled and secret odour weaves
A silver snood,
Binding the temples of the virgin lily
Listlessly leaning by the lotus leaves.

. . . . .

Light flock-bells, born of the rains flailing,
Are based on fragile foam and domed with paling
Rainbow flicker;
Thicker the water-beetles ply their oars
Freighting between the phantom shores
The little evil thoughts that trouble beauty;
But heedless the haughty lily
Buoyed in the lymph-clear shallows
Languorously,--

. . . . .

The intense heaven of her cold white
Is troubled with colour;
The shadow cast by light
On its own substance lies;
The clear etherealities
Are tremoured with fire;
Conscious and still unconscious of the sun,
The petals swoon amorously;
The gold-tipped sceptres of desire
Shine in the warm cradle-cup
Of the luxurious pure lily
Trembling in ecstasy by the lotus leaves.

. . . . .

Listen, listen, there should be a voice
Dulcet as odour and flush;
The flying yellow of the gold finch
Sparkles with notes
Blown on a gold-black flute,
There is no reason why a lily should be mute,
Moored languorously by the lotus leaves.

. . . . .

A shadow dreams upon the rounded mere,
A gold dust swims upon the crystal,
Maturity broods in water and air;
The starry-pointed wonder
From the root tangled lair
Feels ripeness lure her under;
She sinks reluctant from sunlight,

From the chaplet of stars
Spangling the water delicately,
Down the dark pool of silence;
The world lost,--
All lost but memory
And the germ of beauty.
O banishment to cloistral water,
The pause in the limpid hush,
There to recreate
The form, the odour, the flush.
Then the lyrical impulse,
The stem goes rocketing
To kiss spring light,
The pointed bud parts,
The garden lies in ecstasy
Conscious of the starry wonder
That opens--opens--opens--
The odour overflows--
Comes the under-flush--
The stately lily lolls again,
Pale water-lily,
Languorously floating by the lotus leaves.

A Road Song

Up heart, away heart,
Never heed the weather.
Leave the lowland reaches
Where the grain's in seed.
Take the powerful wind in face,
All in highest feather,
Lift your burden with a shout,
Fit for every need.
Front the mountains, cross the passes,
Pioneer the sheer crevasses,
Where the glaciers breed,
Where the imminent avalanches,
Tremble with their air-held motions,
Where below the balsam branches
Start the rills in the erosions,
Follow where they lead;
Where the sunlight ebbs in oceans,
Cast away your load!
Life is not the goal,
It is the road.

After a Night of Storm

After a night of storm,
They found her lovely form
Cast high upon the beach at Spaniards Bay,
The only driftage from the stately barque,
That went to pieces in the flashing dark;
Even at that day
None knew the vessel's name,
Or whence it came,
Or whither it was bound,
And now no man can know
For that was long and long ago.

They said she was a wondrous thing to see,
All dazzling in her bridal dress,
A miracle of foam and ivory.
Her satin gown was smoothened by the wave,
Her rippled ribbons, all her wandering laces
Set in their places.
Her hands were loosely clasped without a gem,
But clad with mitts of silken net.
Diamonds in the buckles of her shoon
All fairly set,
And one great brooch,* the colour of the moon,*
Held her lace shawl.
A snood had slipped back from her hair,
Her face was piteous, so fair, so fair,
And gleaming small
Upon her breast there seemed to float
A wedding ring,
Threaded upon a crimson and green string
Around her throat.

Idle to Grieve

Idle to grieve when the stars are clear above me,
When the bright waters bubble in the spring,
Idle to grieve when there are storms to prove me
And birds that seek me out to come and sing.

Idle to grieve, the light is on the highway,
There are the mountain meadows to achieve,
Beyond in the pass the airy heights are my way,
Idle to grieve, glad heart, idle to grieve.

A Vision

The tenebrous sky
Was founded on lightning,
And there came marching
To a funeral,
A multitude so millioned
That number was unthinkable;
There were massed together
Kings pierced with their sceptres,
Tyrants shod with the points of swords,
And priests each with a live coal
In the palm of his hand,
Learned men
With book-yokes on their necks,
Merchants with gold eyelids;
Each one tortured with his symbol,
And an innumerable host
Without sign or distinction;
Each bore a tuft of grass
In his fingers;
The grass was in seed,
And as they walked,
The seed fell where it listed.
There was no sound
As the host marched
To the funeral;
But what was buried
Was far in the Past,
And the host poured up
From the Future.

Senza Fine

That is the rain
Sobbing, sobbing
Against the window pane.
And the wind comes robbing
The rain of its voice
And leaves me no choice,
In the dead room,
But to hear the noise
Of my heart throbbing, throbbing.

But before the storm
The evening was warm
I remember, and calm,
And by the mill dam
The martins were flashing,

If she had not said--!
But then say it she did--
I should be rid
Of the throbbing, throbbing,
At the heart of the shadow
That stands by the window
Sobbing, sobbing,
And breathes the dark
And sucks at the noise
Like a vampire--hark!
Robbing, robbing
The storm of its voice.

The miller's children at play,
I remember, called to each other,
And I tried to smother
The sound of her words,
But then--what she showed me!
'Tis between her vest,
The one I gave on her birthday,
Crimson, with silver pomegranates,
And her breast:

They will find it there,
But what can they say?
They cannot find
What it did to my mind,
Or what she said
When she threw back her head
And smiled,
So maddening, so wild.

To the left of the trail
Through the beaver meadow,
An arm of the swale
Is bordered with iris,
And the ferns grow rank,
But nothing is dank,
Crisp, pungent, dry:
The wind lingers by,
And stops.
There may have been a few drops.

Throbbing, throbbing,
And there is the rain
Robbing, robbing
The wind of its voice,
And it beats again
On the window pane,
Sobbing, sobbing.

(Senza fine)

A Masque

A sculptured head beside a stony road
Across a moor, low stars and shattered light
Played on the face of beauty like a god
But pitiless; it seemed to hold the might
Of Aeons; even destiny seemed dead
In that cold fateful head.

Then one by one across the stony moor
Came figures clad like masquers for a fete,
Symbols of life they seemed, both gay and dour,
All quick with life and all importunate,
To follow where the flinty pathway led
And speak with that cold head.

First two fair women, clad in sombre guise,
Communed together who should speak their word,
Then ventured up the younger with pure eyes
But faltered, as if she feared her memory erred,
And glanced behind to flee, but turned instead,
"There is no hope," she said.

And now came one whose lips were grey as stone,
Whose open eyes with agony were packed,
His flesh seemed loosened to the very bone,
Shaken like vapour from a cataract,
He drifted against the absolute stern head,
"There is no hope!" he said.

In motley garb came one as if a-maying,
Playing a melody on a silver flute
And dancing; first he ceased his liquid playing,
Then his dancing, and stood bedazzled and mute,
And when he spoke his face was filled with dread,
"There is no hope," he said.

A youth clad in a sable cloak came next,
A book he held whereon his eyes were cast,
His brow was fearless but his eyes perplexed,
He hardly saw the statue, as he passed
He glanced up from the book wherein he read,
"There is no hope!" he said.

Then stood a figure clad in yellow flames,
Loaded with brutal spoils of fortunate strife,
Shrouded in veils that covered deeper shames,
And clothes unwound from the loathsome things of life,
She stood within the odour that she shed,
"There is no hope," she said.

Then rushed one running far beyond her breath
Hasty as flames a hunted, witless thing,
And furtive as a wild hare on the heath,
She darted up distrait and whispering,
Four hurried words she muttered, ere she fled,
"There is no hope!" she said.

All hot from life they came with this worn tale,
Did they believe its pathos would atone,
Or did they hope their spirits would prevail
To draw a comment from the sphinx in stone?
Not one could charm the inexorable head,
Moveless and cold as lead.

Last rustled up a wingéd lad with wells
Of bubbling laughter in his irised eyes,
His face was quick with mountain-lights and dells
Of honeyed dimples rapid with surprise;
He threw his rosy arms around the head,
"Is there no hope?" he said.

Then the grim statue smiled, and all the wild
Sky broke and light rushed through in sudden floods
Glorious!--and where the head was pedestalled
Where osier-wands and fringes of frail woods,
With shallow water painted with the cool
Reflected flag-flowers, musing by the pool.

The Eagle Speaks

The Indians of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains capture eagles by concealing themselves, and seizing the birds as they attempt to take the bait set for them; in the combat that follows, the bird has sometimes been the victor.

Nay, not so near the edge, for far below
The cloud are rocks, and there an icy stream
Would whirl your little bodies like dead leaves
And dash them. Stretch your wings; your wings
Are power and the air's your element;
When they are mighty, close under the sun
We'll fly, and you shall look up at him
And he shall feel impotent in the heavens
When he hears us scream and taunt him.
When they are strong you may fall,--sudden
As the snow rushes from the pass and roars,
And all the stems of trees in the green valley
Snap in the windage of his roar,--and fall--
Fall so unerring and swift and check so fierce

And yet not even disturb a feather on the ledge;
As you saw me now hurled like a bolt
From the slant sun and fall like a furled shadow.

*To mount, that is our destiny, to mount--and even
In rest to feel that power that calls us up
To hang above the earth and all the tribes
Of men that creep and scurry upon it,
With their tamed horses and their buffaloes;
They fight together on horseback--I have seen--
Naked and puny and wearing on their heads
Our tail feathers to frighten one another:
They lie in wait to rob us of our plumes,
Hiding in snares about the hollow hills,
Baiting their traps with the dainty antelope,
And if they find a feather on the plain
Dropped in high flight as a cold cloud, careless
Might drop a snow-flake,--boasting about their camp-fires
How they had braved the dread war eagle
And torn his plumage. Stretch thy wings,
For they are safety from such pillage, and swiftness
In pursuit, and fiery freedom, dealing
Cold death, as I have dealt it, to the spoiler.

In the slant light toward twilight I had caught
In my slow circlings the scent of plunder,
And stooped down to where a kid had fallen
On the yellow bank of a dry water-course.
I had dropped slow with wings up-spread
Over it and let down my talons to clutch,--
When I was seized,--astonished I rushed up with power
And dragged this thing out from his snare,
Scattering his little shelter under the kid;
He held me strong and struck at me with a knife,
Whirling him about as I strove in the air,
I tore his scalp and blinded him with his blood,
And as he dragged me down, half-fallen,
I beat him with the shoulders of my wings
On his hard brain-pan, a fury of blows
As wild as hail on a stone mountain top.
Dizzied so, his knife fell and I tore his scalp
Down over his eyes, and with his puny hands
He strove to catch my whirling wings and failed,--
Then smote him to the earth and I was free;
Naked and huddled on his side he lay,
Daubed all with yellow paint streaked with vermilion
Vowéd to this adventure, but all lifeless
As the kid and the dead water-course*.

I swirled low over earth like flame flattened
By wind, then with a long loop of swiftness
Rose sheer up into the bubble of the air
And left him, carrion with his carrion,
For the dull coyotes to scent and overhaul
With snarls and bickerings lower than the dogs.
Rose to the unattempted heights, spurning
The usèd channels of the air, to the thin reach
Where vapours are unborn and caught the last
Glint of falling light beyond the peak
Of the last mountain, and hung alone serene
Till night, welling up into the void, darkened me,--
Poised with the first cold stars.

Wings,--thy wings,
Strengthen thy wings, for they are more than swiftness,
More than freedom, proud withdrawal are they
Into the region where, after vivid action,
Thought rises the immortal ghost of action,
Above the orb where space assembles silence,
Where all the ache and effort of this petty life
Are quieted with silence.

Lilacs and Humming Birds

Lace-like in the moonlight,
The white lilac tree was quiet,
A little form of dream delight
Within a dreaming scene,
Like a little bride of shadow
In a dim secluded eyot,
With perfume for an element
Around the white and green.

The secret of this dream delight,
The core of this bride-quiet,
Hid even from the moonlight
By the heart-leaved screen,
Was the dew encrusted jewel
Of a ruby-throat, and nigh it
A nest of sleeping humming-birds
Amid the white and green.

Afterwards

I watched thee with devotion
  Through all those silent years,
Thy least regarded motion,
  Thy laughter and thy tears.

But thou, when fate would sever
  The visionary tie,
Unconscious and for ever
  Left me without a sigh.

Yet though I needs must borrow
  My comfort from distress,
I would not give my sorrow
  For thy unconsciousness.

The Enigma

I said, before the dawning came,
  The day shall be so fair,
Wonder shall thrill me and the flame
  Of spirit touch my hair.

Although the day was perfect light,
  Wonder withheld his lyre;
Expectance was a-wing till night,
  Then died with my desire.

But on a casual day of rain,
  Wonder came chanting by;
I threw my heart wide to the strain,--
  It passed--'twas but a sigh.

In Grenada

Aloft in far Grenada,
  Where snow in silver pales
The tops of the Sierras,
  I heard the nightingales
    In the dark vales.

In all the Moorish gardens
  The olive trees were still,
Yet something faintly trembled
  Below the moonlit hill,
    A falling rill

Made a clear ostinato
  For the ecstatic sound;
The birds were lost in singing
  And wandered round and round
  In a deep swound.

But, when the full enchantment
  Had wildly worked its will,
They found themselves in silence:
  The clear, falling rill
  Vibrated still.

Impromptu

Bring your cherished beauty,
    Bring your vaunted might,
Bring your tear-stained duty,
    Bring your heart's delight,

Do not lag or falter,
    Heap them on the fire:
Ashes on the altar,
    All of life's desire!

In Winter

The snow with never a flickering
  Burns in a dead white,
Above like flame a-bickering
  There plays a flutter light.

What is there flashing, blowing,
  Above the frosted glow?
The unseen wind is throwing
  The Snow-birds in the Snow.

Song

Lay thy cheek to mine, love,
  Once before I go;
Memories throng and quiver, love,
  In the afterglow.

All the rippling springtimes
Full of crocus lights;
When the dawns came too soon
And tardy were the nights.

All the dusky summers
By the fruitful hill;
Thinking both the one thought
When the heart was still.

Deep, untroubled autumns,
Fallen leaves and rime;
Musing on the treasure
Of the old time.

Where my journey leads, love,
There is cold and snow;
Lay thy cheek to mine, love,
Once before I go.

In the Selkirks

The old gray shade of the Mountain
Stands in the open sky,
Counting, as if at his leisure,
The days of Eternity.

The Stream comes down from its Sources,
Afar in the glacial height,
Rushing along through the valley
In loops of silver light.

"What is my duty, O Mountain,
Is it to stand like thee?
Is it, O flashing torrent,
Like thee--to be free?"

The Man utters the questions,
He breathes--he is gone!
The Mountain stands in the heavens,
The Stream rushes on.

Question and Answer

"O soul if thou would'st be free, love the love that shuts thee in." Jalal'ud-Din-Rumi.

Warring Soul, beset with foes,
Struggling with the spears of wrath;
Where thy easiest journey goes,
Fighting lions in the path;
Ah the blows and counter blows!
Frantic with the noise and din!
Warring Soul, would'st thou be free?
Love the love that shuts thee in.

Sorrowing Soul, dissolved with tears,
Whom the tides of anguish toss,
Wounded with a thousand fears
Sprung from loneliness and loss,
Fearing all the coming years
Are to grief and pain akin.
Sorrowing Soul, would'st thou be free?
Love the love that shuts thee in.

Laughing Soul, with delicate lutes,
Paying all thy dearest debt,
Dancing to the purling flutes,
Rhythmed by the castinet;
Nothing seen but flowers and fruits,
Where the sword of frost has been,
Laughing Soul, would'st thou be free?
Love the love that shuts thee in.

Brooding Soul, that looks on fate,
On past times, on times to be;
Thinking how importunate
Is the rule of destiny;
Careless to be early or late;
*Irresolute to lose or win;
Brooding Soul, would'st thou be free?
Love the love that shuts thee in.

Lines on a Monument

Honour for them that watched the waves,
That stormed the ridge, that dared the air,
That claimed of right unsullied graves
And slumber with contentment there.

Honour for them that bravely fought,
O Pride, O Faith, without alloy--
No tears, no doubt, no shadow--nought
But silence on the heights of Joy.

After Battle

When the first larks began to soar,
They left him wounded there;
Pity unlatched the sun-lit door,
And smoothed his clotted hair.

But when the larks were still, before
The mist began to rise,
'Twas Love that latched the star-lit door,
And closed his dreamless eyes.

The Fallen

Those we have loved the dearest,
The bravest and the best,
Are summoned from the battle
To their eternal rest;

There they endure the silence,
Here we endure the pain--
He that bestows the Valour
Valour resumes again.

O, Master of all Being,
Donor of Day and Night,
Of Passion and of Beauty,
Of Sorrow and Delight,

Thou gav'st them the full treasure
Of that heroic blend--
The Pride, the Faith, the Courage,
That holdeth to the end.

Thou gavest us the Knowledge
Wherein their memories stir--
Master of Life, we thank Thee
That they were what they were.

Lines on the Peace Arch

Set for a sign of Peace, a Century's mark,
This Arch is based beside the Peaceful Sea;
Freedom, and faith and public amity
Built it throughout the slow departed years,
Built it by cautious thinking and great heart.

Mark well this token ye who pass it by,
And learn to keep the faith and play your part,
That Peace so 'stablished* may forever endure;
Learn to be true to the noble actions and thoughts
That were designed to make it strong and sure,
Learn to be true as the tide is true to the land,
That twice a day fills the broad bay with foam.

Then as our Folk in ages yet to come
Shall pass this Arch and know their fathers' hope,
Each loyal to their land but glad of both,
Either shall feel as children coming home,
Homecoming to the realms of sovereign Peace
Wide as bright air and ample as the sea.

Byron on Wordsworth

Being Discovered Stanzas

of Don Juan

Byron on Wordsworth
Being Discovered Stanzas of Don Juan

Our old Lake Poet, so the tale is set,*
When his young northern blood was sharp and eager,
Along with a young person called Annette
Vallon, (later a royalist intriguer,)
Managed somehow and somewhere to beget
A daughter, tho' the detail's somewhat meager,
The outcome "of an innocent flirtation,
"Not quite adultery, but adulteration".

For she was French and William was a Briton,
And a chaste youth, if ever youth was chaste,
At least in after life he chose to sit on
A lofty righteous throne and live encased
In a dull code; perhaps he said, "Once bitten
Twice shy". Perhaps no virgin English waist
Was quite so tempting? But 'tis no conjecture
He was past-master of the moral lecture.

Not that I blame him for this charming bastard,
Got in the lusty plain of sunny France,
The best of us at times are overmastered
By a fine woman and a happy chance,
But when I think of that old Poet plastered
And whited o'er with praise, it makes me dance
That he could pose and smirk and safely do it,
'Twas quite all right so long as no one knew it.

No, I don't blame him, that is not the point,
I never sat in judgment on my neighbors.
I must confess, tho', that I liked to annoint
With acid those who loved me and whose labors
Were bent to show the time was out of joint,
Because that I preferred strings, pipes and tabors
And light and dance and song and wine and women
To their damned cant and most infernal trimmin'.

No, I don't blame him, but the effect on me
Has been most undeniably disturbing,
For all these years I've lived in Purgatory,
And hoped, by constant penitential curbing
Of all my native deviltry, to see
At last the gate of heaven and not perturbing
Saint Peter in the least to let me through
To walk with Wordsworth, Coleridge and their crew.

*Emile Legouis: William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon--
1922. London and Toronto--J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.

I was about to renovate Don Juan,
Before I left for Heaven, and recant,
And swear by all the gods the social ruin
I sought to create was merely so much rant,
A naughty lad a teapot-tempest brewing,
Just to disturb the folk that cant and chant
That men were angels all and women purer,
That was the fact and nothing could be surer.

But now I am cast down and quite dejected
And my clear spirit is stirred up and riled,
Tho' the great Goethe said, when I reflected,
That I was nothing but a little child,
I am convinced the next time I'm inspected
"This reformation is entirely spiled"
Will be the verdict of my guardian hoary
Because of William Wordsworth's moral story.

"The child is father of the man";--that was his plaint,
But some men do not linger in society
Quite long enough--I might have been a Saint;
My famed concupiscence and inebriety
Might have developed into something quaint,
If I'd matured the seeds of "natural piety",
But they were burnt up and destroyed, Fate harsh is,
By* fever in the Missolonghi marshes.

Thus far I wrote when I was called to Heaven
And rushed thro' ether like a rebel star.
They heard from Purgatory I had seven
New stanzas to Don Juan--I went to par--
The prettiest female angels and eleven
Apostles waiting for me at the bar!
St. Peter said, "I really hope, dear Byron,
"That you won't find it damp here, we've no fire on."

Heaven was a disappointment from the first,
It lacks distinction, leisure and variety,
The place is overcrowded, dulled and cursed
With flatulent folk who bore one to satiety;
The best would side with Peter, if they durst,
Who whispered me one day with frank impiety,
When I was lounging with him at the portal,
"'Twas a mistake to make the soul immortal".

Of all the spirits I like Heine best,
Who looked me up the moment that I landed.
He keeps alive his bright and bitter zest;
He scorns to do whatever is commanded.
"To put us here was but a sorry jest,
"A verdict fair", he said, "to be quite candid,
"Would send us down to Hell with our own set,
"Described in Aucassin and Nicolette".

I've seen the Laureat of eighteen-fifty
And talked with him about his early passion.
He looked most gravely, but by no means shifty;
He told the story in a natural fashion;
With the best use of all his golden gift he
Spoke; I'm not inclined to lay the lash on:
I waive censorious autocracy,
All that I loathe is lying and hypocrisy.

He told me how this early escapade
Had been the solace of a dull life after,
How oft upon the dark and darker shade
Some inner vision of the soul would waft her,
How 'mid some converse stilted, vapid, staid,
Would ring the ripple of Annette's clear laughter;
This jewel of his young and stormy days
Would sparkle thro' a veil of rainbow haze.

He said that often, wandering round the meres,
She seemed to walk with him in wild delight,
Most at the dewy hour when twilight clears
For the young stars the threshold of the night,
When the dark southern swallow dips and veers,--
The stranger birds seemed laden in their flight,
With all high thought of her serene and holy,
Without a touch of dread or melancholy.

*"I'm far", he often said, "from weak contritions,
"Enough of cant you'll find in The Excursion,
"I've conquered nearly all my Inhibitions,
"The unexpurgated is the best version
"Of any life with all its vain ambitions;
"Believe me, Byron, when I make the assertion
"The memories of our sins and our transgressions
"Are often the most dear of our possessions."

The Poems

of

Duncan Campbell Scott

I Do Not Ask

I do not ask, now that the day is over
For certitudes the daylight did not bring,
I do not long for colour through the shadow,
Nor in winter for the spring;
Only for rest,
And what is best
Maybe of all Life's store,
The power to reassemble
Memories of passion and endeavour
That made Life throb and tremble
But are no more.

Powassan's Drum

Throb--throb--throb--throb;--
Is this throbbing a sound
Or an ache in the air?
Pervasive as light,
Measured and inevitable,
It seems to float from no distance,
But to live in the listening world--
Throb--throb--throb--throb--throbbing
The sound of Powassan's Drum.

He crouches in his dwarf wigwam
Wizened with fasting,
Fierce with thirst,
Making great medicine
In memory of hated things dead
Or in menace of hated things to come,
And the universe listens
To the throb--throb--throb--throb--
Throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

The world seems lost and shallow,
Seems sunken and filled with water,
With shores lightly moving
Of marish grass and slender reeds.
Through it all goes
The throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

Has it gone on forever,
As the pulse of Being?
Will it last till the world's end
As the pulse of Being?
He crouches under the poles
Covered with strips of birchbark

And branches of poplar and pine,
Piled for shade and dying
In dense perfume,
With closed eyelids
With eyes so fierce,
Burning under and through
The ancient worn eyelids,
He crouches and beats his drum.

The morning star formed
Like a pearl in the shell of darkness;
Light welled like water from the springs of morning;
The stars in the earth shadow
Caught like whitefish in a net;
The sun, the fisherman,
Pulling the net to the shore of night,
Flashing with the fins of the caught stars;--
All to the throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

The live things in the world
Hear it and are silent.
They hide silent and charmed
As if guarding a secret;
Charmed and silent hiding a rich secret,
Throbbing all to the
Throb--throb--throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

Stealthy as death the water
Wanders in the long grass,
And spangs of sunlight
Slide on the slender reeds
Like beads of bright oil.
The sky is a bubble blown so tense
The blue has gone gray
Stretched to the throb--throb--throb--throb--
Throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

Is it a memory of hated things dead
That he beats--famished--
Or a menace of hated things to come
That he beats--parched with anger
And famished with hatred--?

The sun waited all day.
There was no answer.
He hauled his net
And the glint of the star-fins
Flashed in the water of twilight;
There was no answer.

But in the northeast
A storm cloud reaches like a hand
Out of the half darkness.
The spectral fingers of cloud
Grope in the heavens,
And at moments, sharp as pain,
A bracelet of bright fire
Plays on the wrist of the cloud.
Thunder from the hollow of the hand
Comes almost soundless, like an air pressure,
And the cloud rears up
To the throbbing of Powassan's Drum.
An infusion of bitter darkness
Stains the sweet water of twilight.

Then from the reeds stealing,
A shadow noiseless,
A canoe moves noiseless as sleep,
Noiseless as the trance of deep sleep
And an Indian still as a statue,
Molded out of deep sleep,
Headless, still as a headless statue
Molded out of deep sleep,
Sits modelled in full power,
Haughty in manful power,
Headless and impotent in power.
The canoe stealthy as death
Drifts to the throbbing of Powassan's Drum.
The Indian fixed like bronze
Trails his severed head
Through the dead water
Holding it by the hair,
By the plaits of hair,
Wound with sweet grass and tags of silver.
The face looks through the water
Up to its throne on the shoulders of power,
Unquenched eyes burning in the water,
Piercing beyond the shoulders of power
Up to the fingers of the storm cloud.

Is this the meaning of the magic--
The translation into sight
Of the viewless hate?
Is this what the world waited for
As it listened to the throb--throb--throb--throb--
Throbbing of Powassan's Drum?

The sun could not answer.
The tense sky burst and went dark
And could not answer.
But the storm answers.
The murdered shadow sinks in the water.
Uprises the storm
And crushes the dark world;
At the core of the rushing fury
Bursting hail, tangled lightning
Wind in a wild vortex
Lives the triumphant throb--throb--throb--throb--
Throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

Prologue

Spoken at the opening of The Little Theatre, Ottawa, January 18th, 1923.

(Enter the Spirit of the Drama, before the curtain, clad in an old cloak with worn sandals on her feet, and holding a wrinkled mask to her face, but hidden is a beautiful dress.)

The Spirit of the Drama:

Ah, I am weary and cold--
This is a harsh dominion, full of snow,
Sleet and other kinds of rude weather.
Where are the flowers they promised, and the grain
That made gold ripples in acres of sunlight.
They are not, and the ruthless wind has wrenched
The last leaf from the naked tree.
I am the Spirit of Drama; there is no home for me here.
I went up and down the streets, seeking a shelter,
And found none. There were lights enough,
Throngs under the lights and laughter--but no wish
To house an old dull crone with an ancient face.
Pictures were dancing along like the visions of a madman
In palaces with dark warm spaces,
With music in the warm dark spaces.
For here our art is foisted on a screen,
Mechanic, flat and soundless; the sense
Comes after the picture, like a brickbat thrown at a dog,
Or in advance, like a tramp's grace before a meal of cold victuals,
But where is the palace for the living drama,
Vivid with colour and music and movement?
Nowhere;--The tender beauty of human speech,

The cadence of the voice, the moving charm
That lends to life its fragrance and its force,
Are lost in the confusion and hurry of a peep-show--
A great inheritance sold for a mess of pottage.

The Spirit of the House (clad in Motley) enters through the curtain:

Dear beggar woman, I say Goodeven to you.

The Spirit of the Drama:

Dear Maid, Goodeven to you, and why
Are you dressed in motley?

The Spirit of the House:

O, I am the spirit of this House.

The Spirit of the Drama:

And what House may this be?

The Spirit of the House:

O, The House of Make-believe;--
But you are cold and your cloak is wretched
And your sandals are broken, and your face--your face--

The Spirit of the Drama:

Yes, sweet maid, you would say my face is ugly and wrinkled--
But you are compassionate. Once I was fair,
And wore garments that matched my fairness.
I had maids that tended me, men that gave their souls for me,
Women that bartered their beauty for me--

The Spirit of the House:

Dear beggar woman, you must have been a queen.

The Spirit of the Drama:

Yes, and to queens the present "must have been"
Is bitter, and ill paid for by the most splendid retrospect.

The Spirit of the House:

Dear beggar woman, I would serve you if I might,
For to be maid to a fallen queen
Is better than to be housekeeper to a rich upstart.

The Spirit of the Drama:

Yes, but I have nothing to pay you withal.
I have none of my jewels left,--
They were scattered in a far country,—
Only these poor garments you see,
And this face full of care and wrinkles,
You cannot serve even a fallen queen,
Unless she has a tiring-room and a bread-trough,
And I have no home and nowhere to rest.

The Spirit of the House:

You have no home?

The Spirit of the Drama:

I had a home beside the purple sea,
When Greek was music round the murmuring shores,
I had a home in that sweet island,
Our Shakespeare in the homeliness of his love
Called "a swan's nest in a great pool."
I have a home wherever men desire
To tell the passions of the human heart
In swift clear speech; to probe the mind
And lay the motive plain as a pathway on a map;
To show how the heart may be merry when 'tis sad,
And often sad when merry.

The Spirit of the House:

O then your home is here,
And you may live with us,
This is no palace--
This is a humble house--
A very little humble house of Make-believe.
But we mean to mouth and strut it with the best;
What we do falls short of our desire,
But we use our deeds to measure our desire,
And that's immeasurable!

The Spirit of the Drama:

Dear Maid, your promise sounds
Like a sweet flute in tempest,
Or like a kindred voice that after many wanderings
Calls back the wanderer.

The Spirit of the House:

Then come and you shall sometime see
Many a grave spirit and many a merry one.
You shall perhaps meet Imogen and Portia,
And that sweet maid that gave the flowers to the shepherds.
You shall meet myriads of the Moderns.
But here to-night we have two homespun plays,
Two native things of our rude climate.--
One is sad and one is merry,
And the merry one's the best, at least
The author of the sad one says so.
We have the Seasons dancing and the Year watching them.
If you dread our winter, you will find
That we have spring here always in our hearts.

The Spirit of the Drama:

So that will warm me,
I will go in and sojourn with you,
For what the Spirit of Drama craves
Is light and housing and that cheerful wit
That loves the doing for the sake of the deed.

(She throws off her disguise, the Spirit of the House assisting.)

I give my sandals to the uneasy person
Who leaves before the play is ended;
May they lend him noiseless speed
To an entertainment that will please him better.
I leave my old cloak for our friends the critics
With my earnest desire for their comfort;
May it let into their hearts as much forbearance
As it did chilliness into my shoulders.
My mask, I leave to the lover who needs
To wear it to better his features,
Wishing that his mistress may take it for the face of Adonis;
And my very heartfelt entreaties
I leave for you all.

The Spirit of the House (leading her through the curtain):

Come Splendour.

Prayer and Answer

Is there no balm for grief?
  Lord give me help--I perish in my fears:--
Yea as a fountain sovereign for relief
  I give thee tears.

Tears! nay Lord there are so deep
  Griefs that no tears can ease;--
Yea child, thy fold is in my breast, there sleep
  And find release.

Dreams and Memories

In the fold of a shadowed valley
  Through the rich sunset air
I watch two forms in the last light
  Lingering there.

One with a forward vision
  Looks on the fading day
One with eyes that are full of the wonder of living
  Falters and turns away.

Linked in the lovely motion
  Of air upon faëry seas
Drift my Dreams into darkness
  Leading my Memories.

The Mower

As he comes out to the morning,
  The light upon his scythe,
The mower goes with a manful gait
  Bold and blithe.

His heart is high and careless,
  Full of the power of sleep;
His thought has no foreknowledge
  Wide or deep.

When he comes home at even,
  The dew upon his scythe,
His stride is weary,
  Neither long nor lithe.

He walks in contemplation
  Of the work that he has done,
The breast of the field and the bird's nest
  Open to the sun.

There lingers in his memory,
  All wistful and strange,
The scent of death in the meadow,
  The odour of change.

For what is to do is hidden
  In the fold of the years;
But what is done brings wonder,
  And longing and tears.

Permanence

Set within a desert lone,
  Circled by an arid sea,
Stands a figure carved in stone,
  Where a fountain used to be.

Two abraded, pleading hands
  Held below a shapeless mouth,
Human-like the fragment stands,
  Tortured by perpetual drouth.

Once the form was drenched with spray,
  Deluged with the rainbow flushes;
Surplus water dashed away
  To the lotus and the rushes.

Time was clothed in rippling fashion,
  Opulence of light and air,
Beauty changing into passion
  Every hour and everywhere.

And the yearning of that race
  Was for something deep and tender,
Life replete with power, with grace,
  Touched with vision and with splendour.

Now no rain dissolves and cools,
  Dew is even as a dream,
The enticing far-off pools
  In a mirage only seem.

All the traces that remain,
  Of the longings of that land,
Are two hands that plead in vain
  Filled with burning sand.

The Mad Girl's Song

My mother was a shy child,
  The daughter of a king,
A stranger stole and married her
  With a grass ring.

So pay me not for loving
  With silver or gold,
Or with a fur mantle
  To keep away the cold,

Or with a crimson petticoat,
  Or a diamond stone,
Or a carved necklace
  Of ivory bone,

Or with pearls for my ear-bobs,
  Or a ruby star,
Or with anything that's near and dear
  Or precious from afar:

All these are often given
  And taken in good part,—
They're not enough for loving
  With a broken heart:

But just say, "You sweet thing"!
  Or maybe a few words more,
A tender say that was never thought
  And never said before;

So pay me with a whisper,
  With a kiss on the breast,
And a prayer, if ever you make one,
  That I may find rest.

Thoughts

These thoughts of mine
Oh! would they were away.
Thoughts that have progress
Give me stay
And eagerness for life;
But these dead thoughts
Hang like burned forests
By a northern lake,
Whose waters take
The bone-grey skeletons
And mirror the grey bones,
Both dead, the trees and the reflections.

Compare these thoughts
To anything that nothing tells,--
To toads alive for centuries in stone cells,
To a styleless dial on a fiery lawn,
To the trapped bride within the oaken chest,
Or to the dull, intolerable bells
That beat the dawn
And will not let us rest!

The Journey

As I set out in sunlight,
  Happy as a boy,
I raced through a wonderland
  All alone with joy.

But when I was breathless,
  Along before noonday,
I knew another traveller
  Was walking my way.

Without the beat of footfall
  I knew that he was there;
That he was sober-minded
  I was well aware.

He seemed to have no business
  But just to tramp along,
No chuckle for my laughter,
  No echo for my song.

I plod the shadowed highway
  With less of laughter now,
But with a turn for musing
  And with a calmer brow.

Still my reserved companion
  Keeps up the dogged pace;
He is the sort of walker
  That wins in every race.

He is alone as I am,
  We're nearly side by side;
I go as proud as he does
  And with as bold a stride.

At some appointed moment,
  All shrouded in the mist,
He will reach sudden forward
  And catch me by the wrist.

Two Lyrics

I

Echo on the moonlit hill
Listen to singing,*
The lonely,--the lovely
Melody ringing;
When it is still
Try to recall
The lovely, the lonely all--.

The first phrase of the melody
Echo forgets,
So far away, lonely and lovely;--
The mid-phrase of the melody
Echo forgets,--
Lovelier, lonelier--:
Then echo tells the last phrase over,
Over and over,
Hark! 'tis the last,
The loneliest--the loveliest,
The last.

II

If my heart were never moved to sadness
  In the merry days of Spring,
It could never feel the rush of gladness
  When the winter is a-wing.

Love that has no tremor or no turning
Cannot hold throughout the years;
But there is deep shadow in my yearning,
In my passion,--tears.

A Mood

I have given all, the passion and the longing,
The high desire, the laughter and the tears,
Flutters of hope and falser fancies thronging,
I have given all,--through all the years.

Distasted flowed my life in every eddy,
Thwarted and parcelled out and filmed with grief,
Joy when it came was meagre and unsteady,
Deep sleep was the one relief.

But let life go, naught can be altered after
The heart is vacant and all shed the tears;
Let it be told amid ironic laughter
"He had given all--through all the years."

Prairie Wind

Indolent wind on the prairie
Wind that loiters and passes
What are you striving to shisper
To the dead pale prairie grasses;

Where the alkali lake-shore is blistered,
Hopeless of dew or shower
Where the buttes are an ashen purple
Like the wraith of a giant flower;

Are you telling the prairie grasses
With the sound of whispering fountains,
How you found a tarn that was lonely
Since the making of the mountains;

You paused on the fern-green margin
And saw on the surface stilly
The face of a star in the water
That looked like a water-lily;

Then you rushed on the frail enchantment
  As if 'twere a passionate duty
To carry to far away deserts
  The charm of the virginal beauty;

But the closer you pressed and regarded;
  Ripples rippled over in fretwork
And the vision was twisted and vanished,
  Confused and astray in the network;

You hovered above the surface,
  For the waters to cease their tremble,
For the star to be liquid lily,
  For the colour to reassemble;

But the vision you found in the twilight
  You could never again recapture,
It was lost in one careless impulse
  In the first wild rush of the rapture;

O wind are you thinking ever
  Of the tarn on the eve you caught her,
In her tangle of emerald azure,
  With her lily-star in the water;

Do you think, had you only been quiet,
  The colour and star were conspiring
To tell you their secret of beauty
  And now--only dreams and desiring.

O wind on the desolate prairie,
  Wind that loiters and passes,
Is this your disconsolate whisper
  To the dead pale prairie grasses?

At the Piano

(A Fragment)

How oft has Music sudden whirled us hence,
Made nobler pictures on the screen of sense,
Wrapt us away with one transfiguring touch
Out of the sordid and inconsequent world
Into an ageless realm, and there unfurled
All that the Masters know of the strange maze
That we call Life. A potent phrase
Falls, and the time is changed;
Life seems remote, estranged;
Strokes from the hammer of fate

Smite, and tremors from all the winds
That blow the coloured leaves from the haunted
Forests of memory float murmurous and enchanted.

And a gleaming sound goes under,
Like a broken and desperate sea,
Where the cliffs are strange with wonder
Of the magic and mystery
Of half-mists and the sudden glory
Of the half triumphant sun;
Fragments of some wild story
By the wind spun
From the cries that haunt the headlands,
From the moans that glut the caves,
From the sighs that weary the deep sea,
Over deep-sea graves;
Desolate bells at midnight,
And clarid bells at dawn
That drive the lingering starlight away,
After the stars are gone.
Till at the end a solace
Falls on the heart like sleep,
Pain and Passion and Longing
Are buried deep, deep,
Deep in the soundless past;
Life seems clear at last
In a country of amber sunlight,
In a realm of bright star-darkness,
Where patience is nothing needed,
Where hope goes all unheeded,
And blowing free for every hand
The lordly lillies of that land.

An Old Tune

One more day, my John, one more day,
May it be a fair, long day, my John,
That one day,
The long, fair, dew-shod, airy-winged, sun-strong,
The long, June day, my John.

One more day, my John, one more day,
Not when time is near the end, my John,
That one day;
But when life is nimble-shod, fancy-winged, heart-strong,
A long love-day, my John.

One more day, my John, one more day
Memoried and deathless-dear, my John,
That one day;
Ah, when life is weary-shod, droop-winged, death-strong,
Ah, that one day more, my John,
One more day!

The New Moon with the Old Moon

That sea-green light the new moon loves
  Was ebbing tranquilly,
The colour clear that laps and lingers
  By the shore of the sea.

The old moon lay, a silvern wraith
  Within the new moon's hold,
The pearl of shadow pale as frost
  Lit from her virgin gold.

With the pure faith of early love,
  Before the coming night,
She pledged the beauty that she held
  A destiny of light.

Morning at Paramé

The fisherman pushes his net
Through the shallow flow of the tide,
He trudges and presses it into the sand,
With bent head he toils,
And ever and anon
He searches his net for some treasure of the sea.

Water and land are bound in a leaguer of beauty;
Unconscious the fisherman toils
Watching the swirl of sand and water round his net
Unaware of a world beyond his world
Untroubled by the unsolved secret of being
Unmoved by the passion that searches the net of life
For some treasure of the soul.

The great sea-jewel
Flashes with double flame
Of sapphire and emerald,
The onyx mirror of the wet sand
Takes the snow and violet of the high slow clouds;
Gardens of seaweed bloom under the shallows

In flower-pools of purple shadow,
Foam signals leap and fall on the outer reefs;
Unconscious the fisherman toils
And ever and anon
He searches his net for some treasure of the sea.

Early Morning

Do I hear the restless feet
Of pigeons awake on the roof,
Or the cool
Rustle of rain at dawn?
Do I hear the mellow, sweet
Gurgle of an early wren,
Or the fall in a silver pool
Of a limpid rill on the lawn?

Sleep has drifted away,
Drawing her veil from my eyes,
And a snatch
Of music out of my brain;
I lie too 'wildered to say
Whether I wake or sleep;
Do I hear the rill or catch
The sound of my dream again?

There was a lulling sound,
A sound that was dulcet and dreamful,
A sound with a fluid fall
And a thrill;
Bewildered I hear the round
Of the pigeons or the wren,
Or the rustling rain or the rill,
Or the sound that was sweeter than all.

An August Mood

Where the pines have fallen on the hillside
The green needles burning in the sun
Make sweet incense in the vacant spaces
All along the run
Of the rill; and by the rillside
Rushes waver and shine;
In remote and shady places
Wintergreen abounds and interlaces
With the twinflower vine.

The young earth appears aloof and lonely
Swinging in the ether, only
Nature left, with all her golden foison;
No ambitions here to wound or poison
With their fears and wishes,
The pure life of birds and beasts and fishes.

All our human passion and endeavour
Idle as a thistle down
Lightly wheeling, blown about forever;
All our vain renown
Slighter is than flicker of the rushes;
All our prate of evil and of good,
Lesser than the comment of two thrushes
Talking in the wood.

Spring Night

Rise, my heart, the night is early,
  Sleep may come too soon;
Clouds in fragile veils of vapour
  Melt around the moon.

Like a silver ball for perfume,
  Floats the world, and swings
Drowsy with remembered odours
  Of a million springs.

Birds that in their songs were dreaming
  Now have fallen mute;
Silence hangs enriched and mellowed,
  Like a mythic fruit

On the trembling branch of beauty,
  Whence all visions start,
Where amid the leaves enchanted
  Hides the happy heart.

At Dawning

I heard a Vesper-Sparrow
  Singing alone at the end of night;
I dreamed as I heard him singing,
  Singing of his delight,

That he woke and was 'ware of his truelove,
  Brooding near on the nest,
And joy broke, sudden, and rushed
  And flooded his breast;

I dreamed in the half-darkness
  That his song was my song,
That my waiting and yearning were over,
  I had waited long,--

That close to my side in the half-light,
  With her dark hair clouding her breast,
With her ivory eyelids closed on her fairy dreaming,
  My belovèd was at rest;

There my belovèd was lying,--still, so shadowy-still,
  That I feared,--O I feared I might
Wake her, by listening so tense to the Vesper-Sparrow,
  Singing of my delight.

June Lyrics

I

All night a sound was in the air,
  The water on the shore,
Neither the land's voice nor the water's voice,
  But something more.

All night a crooning was in the air,
  The wind amid the trees,
Neither the pine's voice nor the wind's voice,
  Sweeter far than these.

All night a cry went through my heart,
  Passionate clear and free,
A thought of mine with a thought of thine,
  But deeper than thee or me.

All night enchanted and enrapt,
  Our thoughts lay close in their nest,
My heart heard the wild new beauty
  And could take no rest.

II.

O, what is love but the bee with the clover,
The passion of plunder,
The giving, the taking,
The ecstasy wild and the tearing asunder,--

And then all is over;
But somewhere the honey is hid in the hive
And love to the lover is more than the passion,
For beauty is stored in some exquisite fashion
To be eaten in thankfulness, silence and tears
On the bread of the desolate years.

III

Breast to breast in the shadow,
In a place where the perfumes lie
Of starlit tulips and lilacs,
(Their odours go out with a sigh);
Where the lambent fireflies fly,
Glow, and drift and are gone,
There rises a dreamy cry
From a lark's nest on the lawn,
Silent a gold meteor
Breaks the arch of the sky,
Air-tremors and leaf-tremors
Falter and die,
Where breast to breast in the shadow
Two lovers lie,--
Breast to breast in the shadow
And their souls go out with a sigh.

Prologue

The Prologue, in the days of long ago,
Was set before the scene, designed to show
The drama's purpose or to explain away
The paltry ending of a tedious play.
It served to clear the stage of lingering beaux,
To warn the stalls that had begun to doze,
To drive the orange girls out of the pit,
To whet the mind with some display of wit.
Their foibles all are gone as fashions fade,
Like rose leaves of which potpourri is made;
Another age will find our ways outmoded,
Our manners droll, our tinsel all corroded;
But it may find some beauty in our fashions,
Some odour in our wreath of withered passions,
As all the glow and colour of Goldsmith's day
Is like a perfumed garland laid away.
Instead of powdered heads we have bobbed tresses,
Instead of ample skirts we have short dresses:
Thrilled by a knee now, by an ankle then,
The charm is constant--men are ever men.
Instead of link boys bold and candle-trimmers,
We have our switches, thousand watts and dimmers.
That brings me to my purpose--it is--in fine
To thank you all, to change old Omar's line,
"Who gave the cash and let the credit go,"
Who changed these walls and made this pleasant show
Of comfort, who gave the audience room and ease,
Gave the stage manager a chance to seize
Modern effects, and brandish in his hand
The fitful lightning, bid it glow and stand
In pools of colour, gave the actor space
To don the costume and to paint the face,
Gave us in fact for all their varied uses
A temple for the loveliest of the Muses;
Our grateful thanks, and then again our thanks
To the loyal folk who filled the actors' ranks,
Who gave their time and talent without stint,
Fine ore and precious for the producer's mint;
Our thanks to him who made the perfect thing,
Beating the metal to a rounded ring;
To those who dressed the actors and the stage,
The doorkeeper, the prompter and the page,
Fair maids who left the dance, and lads the rink,
Forgetting social joys, to be the link
Between the patrons and the play. What we now see
Came from a seed planted courageously.
For treasured talent is a squandered thing;
What is despised is found a golden ring

With a fine jewel set. For well I wis
When London was a town little as this,
What was thought lightly of, the casual play,
The swift amusement of a crowded day,
Has triumphed o'er the whirlwind and the strife
And come to mean the nobleness of life;
The crowning light and glory of that age
Centres on Marlowe's and on Shakespeare's stage.
What began here in humbleness and dearth
May make a noise around this careless earth,
Some national playwright may his plot unfold
Here--and some actor with a tongue of gold
Begin to speak upon this northern air,
If you, our generous patrons, will be fair,
And not refuse to reason or reflect,
Nor to find all our chosen plays suspect
That are not laughter full. Life on this earth
Is a rough turmoil tempered with small mirth,
Laughter comes dancing in, a gypsy elf,
Seeming all joy, sufficient to herself;
But as a rainbow gets her beauty from rain
And the purple rain-cloud; laughter's debt to pain
Is a dark background wet with tears.--And then,
Thank heaven, we have no "tired business men"
To be amused--but only persons of rude health
With latent vigour and sufficient wealth,
No Civil Servants of a delicate brood
Afflicted with a chronic lassitude,
They do not need subsistence of that kind,
The "funny plays" devoid of seeds and rind
Arid as fabled fruit of the Dead Sea,
But food for heroes--Let us now agree
To give you plays as various as life
Is various, plays of wonderment and strife,
Actions of poignancy and truth, revealing
The ever-tremulous deeps of human feeling;
Plays wherein tears and tenderness are furled
Like an autumn rose whose petals are seared and curled
With early frost, but whose heart is full of scent;
Dramas where the overtones of life are blent,
Where echoes fall and mystic colours shine,
Transmuted from an atmosphere divine,
Far-off and lonely. Then, not to be too strange,
Plays of the common life, the normal range
Of homely passions--where the tragedy
Is but a tempest in a pot of tea;
You could stand Shakespeare, perhaps in modern dress,
If not--then with a sort of modified stress
Upon tradition--a modern ancientness;
And then some farce, we promise that in sooth,
Whereon old Care may lose his wisdom-tooth.

And won't you let us choose some far-off day
Something bold, mischievous, risqué,
Thoroughly mondaine, bright, naughty and free
That no nice girl should take mamma to see,
Threats from the pulpit, letters in the press,
Puritan tea tables wiring S.O.S.
"And did she make that speech, I can't believe--!
That is the part was played by Molly Steeve.
Everyone says, my dear, its*an awful show,
If that's the truth we'll simply have to go."
Of course I only say this just to tease,
Now let us be in earnest if you please:
As you all know 'tis our confirmed intent
To foster native plays and actors, to invent
Beauty of scene and movement, and to enhance
The Joy of Life by the Drama and the Dance.
So criticise us always in good part,
For criticism is the tonic of art.
Be dumb, doubtful, indifferent, we are dead;
Gossip your full, talk us to life instead.
I may have bored you, but I've had my say,
Now let us laugh at St. John Ervine's play.

The Green Cloister:

Later Poems

The fluttering charm, the pliant grace,
The fragile form and spirit face
Are instinct with essential bliss,
Supported in its trembling line,
As melody in music is,
By a harmony divine:
Enough of Love the absolute
To give her heart the perfect fruit
Of love; enough of Wisdom's power
To give her mind an earthy strength;
Enough of Beauty's secret dower
Of lovely thought, to give her soul
The fragrance of a flower.

Reality

At the Inn by the flowing road,
Where the shadow merges with sun,
There is lodging for everyone,
And plenty of food in store,--
Bread with a flavour of mould,
Wine that is cloudy and rough.
No one asks for gold;
But the service is brisk enough
For the folk that frequent the Inn.
The courtyard rings and rattles
With the chaffering and the din;
For all the guests are merchants
Who all have dreams to sell;
Nothing but dreams they proffer,--
"Dreams,--fine dreams!" they cry.
But you have your dreams to offer,
So why should you buy
Inferior dreams. Your own
Are lovely beyond compare;
You unfold their tremulous tissues
And free them to float in the air,
But nobody seems to care.

And as Time grows slow,
Like the ivy along the wall
Of the Inn, you fancy you know
That the only things that are real
In all the moving show
Are the wine and the bread.
So the taste comes to be loathly,
And you loathe the streams

Of simple, importunate merchants
Hawking the dreams
That no one will buy.
Hope goes out with a sigh,
For nobody heeds the beauty
You spread in the sun;
And you fold the dream-tissues
When the day is done.
Then though you make no sign,
They bring you the bread and the wine.
Yea, the service is quick to please;
You may sit at your ease,
Even beyond the even,
Watching the small gray stars
Drift in the shallow heaven;
You may linger till Time is dead,
With those delicate dreams of thine,
Eating the bitter bread,
And drinking the harsh wine!

But when night deepens in flood
Floating the greater stars,
When silence falls, and the blood
Slows in the aching heart,
All sudden you are aware
Of a mystical light in the air;
For the unsold dreams, transfigured,
Have peopled the void
With a flutter of angels;
Over each wondering merchant
Glimmers an angel guest;
You have your angel of angels,
Whose radiance surpasses the rest;
Your hands are your angel's hands,
His soul is your soul, and you know
That the only things that were real
In all that moving show
Were the dreams.

Then though you make no sign,
They bring you viands divine;--
You may linger till Time is dead
With those realized dreams of thine,
Eating the honeyed bread,
And drinking the rich wine.

The Fields of Earth

Delight is the fruit of the Tree of Joy
  On the fields of Earth,
Youth plunders the loaded lower branches
  With shouts of mirth.

Their hands are stained with the blood-red juice
  From the golden rind;
They scatter the seed with prodigal gestures
  To the careless wind.

The trees spring up with a fountain-rush
  In the fragrant night;
There in the first rose-flush of the morning
  Are the globes of Delight.

Youth sets tooth in the peerless flesh
  Untroubled by thought;
"It is naught", says Youth, the glorious spendthrift,
  "Delight!--it is naught!"

They weary and wander away before noon,
  None left at last:
Silence flows in a tide of old tenderness
  Out of the past.

Then the Others come as daylight fails;
  With trembling fingers
They gather Delight from the highest branches
  While the light lingers.

The finest fruit from the branches of dusk
  Neglected by Youth,--
Delight with the honey-core of Beauty
  And the seed of Truth.

They eat of the sovereign core that stills
  The yearning of years,
They bury the seed in fullness of knowledge
  And with secret fears.

For naught ever grows from the seed they plant
  On the upland cold;
But Delight is alive in the morning valley
  With the globes of gold.

They see the revelers with careless mirth
  Plundering the trees,
They hark to the mingled music and laughter
  Till the sounds cease.

Then they venture down to the Trees of Joy,
  Deserted by Youth,
To gather Delight with the core of Beauty
  And the seed of Truth.

A Blackbird Rhapsody

On the heights of Oberhofen
Where the woods are interwoven
With the gardens and the orchards,
First I heard the blackbird singing
Through a shower of rain at dawn,
Ringing, ringing, ringing,
Till the rain was gone.

Dante called you Merlo,
Chaucer called you Merle;
In Surrey lanes and Umbrian valleys
They overheard your witty sallies;
Now you whistle in the swirled
Current of our modern world,
Blackbird by the Lake of Thun
In the Bernese Oberland.

All day long I hear you giving
Comments on the joy of living;
You, a mote of bright black feathers
With a sparkling dot of yellow,
Seem to sum up and pervade
All the sunshine, all the shade,
Greeting with a blithe, "Hail fellow!"
Everything beneath the sun,--
From the enamelled garden-beds
Set around the painted chalets,
From the lake's pellucid lights,
Up the torrents in the valleys
To the frigid Alpine heights;
Calling to the rooted mountains
"Why are you at rest so long,
Shake your snowy pinions,
Why not fly and sing a song?"
When a wind-wing on the lake
Leaves a track upon the water
Like a quick grey snake;
When the ripples on the pebbles
Running in like silver rebels
From the level leaden surface
Make him mad with joy;--

"Come, you cold and heavy water
Rise in mist and be a cloud,
Float aloft and sing aloud!"

The clear gem-tints of the flowers
Caught up from the pansy-beds
And the drooping dahlia heads,
Topaz light and ruby shimmer,
Emeralds of a leafy glimmer,
Sapphire-flame and turquoise mould
In a setting of green-gold,--
Flicker in your spangled notes
As if your voice was in their throats.

Did Wagner build the wild Valkyrie
War-cry on that valiant phrase?
Did Bach tangle in the maze
Of a fugue those six notes, bold
As six bells of beaten gold?

Then I hear from out the clustered
Thicket of a sycamore
A few unctuous notes satirical,
In the manner rapt and lyrical,
Of the famous nightingale;
Followed by a cheery hail
In your native idiom;--
Contrast sly between the noise
Of premeditated passion
And of legendary strife,
And the wild impromptu voice
Of the simple love of life.

Through the lingering gradual light,
I seem to hear a dauntless sprite
Who lives without the need of rest,
Without a mate, without a nest.
Yet, for just an instant
As the light begins to minish
Do you take to dreaming,
With your parted golden bill,
Half-spread wings, rapt and still,
Poising like an ebon finish
To the apex of a fir-tree?

After all this whirl of winging
Is your vision a vale of rest;
Is your dream a dream of silence
Of a day too rich for singing
By a brooding shadow-nest,
Far beyond the mountains of the west?

Silence for an instant long;--
Then you charge upon the gardens
With a rush of song;
Fluting the last light away
From the embers of the day.

Earth turns into night and quiet;
After such a day-long riot
Silence also cometh to the Merle.
An ethereal film of rose
Sudden flushes the pale snows
Of the Jungfrau range,
And as soon begins to change
To a cloud of ghostly light,
Strewing all the breathless height
With ashes of dead silver.
Through the lustrous Alpine twilight
Rises up from Italy
The Immortal Pearl, (so Dante called her,)
The Immortal Pearl, The Moon,
Drifts along the Lake of Thun,
Driven ever with the cosmic urge,
Striving to escape beyond the verge
To the veiled mountains of the imagined West
Where She and all Immortal Spirits hope for rest.

Como

Lake Como, rippled with light airs
  Or crossed with silver showers,
Lay trembling in her opulence
  Of olives and of flowers.

Below the clustered villages
  And villas on the height
We saw the shadowed water turn
  To turquoise in the light.

The lindens murmured, full of bees;
  Around the cypress spires
Wandered wreaths of oakwood smoke
  Drawn from the peasant fires.

Where the gardens and the hayfields
  Hung in terraced lines
Girls were singing in the vineyards
  As they sprayed the vines.

When early night infused the air
  With a warm flush of gray
It seemed as if the veil of light
  Would never wear away.

Yet colour in the diaphanous air
  Deepened from change to change,
Till the familiar shore-line grew
  Far, far off and strange.

Across the transfigured scene a barge,
  With ochre sail half-furled,
Drifted like a shrivelled ghost
  From the ancient world;

With freight intangible as sleep,--
  The passion of old wars,
Early dreams on Love and Death,
  The Ocean and the Stars.

It drifted past the enchanted shore
  Like a withered husk,
Drifted and disappeared beyond
  Bellano in the dusk.

Evening at Ravello

From the gray shadow of the olive hill
The mellow Angelus bell lends to the sea
Its silver tone; the sea that lies so far
Below, entranced with its own fathomless beauty,
Has no voice; the still crystal surge
Clings like a fringe of snow along the shore
Silent;—no movement, only change from deep
To deeper sapphire; and a wayward air
Carries away the cadence of a song.
The fisher draws his boat upon the beach;
The vine-dresser who tied the vine to the trellis
A long day, climbs the last terrace and the lights
Find the lost houses in the deepest gorge.
If there is music now it is not heard
Only imagined, even the mellow bell
Is mute. If there are stars in heaven
They give no sign. In the silence the worn heart
Takes a deep draught of peace. How far away
Seems all the malice of this turbulent world.
A vain desire flows from the tranquil beauty
To share the sorrow and delight of life
With simple men who take their meat
From the vine the olive and the sea.

Chiostro Verde

Here in the old Green Cloister
At Santa Maria Novella
The grey well in the centre
Is dry to the granite curb;
No splashing will ever disturb
The cool depth of the shaft.
In the stone-bordered quadrangle
Daisies, in galaxy, spangle
The vivid cloud of grass.
Four young cypresses fold
Themselves in their mantles of shadow
Away from the sun's hot gold;
And roses revel in the light,
Hundreds of roses; if one could gather
The flush that fades over the Arno
Under Venus at sundown
And dye a snow-rose with the colour,
The ghost of the flame on the snow
Might give to a painter the glow
Of these roses.
Above the roof of the cloister
Rises the rough church wall
Worn with the tides of Time.
The burnished pigeons climb
And slide in the shadowed air,
Wing-whispering everywhere,
Coo and murmur and call
From their nooks in the crannied wall.
Then on the rustling space,
Falling with delicate grace,
Boys' voices from the far off choir,
The full close of a phrase,
A cadence of Palestrina
Or something of even older days,
No words--only the tune.
It dies now--too soon.
Will music forever die,
The soul bereft of its cry,
And no young throats
Vibrate to clear new notes?
While the cadence was hovering in air
The pigeons were flying
In front of the seasoned stone,
Visiting here and there,
Cooing from the cool shade
Of their nooks in the wall;
Who taught the pigeons their call
Their murmurous music?

Under the roof of the cloister
A few frescoes are clinging
Made by Paolo Uccello,
Once they were clear and mellow
Now they have fallen away
To a dull green-gray,
What has not fallen will fall;
Of all colour bereft
Will nothing at last be left
But a waste wall?
Will painting forever perish,
Will no one be left to cherish
The beauty of life and the world,
Will the soul go blind of the vision?
Who painted those silver lights in the daisies
That sheen in the grass-cloud
That hides their stars or discloses,
Who stained the bronze-green shroud
Wrapping the cypress
Who painted the roses?

Kensington Gardens

When sun is over the Gardens
  The gulls are bright as snow,
They move like arctic lightning
  And rush in a tangled glow;
The Pond flashes beneath them,
  And the roar of the troubled town
Sounds with the force of a freshet
  When the ice is crashing down.

When night is over the Gardens
  The gulls have flown to rest;
He knows where who has the sway
  Of the sea within his breast;
The Pond is dead in the darkness,
  And the city's muted roar
Sounds like a secret water
  By an unknown shore.

On Ragleth Hill

A broken line of trees on the hill-crest
Stands clear against the luminous sky. It seems
A caravan of traders come to rest,
Their camels weary, laden down with dreams;
For when the first stars in the twilight shine
The leaders of the march begin to sway,
Then all the others tremble into line
And tread the sands of sleep and fade away.
Where is the market for the fragile stuff
Enfolded in the gossamer bales they bear;
Where are the ghostly merchants frail enough
To come and barter in the phantom fair?
For in their tents with sighs the dreams are bought,
And beauty is sold for shadows of lovely thought.

At Lodore

Falling from a leafy heaven,
With no tumult and no roar,
Came the water at Lodore;
Slipping down from level to level,
Shining down in burnished lustres,
Hanging almost still in clusters,
Quartz-like on the rocks;
Sliding out between the boulders
With fern forests on their shoulders
Always moving to the rhythm
Of a measured, dulcet drumming,
Underneath the melody coming
From the slender strings of water
Fretted by the stones.
The little pools of beryl
Flecked with bells of broken bubbles
Hold their breath and bear away
To tease the golden gravel
With a moil of tiny troubles
To ravel and unravel
As in play.

When the wind in wilfull rushes
Carries away the liquid flushes
To the homes of the thrushes
In the sycamore,
The water-murmurs dwindle
To the whisper of a spindle
When the wheel turns slow
And slower.

Then the almost silence seeming
Moves the spirit into dreaming
If the water were not there,
If the gorge of rock uprisen
Were alone a shadowy prison
For the air;
Yet would moonlight fall in clusters,
Crystal forms of water-lustres
Moving on the stones,
And the sycamore would shiver
Murmur-ripples like the river
Undertones.

At Palma

Sheltered under the cliffside
  There lies in this sunny land
A miniature Mediterranean
  Harbour of rock and sand.

Over the wall of a garden
  The mimosa holds on high
A flame of sulphur-yellow
  Against the sapphire sky.

Air-tremors flow or idle
  Under the ilex shade
Bearing the rustle of sheep-bells
  From the far olive glade.

The rock cove holds in its setting
  A jewel of mystery--
The light in the heart of an emerald—
  A secret of the sea.

Sudden the water rises
  As if it must share
This secret of the ocean
  Alone too great to bear.

And heaving a tiny wavelet
  Comes with a mimic shock
To lose its emerald lustre
  In ripple round the rock,

Runs on with an ebbing burden
  And reaches the waiting shore,
With only the strength to whisper
  "I will return once more."

But no one can tell to the moment
How long the sun shall burn,
Who will go forth with a message
Or who will return.

At East Gloucester

Mist has thickened the air
And darkened the morning hour,
Nowhere
Is a tree or a house or a tower;
Even the near things seem
Unreal, the sea and the shore,
The margin of earth and the edge of the deep,
Ruins of dream
In a land of sleep.
Sounds are astray in the mist,
The bells of Gloucester town,
The bell on the sunken reef,
Thridding their way in the gray
Gloom of the day.
Two strokes from the bell on the reef
Confirm the ancient belief
Of the bells in the towers of the town,
The town-bells tell the truth
To the lonely bell on the reef;
Silvern spirits and pure
In knowledge made perfect and sure
Repeating their mastered lessons
In beautiful acquiesence.
"Let them say as they say
We know better than they,
To the hearts that hover between
But nearer to Heaven than Earth,
Sounds that were heard are dearer
Than scenes that were seen."

In the Rocky Mountains

I

O lovely light endure the growing splendour,
Until the noon endure,
Endure when shades invade the lofty valleys,
Gradual and sure;

O light that trembled first upon the mountains,
Radiant and pure,
Even when all the peaks are dark with midnight,
Tremble but still endure.

II

Rooted with death in darkness,
Crowned with death in snow,
Height beyond height, the mountains,
Stand in the frigid glow
Of desolate moonlight.

The folds of the dense forest
Cling to the granite slopes,
Like the pall of a sombre ceremonial
Rigid with shadows.

The community of mountains,
Established in ancient beauty,
Are passionless and secure in death.

Why then does the soul hear
Circling between the summits,
That affirmation without sound,
As one mountain to another saith,
There is no death?

III

It was there my heart was lonely in the mountains:
For the mist had cloaked the range
Hiding the vista and the flowing sky-line;
Almost silence there, but strange--
Came a water-sound, a far-off crying;
All the ferns and firs
Held the mist till they could bear no more,
Then shed their store
Of tears with sudden sighing;
It was there my heart was lonely in the mountains.

IV

Hold thy line of song, O mountains,
Up to heaven's deep,
Marching to a soundless cadence,
On from steep to steep.
Nothing but the light and lightning
Knows thy song,
Naught but avalanche and tempest
And the starry throng:
Darkness nourishes and dawns renew
Thy still line of beauty in the blue.

Beauty born of pressure and fire,
When the molten heart of earth
Fixed its wild desire
In thy granite melody:
Silent as the end of Time,
Silent as Eternity,
Hold, O mountains, to the sky,
Hold thy line of song.

V

Lifted up from the heart of Earth,
  And held to the skies,
The purest beauty of this world
  On the mountain lies.

There, in a shrine of crystal,
  Builded far off on the height,
Dwells the spirit of radiant
  Ineffable light.

The glory is veiled with darkness,
  The stars alone are aware,
Dawn restores the wonder
  To the trembling air.

No music descends with the meaning
  Of the mystical glow;
The torrent dissolves in vapour,
  The avalanche in snow;

The pines like weary pilgrims
  Stand line above line;
But the heart of man strains onward
  To the far off shrine.

He would possess the secret
  Of the light in the crystal air,
For the purest beauty of this world
  He knows is there.

VI

There are no mountains in the world
But only driving storm,
Silent, so high in air;
In the valley all is still--
But the fierce rush of the master-will
Of the wild tempest
Is told by the speed of the flying crowd
Of fugitive snow-flakes
Escaping from the under-cloud that drifts
Where the dark tree-line breaks
And merges in the upper cloud.

But now the storm is over
The mountains hold the sky,
Their own unconquered realm of air
In changeless majesty,
Bearing serene and unaware,
The ancient message, fresh unfurled,
Of beauty, fallen on the world
From vanished tempest:--Lo!
In the remote and tranquil height
Burning with pure and lonely light
The glory of the snow.

VII

All day long the valiant mountains
With their victory won,
Stand secure in pride and triumph
Listening to the sun.

All night long the desolate mountains
Brooding on their scars,
Stand in doubt, austere and lonely
Listening to the stars.

Compline

We are resting here in the twilight,
Watching the progress of a cloudless sunset,
The colour moving away from yellow to a deeper gold.
High on the hillside
Across the sunset the telegraph wires are drawn,
Black on the yellow.
Upward we look through the strands
To the delicate colour infinitely beyond
At the world's end.

The swallows flash in the air
And light on the wires,
They range themselves there
Side by side in lines,
Forming impromptu designs,
Black on the yellow.
An odour rises out of the earth
From dead grass cooling in the dew,
From the fragrance of pine needles
That smouldered all day in the heat.

Love in our hearts is quiet,
Tranquil as light reflected in water
That trembles only when the water trembles.

As gold ages to ivory,
As up from a hidden source there wells
The fragile colour of deep-sea shells,
Ivory is flushed with rose
At the day's close.
And as the present sometimes calls up the past
I see the wires as the old music-staff,
Four lines and three spaces,
The swallows clinging there,
The notes of an ancient air,
The sunset glow--a vellum page
In an old Mass book:--
A vellum page yellow as old ivory,
The fading gems of a rose-window,
The odour of incense--
And a voice out of the past
Imploring in a vault of shadow--

Sancta Maria--Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora
Mortis nostrae.
The golden melody of an old faith
Lingering ethereal in the shadow,
The prayer of the past--
Ora pro nobis.

Pray for us, you swallows,
Now and in the hour of our death;
Now when we are fulfilled in the promise of life
When love is quiet in the heart;
And when we fall like autumn leaves and their shadows;
The colour of the leaves,--the garnered beauty of life,--
With their shadows on the future,
Falling together to the unknown--
Ora pro nobis.
May we remember then of all life's loveliest things,
This evening and the swallows'* wings,
When infinite love was reflected in the heart
And trembled only when the heart trembled.

We will pray for you,* bright swallows,
Now and in the hour of your death;
Now when you fly aloft in the dry air
Rushing together in a storm of wings,
Grasping the wires;
And when you fall secretly in the wilderness,
Where,--none knoweth--
Ora pro nobis.

May you remember then this northern beauty,
The pure lake surface,
And after a long light-day,
Wing-weary, the rest
Of a night by the nestlings and the nest.

The sunset failed in ivory and rose,
All that is left of light is the early moonlight
That trembles in the lake-water
Only when the water trembles;
And the lustre of life alone is left at the long day's close,--
The radiance of love in the heart
That trembles only when the heart trembles.

The Dreaming Eagle

Moveless is the clear air of heaven from the height
Down to the floor of the gorge where in its groove
The glacial water rushes to the sea,--
Space filled with clear moon-brilliance
And pointed with a few brave stars.
Secure upon his secret crag the eagle sleeps
Driven by a dream-tempest;
Beaten far off from his eyrie and his hour of rest
By the great buffet of the squall
That hurls the hard sleet on the granite;
Blown aslant over a desert pattern
Of jagged peaks against a brazen sky.
He wakes a moment from his dream,
Flutters the feathers on his breast,
Loosens his pinions and looks out upon the night.
He sees the mountain, buttressed with glaciers,
Guardian of the pass; and, clear beyond,
A few most valiant stars flashing against the moon.
In scorn of peaceful things he shuts his brain
Off from the gleaming distance
And seeks once more the wildness of his dream.
He cares not whether mountains move or stars be still
Content if he can fight the force that sweeps the air
To fan his wing-gold to a fiercer flame,
If he can turn his talons closer to the rock
And feel upon the shoulders of his wings
The Power.

A Prairie Water Colour

Beside the slew the poplars play
In double lines of silver-grey:--
A trembling in the silver trees
A shadow-trembling in the slew.
Standing clear above the hill
The snow-grey clouds are still,
Floating there idle as light;
Beyond, the sky is almost white
Under the pure deep zenith-blue.
Acres of summer-fallow meet
Acres of growing gold-green wheat
That ripen in the heat.
Where a disc-harrow tears the soil,
Up the long slope six horses toil,
The driver, one with the machine;--
The group is dimly seen
For as they go a cloud of dust
Comes like a spirit out of earth
And follows where they go.
Upward they labour, drifting slow,
The disc-rims sparkle through the veil;
Now upon the topmost height
The dust grows pale,
The group springs up in vivid light
And, dipping below the line of sight,
Is lost to view.
Yet still the little cloud is there,
All dusky-luminous in air,
Then thins and settles on the land
And lets the sunlight through.
All is content. The fallow field
Is waiting there till next year's yield
Shall top the rise with ripening grain,
When the green-gold harvest plain
Shall break beneath the harrow.
Still-purple, growing-gold they lie,--*
The crop and summer-fallow. The vast sky
Holds all in one pure round of blue;--*
And nothing moves except the play
Of silver-grey in the poplar trees
Of shadow in the slew.

En Route

The train has stopped for no apparent reason
In the wilds;
A frozen lake is level and fretted over
With rippled wind lines;
The sun is burning in the South; the season
Is winter trembling at a touch of spring.
A little hill with birches and a ring
Of cedars,--*all so still, so pure with snow,--*
It seems a tiny landscape in the moon.
Long wisps of shadow from the naked birches
Lie on the white in lines of cobweb-grey;
From the cedar roots the snow has shrunk away,
One almost hears it tinkle as it thaws.
Traces there are of wild things in the snow;--*
Partridge at play, tracks of the foxes' paws
That broke a path to sun them in the trees.
They're going fast where all impressions go
On a frail substance,--*images like these,
Vagaries the unconcious*mind receives
From nowhere, and lets go to nothingness
With the lost flush of last year's autumn leaves.

In Algonquin Park

Nestling in the high woods the tranquil bay
Mirrors the margin-trees and the clear grey
Of idle clouds, moveless and clear as they.
It seems as if, with all her fears upfurled,
Ultimate peace has settled on the world.
Springs from the air, moved by its own volition
A silver shower, bent on some secret mission,
Murmurs her liquid secret to the trees,
Trembles it in the water and then flees,--
Leaving her light, last whisper in the brush
At the cliff's edge below the pinewood. Hush!

Love looks on heaven with her tranquil eyes
Calm with the depth of all love's certainties,
And when the calm is blurred with fleeting pain
Takes the light shower of sorrow as surprise.
Love hears it drift from spirit shore to shore,
Trembles beneath the lash of the doubtful rain
Till it is gone,--and steadfast once again
Love looks on heaven more tranquil than before.

Autumn Evening

Go, lovely hour with the rushing of leaves,
With the proud swift wind and the glory in the west,
Call the chill stars that close the autumn eves
And bring the day to rest.
Leave us the memory of the walk beside the water,
With the fugitive leaves rushing away from the wind,
The wild light on the towers and the eastern border
Where the stars are venturing.
Then rest in the low-lit room
By the maple-fire on the hearth
Breathing as if with delight in its life, and after
Music rich-motived with sighs and with laughter.
These are the real, the native things
The heart remembers;
Long after the passions of the world have taken wings
Memory retrieves the whisper of fugitive leaves,
The flow of water, the flow of stars,
The fall of the wind at night-fall,
The flutter of flame on the embers,
The murmur of music.

The Touch of Winter

In the early morning with magic overnight
Frost has rimed the garden with lines of crystal light--
All the leaning hollyhocks have beaten-silver stems,
The ruins of their seed-pods are rounded diadems,
The asters all are taken with a jewelled surprise
Every withered blossom has diamonds in her eyes.

In the later morning with the warm and hazy sun
The crystals, thawed and loosened, in fairy* rillets run,
The hollyhocks, unsilvered, have a brown-ivory glow,
Like little leather buttons the seed-pods show,
The asters all are taken with a dewy surprise,
Every withered blossom has tears in her eyes.

From the Headland

All day long the stormy gulls
Fought for plunder in the bay,
Rushing down upon the floating things,
Rising swift with cries and angry wings,
Wheeling up and away.

Tide went wandering out and tide came wandering in
With idle fall and rise;
Nothing seemed in trouble of its breath or living
Of its death or ending,
Underneath the skies.

All the morning long the heaven was silver
And the sun crossed over towards his rest;
And at middle afternoon the film-clouds
Seemed to come from nowhere,
Gathering in the west.

When the sun had touched them, all the air
Flowed with colour like a chanting stream,
And a distant mountain range, revealed in gray,
Wavered like the wall transparent of a land of dream.

Then the gulls went flying singly from the bay,
Messengers of battle and defeat,
To a breathless waiting bird-land far away,
Beating air with wingstroke wearily,--
Black against triumphant colour,
Black against the mountains' sheer enchantment,
Black against the sea.

January Evening

Rose-breasted birds appear
In the highest branches of the winter maple
Burning all with the rose-light of the sunset.
The birds are restless in the delicate tangle of the rose-branches,
Songless, abstract as thoughts in a dream
Of rose-breasted birds in rose-branches of a winter maple.
Dreamlike invocation is in the air;
The tree is Priest and Song,
Offering the birds to the Spirit of Night,
Holding aloft the fluttering sacrifice,
Imploring to be absolved from the faint blood-stain
In the rose-branches, and the rose-breasted birds.
Then of a sudden the birds are gone,
And the rose-light fades and is gone,
The Spirit of Night,
Grown manifest in cool beauty,
Absolves the maple with touches of tender silver.
Where fluttered the rose-breasted birds
Silver filters through the maple,
Silver water-colored from the west,

Silver hinting of early starlight;
Purified, the priestly maple loses his melody,
In the darkness deepening
He wraps him in silver air,
In the quiet ecstasy of silver frost and silver starlight.

A Scene at Lake Manitou

In front of the fur-trader's*house at Lake Manitou
Indian girls were gathering the hay,
Half labour and half play;
So small the stony field
And light the yield
They gathered it up in their aprons,
Racing and chasing,
And laughing loud with the fun
Of building the tiny cocks.
The sun was hot on the rocks.
The lake was all shimmer and tremble
To the bronze-green islands of cedars and pines;
In the channel between the water shone
Like an inset of polished stone;
Beyond them a shadowy trace
Of the shore of the lake
Was lost in the veil of haze.

Above the field on the rocky point
Was a cluster of canvas tents,
Nearly deserted, for the women had gone
Berry-picking at dawn
With most of the children.
Under the shade of a cedar screen
Between the heat of the rock and the heat of the sun,
The Widow Frederick
Whose Indian name means Stormy Sky,
Was watching her son Matanack
In the sunlight die,
As she had watched his father die in the sunlight.
Worn out with watching,
She gazed at the far-off islands
That seemed in a mirage to float
Moored in the sultry air.
She had ceased to hear the breath in Matanack's throat
Or the joy of the children gathering the hay.
Death, so near, had taken all sound from the day,
And she sat like one that grieves
Unconscious of grief.

With a branch of poplar leaves
She kept the flies from his face,
And her mind wandered in space
With the difficult past
When her husband had faded away;
How she had struggled to live
For Matanack four years old;
Triumphant at last!

She had taught him how and where
To lay the rabbit snare,
And how to set
Under the ice, the net,
The habits of shy wild things
Of the forest and marsh;
To his inherited store
She had added all her lore;
He was just sixteen years old
A hunter crafty and bold;
But there he lay,
And his life with its useless cunning
Was ebbing out with the day.

Fitfully visions rose in her tired brain,
Faded away, and came again and again.
She remembered the first day
He had gone the round of the traps alone,
She saw him stand in the frosty light
Two silver-foxes over his shoulder.
She heard the wolves howl,
Or the hoot of a hunting owl,
Or saw in a sunlit gap
In the woods, a mink in the trap;
Mingled with thoughts of Nanabojou
And the powerful Manitou
That lived in the lake;
Mingled with thoughts of Jesus
Who raised a man from the dead,
So Father Pacifique said.

Suddenly something broke in her heart.
To save him, to keep him forever!
She had prayed to their Jesus,
She had called on Mary His mother
To save him, to keep him forever!
The Holy Water and the Scapular!
She had used all the Holy Water
Father Pacifique had given her;
He had worn his Scapular
Always, and for months had worn hers too;
There was nothing more to be done
That Christians could do.

Now she would call on the Powers of the Earth and the Air,
The Powers of the Water;
She would give to the Manitou
That lived in the lake
All her treasured possessions,
And He would give her the lad.
The children heard her scream,
The trader and the loafing Indians
Saw her rush into her tent and bring out her blankets
And throw them into the lake,
Screaming demented screams,
Dragging her treasures into the light,
Scattering them far on the water.
First of them all, her gramophone,
She hurled like a stone;
And they caught her and held her
Just as she swung aloft the next of her treasures
Her little hand-sewing-machine.
They threw her down on the rock
And five men held her until,
Not conquered by them,
But subdued by her will
She lay still.

The trader looked at the boy,
"He's done for," he said.
He covered the head
And went down to the Post;
The Indians, never glancing,
Afraid of the ghost,
Slouched away to their loafing.
After a curious quiet
The girls began the play
Of gathering the last of the hay.

She knew it was all in vain;
He was slain by the foe
That had slain his father.
She put up her hair that had fallen over her eyes,
And with movements, weary and listless,
Tidied her dress.
He had gone to his father
To hunt in the Spirit Land
And to be with Jesus and Mary.

She was alone now and knew
What she would do:
The Trader would debit her winter goods,
She would go into the woods
And gather the fur,
Live alone with the stir

Alone with the silence;
Revisit the Post,
Return to hunt in September;
So had she done as long as she could remember.

She sat on the rock beside Matanack
Resolute as of old,
Her strength and her spirit came back.
Someone began to hammer down at the Trader's house.
The late August air was cold
With a presage of frost.
The islands had lost
Their mirage-mooring in air
And lay dark on the burnished water
Against the sunset flare--
Standing ruins of blackened spires
Charred by the fury of fires
That had passed that way,
That were smouldering and dying out in the West
At the end of the day.

At Gull Lake: August, 1810

Gull Lake set in the rolling prairie--
Still there are reeds on the shore,
As of old the poplars shimmer
As summer passes;
Winter freezes the shallow lake to the core;
Storm passes,
Heat parches the sedges and grasses,
Night comes with moon-glimmer,
Dawn with the morning-star;
All proceeds in the flow of Time
As a hundred years ago.

Then two camps were pitched on the shore,
The clustered teepees
Of Tabashaw Chief of the Saulteaux.
And on a knoll tufted with poplars
Two gray tents of a trader--
Nairne of the Orkneys.
Before his tents under the shade of the poplars
Sat Keejigo, third of the wives
Of Tabashaw Chief of the Saulteaux;
Clad in the skins of antelopes
Broidered with porcupine quills
Coloured with vivid dyes,
Vermilion here and there
In the roots of her hair,

A half-moon of powder-blue
On her brow, her cheeks
Scored with light ochre streaks.
Keejigo daughter of Launay
The Normandy hunter
And Oshawan of the Saulteaux,
Troubled by fugitive visions
In the smoke of the camp-fires,
In the close dark of the teepee,
Flutterings of colour
Along the flow of the prairies,
Spangles of flower tints
Caught in the wonder of dawn,
Dreams of sounds unheard--
The echoes of echo,
Star she was named for
Keejigo, star of the morning,
Voices of storm--
Wind-rush and lightning,--
The beauty of terror;
The twilight moon
Coloured like a prairie lily,
The round moon of pure snow,
The beauty of peace;
Premonitions of love and of beauty
Vague as shadows cast by a shadow.
Now she had found her hero,
And offered her body and spirit
With abject unreasoning passion,
As Earth abandons herself
To the sun and the thrust of the lightning.
Quiet were all the leaves of the poplars,
Breathless the air under their shadow,
As Keejigo spoke of these things to her heart
In the beautiful speech of the Saulteaux.

The flower lives on the prairie,
The wind in the sky,
I am here my beloved;
The wind and the flower.

The crane hides in the sand-hills,
Where does the wolverine hide?
I am here my beloved,
Heart's-blood on the feathers
The foot caught in the trap.

Take the flower in your hand,
The wind in your nostrils;
I am here my beloved;
Release the captive
Heal the wound under the feathers.

A storm-cloud was marching
Vast on the prairie,
Scored with livid ropes of hail,
Quick with nervous vines of lightning--
Twice had Nairne turned her away
Afraid of the venom of Tabashaw,
Twice had the Chief fired at his tents
And now when two bullets
Whistled above the encampment
He yelled "Drive this bitch to her master."

Keejigo went down a path by the lake;
Thick at the tangled edges,
The reeds and the sedges
Were gray as ashes
Against the death-black water;
The lightning scored with double flashes
The dark lake-mirror and loud
Came the instant thunder.
Her lips still moved to the words of her music,
"Release the captive,
Heal the wound under the feathers."

At the top of the bank
The old wives caught her and cast her down
Where Tabashaw crouched by his camp-fire.
He snatched a live brand from the embers,
Seared her cheeks,
Blinded her eyes,
Destroyed her beauty with fire,
Screaming, "Take that face to your lover."
Keejigo held her face to the fury
And made no sound.
The old wives dragged her away
And threw her over the bank
Like a dead dog.

Then burst the storm--
The Indians' screams and the howls of the dogs
Lost in the crash of hail
That smashed the sedges and reeds,
Stripped the poplars of leaves,
Tore and blazed onwards,
Wasting itself with riot and tumult--
Supreme in the beauty of terror.

The setting sun struck the retreating cloud
With a rainbow, not an arc but a column
Built with the glory of seven metals;
Beyond in the purple deeps of the vortex
Fell the quivering vines of the lightning.
The wind withdrew the veil from the shrine of the moon,
She rose changing her dusky shade for the glow
Of the prairie lily, till free of all blemish of colour
She came to her zenith without a cloud or a star,
A lovely perfection, snow-pure in the heaven of midnight.
After the beauty of terror the beauty of peace.

But Keejigo came no more to the camps of her people;
Only the midnight moon knew where she felt her way,
Only the leaves of autumn, the snows of winter
Knew where she lay.

At Sunset

Let us draw closer now; the clouds are riven
With flying shadow and shafts of vivid gold,
The dew shall fall with windfall, and in heaven
There shall be myriad starshine as of old.
Like a great nest the woodland warm and deep
Holds the wild lives drowsy and half at rest,
Till they are comforted with perfect sleep
When night has settled down upon the nest.
Let us tell over now in rich reflection
Our finite love treasured in Time's despite,
Infinite Love instinct with all perfection
Is settling close around us with the night.
Our two, wild hearts have suffered grievous things,
Let us be comforted beneath His wings.

The Faithful

Why stands that star so brilliant in the West,
Burning without a tremor above the shield
Of the bronze hill? Has earth begun to yield
To infinite weariness and think it best
To turn no more upon a fruitless quest,
Only that men may laugh and love in the sun,
Taste grief in the shadow and when all is done
Sleep and forget life's failure in long rest?
No! 'Tis the magic of that shining heart
Which has no shade of doubt, that fixed it there
Commanding it her purpose to fulfil,
Neither to wane, nor tremble nor depart,
Till I should know in darkness and despair
Steadfast her star of love is burning still.

By the Sea

Why comes this sorrow from the outer void
To check my heart with a vague agony
When it would dance in pleasure unalloyed
Or dream without desire or memory?
Thus have I known the tide turn on a bench
Of quiet rocks with loud, exultant sound,
The sun-warm golden seaweed toss and wrench
And triumph over them when they are drowned.
Yet would I not command the tide to be
Motionless water, nor by will restrain
The current of vague sorrow, nor decree
Peace to my heart from this reviving pain.
No, I would cleave it open to the core
For the remorseless surge to flood once more.

Under Stars

Caught in the dew-drop surface of the mere,
The pure, high stars pursue their primal courses,
Dwarfed to pale points of fire their ancient forces;
Where the curved shore-line, trembling silver clear,
Meets the dark mountain shadow, the wood-seer,
The hermit thrush, draws from its limpid sources,
Alien to all our passions and remorses,
The song that has no yearning and no fear.
Time thus enchanted, Fate can make no move.
My heart has mirrored on this matchless night
The highest things that men have ever thought;
And through the tranquil silence it has caught
The terrene song of some celestial sprite,
Floating in mingled moods of death and love.

On a Drawing of a Hand

The flowing forms of the round arm
End in the hand's elusive charm:
The yearning eyes will linger less
Along the lines of loveliness,
Where every curve is a caress,
Than pore upon the shadowed place
Where Beauty holds a hidden grace
Within the hollow of the palm.

Here there is imaged the deep calm,
The perfect joy, unknown, the soul
Longs after, the clear Truth-in-Whole
Of Beauty, captive and concealed,
Never to be in round revealed,
Only to be pursued uncaught,
Beyond dreaming, beyond thought,
Where Beauty leads in a caress
Along the lines of loveliness.

A Fancy

If clouds were made for freighting
  The burden of the heart,
I'd charter one and load it
  And send it to the mart,*

Where you come down at morning,
  Before the heat of the day,
From your poplars on the hillside
  To idle an hour away.

Her feathery keel all glowing
  With the sun's last light,
Stars shaken through her rigging
  With the cool of early night,*

My cloud would come to harbour
  In the airy stream,
Caught with cables of cobweb
  To the sea-wall of dream.

The mariners would lighten
  The wealth of the hold,
With air-drawn music,
  When the moon was gold.

And when the dawn was silvern
  On poplar and pier,
The market-folk would whisper
  "Look! wonder is here!"

Then a rumour would reach you
  That a cloud was at the quay,
With a shy and subtle merchant
  And bales from fancy free.

You would come like charmed sea-water
That follows the mood of the moon;
Or like the flow of a cadence
In an old, slow tune.

With your delicate ivory eyelids
Laving the sea-green eyes,
With the long slender fingers
And the breast of sighs;

Companioned by your maidens,
One dark and one fair,
Theirs would be famous beauty
If your beauty were not there.

You would drift down the tangle
And colour of the booths;
Your glance would drop and linger
On the beauties that are truths.

You would pick up something tender
That in fancy you might buy,
You would falter over something
That was made with a sigh.

You would hesitate and ponder,
All fluttered and confused,
Then you would choose a jewel
And murmur as if bemused,—*

"I'll take this tremulous trifle
Made of moonlit dew."
(It was my least of fancies
Made from the love of you.)

"Go, Sorrow, find this merchant
You tell me is subtle and shy,
Pay him for his frail jewel
With a glance of your eye;

"Come, Joy, the booths are sultry,
Leave all the splendid rest,
But catch this fluid fancy up
And pin it on my breast."

By the Seashore

There on the desolate seashore close at the end of day
Someone has lighted a fire as the tide and the sunlight are ebbing away;
The rocks are an altar fronting the coming night and the naked shingle.
He is burning the letters (he promised to burn them) and single
He crushes them close and lays them along the fire.
He feels as if each were a martyr burning there for a deathless name,
As if he, of the faith, were a coward afraid of the flame.

The tide flows out to a deep sea darkness,
The sunlight streams away from the deeps of midnight,
A finite sorrow is seeking the Infinite sorrow.

Slowly he gives to the fire his desire and his treasure;
The fire takes all with an ancient and passionate pleasure
That eats of diverse fuel with careless grace
Be it heart of man or leaves in an autumn place.

Men have likened desire to a fire,
But it bears no final likeness to fire;
The desire of the heart leaves sorrow that lives in a scar,
But fire when it dies is nought.

The flame flutters and vanishes.
Here and there the word 'love' shines and expires in gold
The word 'forever' lives a moment in grey on the cinder,
A shrinking of all the char in a brittle heap--
It is done, nothing remains but the scar of a sorrow.

Sunlight deserts the shadow and leaves no message at parting,
The stars flock into the shadow without a greeting,
From the Infinite sorrow, sought and not found,
Comes no sound.

But the tide throws back a ripple
That whispers and sighs as if there was something forgotten,
The ripple says, "Give me the embers
"'Tis the sea that remembers"
The ripple plashes and whispers
"Give me the ashes
For the sea is the Mother of Sorrow"
So the only voice is the sea's voice
Receding and dying in darkness.
Sorrow is answered there by the whispering, the sighing--
"Remember--remember--remember,
The sea is the Mother of Sorrow
And She will remember."

Enigma

Some men are born to gather women's tears,
To give a harbour to their timorous fears,
To take them as the dry earth takes the rain,
As the dark wood the warm wind from the plain;
Yet their own tears remain unshed,
Their own tumultuous fears unsaid,
And, seeming steadfast as the forest and the earth,
Shaken are they with pain.
They cry for voice as earth might cry for the sea
Or the wood for consuming fire;
Unanswered they remain
Subject to the sorrows of women utterly--
Heart and mind,
Subject as the dry earth to the rain
Or the dark wood to the wind.

The Bells

Sleep and Sleeplessness

Not on this night of sullen rain
And a tormented wind,
But on a bland, still night
Filled with the ancient starlight;
Then the bell notes float on the surface of silence
Like the fabled flower of Lotus on a stream
Whose sources are the secret wells of Sleep.
The air, like the air in a shell,
Is drowsy with murmur;
The ear in fancy hears the after-murmur of the bells
(The ripple around the Lotus when the stream
Is ruffled by the movement of a dream.)
The flawless night is fluent and bemused
With fusion of flower and tone and overtone.
Time is entranced,
Entranced thyself and led by enchanted Sleep
Into the Country where the Real is Dream.

Not on this night of sullen rain
And a tormented wind
That torture one another;
If the wind screams the rain is still as death,
If the rain sobs the wild wind holds its breath;
But both conspire against the rule of silence
And the sanctuary of Sleep.

Once a clear note escaping the wind
Calls like a wounded bird at the window;
Once a faint note free of the rain
Falls broken on the pane.
The hours go unrecorded;
Even the death of midnight goes untolled.
The frantic night is full of violence and of lamentation;
Time is distraught, silence is blinded--
Blinded thyself and led by the blind ghost
Of Sleep seeking the Country he has lost.

Earliest Morning

Little awns of sunlight,
  Dancing on the dusky floor
Of the world: the one bright
  Angel at the dawn's door

Holds it open to the vista
  Of the grey-dew on the hills
Tranced with memories of the misty
  Moonlight and the whippoorwills;

While in leagues of airy lightness,
  Cooled by clear, ethereal gales,
The great seraphs, dark with brightness,
  Tossing up their whirling flails,

Thresh the golden sheaf of the Sun;
  Till the pure candescent kernel
(Multifold, quintillion),
  Showers upon the vivid, vernal*

Face of the earth, so cool, so tender,
  From the moonlight and the dew,
As it turns through gradual splendour
  Back to moonlight and dew.

But as yet the awns of sunlight
  Dance alone on the dusky floor,
Idly drifting by the one bright
  Angel at the dawn's door.

Imogen's Wish

When I have spent my little life,
  I pray you of your grace
Lay me in some secluded spot
  A maple-shadowed place;

Where spring shall gently green the grass,
  Where silver snow had lain,
Where only tempered sun shall fall,
  After a soothing rain.

For mine own flower I would prefer,
  Leaving the world the rest,
A brood of the wood-daffodil,
  To tremble on my breast,

Then you might say if wandered there,
  Far from your light and power,
"She must have lived with lovely thought
  "To choose so pure a flower".

Time the Victor

The graves are in the moonlight
  Clustered on the hill,
The shadows of the headstones
  Move with the moon's will.

Upon the silvered marble
  Are traced in fading dust
Words of Hope and Triumph
  Of Sorrow and of Trust.

One proclaims all virtue
  Another prays for rest,
And all declare immortal
  The Soul upon her quest.

Clouds will march with thunder,
  Moons will glow and wane,
Men will write their hearts out,
  And ask for truth in vain;

And Time the careless Victor,
  In spite of hopes and tears
Will crush the stones of memory
  With the falling years.

Spring in the Valley

Spring has caught up the eager earth
  With her enchanted power;
In rounded drifts of ashy white
  The plum-trees are in flower.

The light is like a fluttering bird
  Caught in a cage of blue;
The warmth is like a beating heart
  Flooding the world through.

No leaves are full upon the woods
  Only a dream of leaves;
The sun, from the hollow to the height,
  A wave of colour weaves.

Groups of black pines like builded piers
  Stand solid in the glow,
As if they held the shimmering tide
  Back from an overflow.

Only two sounds are on the air,
  A snow-brook babbles free,
A blue-bird tries his early note
  In an old apple-tree.

Under the pines, in the brown shade,
  Two lovers are at rest;
No thoughts disturb the pools of joy
  Tranquil in either breast.

The mist of evening in his eyes,
  The dew of morn in hers,
Between them in the fluttering light
  The breath of beauty stirs.

Twilight

When twilight walks in the west,
  Meeting the night with a sigh,
When the wild bird comes to her nest
  And a star to the open sky,

Tenderness flows on the air,
  In full tide deep and still;
It frees the mind of care
  And quiets the restless will.

The soul enters her own
  Home of delight long sought,
The heaven of feeling strown
  With nebulous stars of thought.

Beauty stirs in the breast,
  Ecstasy trembles there--
When twilight walks in the west
  And tenderness flows on the air.

A Secret

The rain rustled to fall
  In the garden by the wall,
Whispered a secret say,
  And rustled away.

Then when the light grew stronger,
  A great rain fell
And talked for an hour longer
  With nothing to tell.

For the rain had whispered all
  In the garden by the wall,
All it was sent to say
  Ere the break of the day.

A Song

Moments fall from the hour,
  Hours from the day,
They say as they fall,
  Flee away--flee away.

Flee away colour of life;--*
  Action and power
Come quiet to end
  As the death of a flower.

Leave us beauty and love
  Longing to stay;
The moments say and the hours
  Flee away--flee away.

Past and Present

It seems how long ago
How far away it seems,
Since Time was free of delusions and of dreams,
And Life a story of enchanted hours
Told in the idiom of happy trees,
In the wind's idiom, and the flower's,
Natural as these.
Yet Time will linger to repeat
The murmur of a sound so moving sweet,
The shadow of a scene coloured so fair;
Till memory shall grow
More real than the actual day
And come to be the substance, not the show,
Of past enchantment, till that seems
Not very far away nor long ago.

A Group of Lyrics

I

O wave that breaks far out at sea!
Too far, far off for any sound
To come to me, but only sight
Of the green curve, the crest of light
The flash--and then the level of the sea.

O Soul that lifts this level life!
Too far, far off for any love
To come to me, but only sight
Of the great heart's motion, and the light
Of beauty--and then the level of this life.

II

Where there was sea the mountains stand
On rift and ridge are shells and sand
Change has enriched the moving air;
Then why should not thy lover dare
To touch thy lips and eyes divine
And lay his heart to thine?

Where there was land the ocean rolls
And fields are gulfed in deeps and shoals
Change has enriched the gleaming sea;
Then why not change and come to me
With trembling lips and eyes divine
And lay thy heart to mine?

III

Twilight had formed a lovely rose,
  A flower of film and fire;
It seemed as if the throbbing west
  Had found our heart's desire.

Then Shadow, from the breathless void
  Where rest and silence are,
Gathered the lovely rose for Death
  And left us with a star.

IV

The rose shall fade
  The dew shall dry
There shall be no more sea
  And no more sky.

How swift the fatal thought
  Towards the sure ending falls,
Forgetting all the throbbing life
  Of the sweet intervals.

Yet Fate has not the power
  To rob the rose of scent,
Or steal the rapture from the hour
  Of Love's content.

The Wise Men from the East

A Christmas Carol

To Bethlehem beneath the Star,
The wise men from the outlands far
  Came clad in silk and vair;
Christ Jesus in His Mother's hold
Stared at the jewels and the gold,
  The three made wondrous fair.

Then first the swarthy Baltasar,
Whose glance was like a scimitar,
  Stood forth before the rest:
Although he bore the fragrant myrrh,
Christ Jesus turned from him to her
  And hid within her breast.

Behind him was the youth Gaspar,
Who held a shining crystal jar,
His face was merry and red;
Although he bore the frankincense
And was of debonair presence,
Christ Jesus turned His head.

The third was haughty Melchior*,
Dark with the spoil of mart and war,
He bore the crusted gold;
Christ Jesus gave a cry of pain,
And looked not on them once again
But nestled in His fold.

For they had brought Him treasure-trove,
But had not any little love
For one they thought a King:
Christ Jesus gave to Mary then
His first mild message unto men,
Love is the precious thing.

The Spider and the Rose

Films and flashes--
Music came in careless crashes
On the shore of silence.
I heard a voice declare
This is the famous Fair,
The Fair of Moods and Passions,
Of Follies and of Fashions
Triumphant in the sea.
Light fell with a blasting glare
There were no blue shadows there.
Music made the shadow;
Pouring from a grey pavilion
That sparkled with a million
Lustres, and a leader made of bones
Hurled the trombone tones
To the dancers far below.
All around them a gigantic,
Vast and vertical Atlantic;
Walls as clear as emerald,
Emerald hard and emerald green;
The bright burning fish were seen
Before a tapestry of weeds and shells,
Woven of tangled seeds and bells
Shimmering with the glamour of the sea.

Dancers under the music flail
Whirled and dashed along the floor;
"Won't* you deign to dance with me?"
I had known that face before;
Not the Beauty I adore
I had come there to see:
She was gypsy-dark and free,
Naked to the waist and wild,
A changeling, a fairy child;
Spiders lived in her dusk hair,
I could see them ambushed there.
As we danced she bent away--
Far away, and backward bent;
Down and ever down we went,
Outcasts from a honied moon,
At the nadir of the swoon
Her remote and fairy features
Gleamed like some illfated creature's
Floating in a pool.
Drifting slow I heard her singing
Far, far off a silver cool
Old and passionless ditty
Simple with a touch of pity.

Leave the roses on the rose-tree
Day after day
Leave them, let them linger
Till they fade away
Let them know the joy of dying
Ungathered after all
With fragrance sighing
As they fall.

I saw her ruby eyelids flare
Through the spider-haunted hair.
They wove her hair in subtle strands,
Linked them up with branch-like bands,
Spread the web across the lands,
Hid the sea and Fair.
From infinity of height
I saw white roses lie in light
On the web of woven hair:
It was changing I was ware;
It was nothing but a rose-tree
With its moonlight-load
Of blossom by the border of a road.

Then there fell a Shadow,
A Shadow without form,
Like the core of a storm.
The music stopped,

Away the dancing dropped,
The sea-wall flickered like green flame.
He was not a solid being
That one knows by touch or seeing,
That one calls by any name,
Just the Shadow of a feeling
Drifting down and stealing
Down the Midway.
The dancers rushed and crowded
Toward the Shadow that enshrouded
All the sea and air,
Their swift action was a prayer
For something precious, peerless
That made them fierce and fearless
Of the Shadow.
I could not hear their questions
But I swear I heard him say
"No Dancers, no,
I'm not taking any lives today."
Then they melted away
Like children denied,
The sea even sighed;
When the music throbbed and ached
It was ancient pain unslaked
Or a sorrow that had died and lived again.

Then I saw one coming through the crowd,
If a star could be a sound,
If a moving line of melody
Could be a woman's grace,
If a rose could be a face,
That was she, the darling Beauty
I had come there to see.
She seemed all astray
Lost and lonely,
To be seeking one soul only;
But she never looked my way.
Then she floated near the Shadow
As the music-stream ran shallow,
The rhythm slack and meagre,
She murmured something eager,
Anxious and slow,
A question that would brook no delay;
And again I heard him say
This time, this way,
"No Beauty, no,
I am claiming only one life today".
Tears of wild dismay
Dashed across her vivid face;
I saw her anguished beauty
Move with a haunting grace

To the measure of a song I heard
Once in another place,
"Let them know the joy of dying"
Then a far-off call,
Like a sweeter voice replying,
"With fragrance sighing
As they fall".
O to have given something I had brought
Pure as gathered moonlight,
The fragrance of a thought,
Before she went away;
But the music sprang and crashed
And she winced as if lashed
By the trumpets stinging loud;
She was taken by the crowd.
So I only heard her murmur,
Anxious and low,
And I heard the Shadow say,
"No Beauty, no."

Then I thought to venture nearer,
To see the Shadow clearer,
But I found myself surrounded
With dim fringes bounded
By nothing. Then a wonder!
A pigeon white as silver
Hanging on a cloud of thunder,
Hanging on the vacant air;
Not a pigeon but a hand carven fair
Out of ivory--
Perfect, so I dreamed, a hand
A mad princess might command
Her Chief Carver to make
For a false lover's sake.
(She had strangled him and cut off a hand).
The hand hung at her side,
She played with it and cried,--
"This is good luck", she said,
"My good luck," she sighed.
The ivory hand was dead
Carven without flaw,
But I shivered when I saw
That between the thumb and finger
Was a living white rose.
Then I remembered:
I had lingered on the road
By a rose-tree with its load
Of blossom, and had chosen
One whose beauty was like frozen
Moonlight; as I plucked it
Rushed a spider from his lair;

He was armed and ambushed there
To protect the virgin rose-tree from her foes.
But I thought no more
When I robbed the rose-tree of a rose
Than, "This will be a beauty
For the Beauty I adore
Who is waiting at the Fair."
I remembered and I knew the hand was my hand,
I knew it by the rose,
And upon the index finger,
For a ring, the spider clinging
In malign repose.

Then the whole Fair's evil riot
Fell into a fatal quiet
To hearken while I questioned
And to hear the Shadow say,--
"Yea--you who robbed the rose-tree
You must come today."

Darkness in a rain of ashes
Broken through with films and flashes,
Dancers wrenched apart and flying,
Music blown away and dying
With the roar of the falling sea.
Then the Beauty I adore
Rushing from the ruined Fair
Paused a moment in her flight,
Frantic when she saw me there,
Whispering, faint and brokenhearted,
"I had sought you everywhere",
Kissed me once before we parted
On the forehead and the hair.

The Nightwatchman

One of my father's flock was Alfred Mee,
To my young mind a man of mystery;
His habits and appearance were so strange,
Unusual, and far beyond my range;

He slept throughout the day and worked at night;
So I would wait all breathless for the sight
Of the tall, fragile form of Mister Mee,
The afternoons that we were asked for tea.
A shadow--he was always clad in gray--
His face and hands were pallid like dry clay,
Hair shaggy, dark and sleepless-looking eyes
That blinked at light; then the enormous size
Of the long hand that bore the curious thing
That charmed and held me--a great mourning-ring
Of heavy gold surrounding a black stone
That made a blot upon the skin and bone
Of his long finger. (Mistress Mee's aside
"'Twas give him by his sister when she died").

His wife, he always called her Mistress Mee,
Unlike her husband as she well could be,
Was bustling, bright, and sure and serviceable
As water in a river or a well;
With a large bosom and a florid face
She was the happy genius of the place.
She never called him Alfred, Alf. or Dear,
But always Mister Mee. With slow, and queer
And sleep-like motion he would range
About the little garden, vague and strange.
I watched him wander with a kind of awe,
For floating round his cloudy form I saw
The foundry where he worked as nightwatchman,
The sprawling buildings, the bewildering plan
Of corridors, and workshops, and machines,
Where I was led and lectured on the scenes
By daylight; but the moulding-shop by far
Was weirdest; no clanging noises there to jar
But only space, and gloom in the raftered roof,
Grey light through grimy panes almost sun-proof,
With flags of cobwebs hanging in many a shred,
Laden with dust, and all the shadowy shed
Filled with the smell of the charred moulding-earth
On a cool air; I thought it must be worth
Millions* to be a man like Mister Mee
To watch for fires and thieves and tramps and be
Alone all night, wandering about, to hark
For noise, and eat at midnight in the dark.
My fears were draped around the lean pale head
That peered amongst the flowers, and my dread
Of darkness and of every frightening thing
Was focused on the solemn mourning-ring.

His garden-gem I never can forget--
The hen-and-chickens in the border set
And over them the clubs of mignonette;
Rooted in stones upon a sunny slope,
Sweetest of all sweet things the heliotrope;
Spears of dust-purple lavender,
And many another flower to make a blur
Of colour and design, of dark and light,
In memory now a tangle of scent and sight;
And plants of pungent leaf, and one of those
Weird Mister Mee would crush beneath my nose
And say, "Now sniff this hard and you will be
Someday a tall and strong OLD MAN like me".
Then Mistress Mee would laugh and say, "For sure
O Mister Mee, you are a perfect cure:"
A pair of garden scissors he would bring
In the lean hand that wore the mourning-ring,
And the pale fingers would disturb and cull
Of all the blossoms the most beautiful;
When they were blended into a bouquet
He'd drift along the path and dreamily say,
"Take these to Mother when you go away."
But to my timid heart the day was rife
With shadows from his other hidden life,
And as he floated about and came and went,
Flower-scent was mingled with the acrid scent
Of the burnt soil; and close, a paler man
Clad in blue overalls, bearing a can
Of secret food, near him there seemed to lurk;
(Thus had I seen him slouching to his work).

When the time came, in the crab-apple shade
Kind Mistress Mee would have the table laid,
Spreading a dainty, checkered linen cover
And smothering it with wonder-things all over,
Silver and glass and china, blue and gold,
Things that were frail and precious I was told,
Brought from a distant land that she called "Home".
Cool milk for drink and honey in the comb,
Thin bread-and-butter, and flour-dusted scones,
Rich damson plums, preserved without the stones,
Luscious soft-custard in long glasses shrined,
Light layer-cake with lemon jelly lined.
"Now sit you down and eat, my duckies, do
Never don't* stop until you're rightly through."
None of these dainties Mister Mee would eat,
He sat apart upon a garden-seat.
From Mistress Mee, "He's breakfasted before,"
Breakfast! on what strange food at that uncanny hour?
Then after tea I had to stand and say,
"It was a summer evening", Casabianca,

And, "I remember," out of Ingoldsby,
Enjoyed with many a chuckle by Mister Mee.
Then she would say, "Now Mister Mee repeat
Sexton's Lament, and give the lambs a treat".
Then he would murmur, as if under a spell,
Sexton's Lament in which he bade farewell
To the crypt, the graves, the belfry and the bell.
"He made it up himself" (whispered aside),
She smoothed her satin apron in her pride.
Even as we looked he vanished out of sight
And went away to stay awake all night.
Then we must go and bare our gifts away--
The flowers for Mother, Mistress Mee would say,
"Now take this to your Auntie", a small pot
Of bear's grease, scented sweet with bergamot.

Why have I dreamed and started up this show
Of things that happened many a year ago?
For gentle, buxom Mistress Mee is gone
All her treasures to the four winds strown;
And Mister Mee they found one morning dead
Clutching his lantern in the moulding-shed.
Searching a desk for treasure I unbound
An old portfolio and there I found
Written with formal flourish on a half
Sheet of blue note-paper this EPITAPH.

Kind friend pause here a moment for you see
The humble grave of MR. ALFRED MEE.
He was nightwatchman in a moulding-shop
And died resigned but full of hope.
He often mentioned in his quiet way
That when he got to heaven he would say
To some great herald-angel--HARK--
I wish you'd put me in the dark.
I cannot bear this glaring light
For down below I turned the day to night,
I kept a watch for fires and wicked men
And up in heaven I'd do that work again.
You hope he got his wish? then do agree
To say a prayer for him where'er you be
For when you pray for him you pray for ME.

Who wrote the lines and are they on the stone
Where Mister and Mistress Mee lie all alone?
Someday I must adventure to the spot
And search amid the maples for their plot;
When I approach the headstone I should hope
To know it by the scent of heliotrope,
And rooted firm within their tiny span,
To find the pungent herb that's called OLD MAN.

First Class Car

O the rapture of rushing along
Through the springtime world,
The right-of-way catkined
With tangle of alder thickets;
(Tickets, please, tickets),
Caught on a wing of the wind
The shout of a robin,
As if he would break his heart
With a hammer of sound.
(Fresh fruit, shoklets and shewing gum),
Gem-sparkles of topaz light
From glaucous buds;
(Tickets, please, tickets),
Last year's bull-rushes--ruined--
And the young rush-blades
Spearing up sharp and cool
Sure of their place in the pool;
(No, son--we get to Bumpville
At six-fifty-nine, not seven);
A section-man's house,
Fresh paint, red blankets in the sun;
(Mugg Corners--second stop,
Sure sister, I'll let you off);
Flash--a red-winged blackbird,
(Fresh fruit, shocklets, and shewing gum)
There by the osiers, red as blood,
(Albert, where's that gum?)
Dragon's blood--flash, gone
(I spit it out),
A meadow--promise of yellow eyes,
(Albert, I lent it you),
Buttercups, dandelions;
(You give it to me, the pep was all gone),
A vista of pasture
Where a ewe mothers a lamb;
(Albert, I'd have liked a chew,
Why don't you ever think of others?)
The engine shrieks with delight!
Beyond those pines on the rise
The lake-blue skies,
So dark the serene profound;
If one could only adventure beyond,
Well, beyond only beyond--!
(Tickets, please, tickets).

To Helen

With that same passion as the Greek
  Who tongued your name and levelled Troy,
O that I had the power to speak
  Of all I bear of grief and joy!

As many as the ships he steered
  To vast destruction, O would I
Bring deeds to make me more endeared
  Than all your loves of springs passed by.

But I have neither: yet I know
  His nine-years' ache, his long-earned pain;
I shared his exile and his woe
  Before my way turned home again.

Lines to Be a Last Song

This is my love then, this and never more,
  A gem to hold in your hand and turn to the light;
Only this ache that earth and beauty bore,
  This loneliness for night.

Take it and hide it in the deepmost heart;
  Seal it securely from the world's decay;
And never reveal it, least of all to me,
  And it might stay.

The Rite

Here within the forest-tangle lonely
  Where no footfall ever came
    We have found a pool,
Mirror for the orchids only
    And the shadow-cool
Presence of the pine-tree warders;
  Here no sounds intrude,
All are breathless on the borders
  Of the outer wood.

Now I give you here in our Communion
  Freedom of The Ancient Wild--
    Earth and Air and Sun--
Celebrate the mystic union
    Of the Three in One;
Though no word be spoken
  When the Three are blent
In the silence take this token
  Of the Sacrament.

The Circle of Affection
and Other Pieces in
Prose and Verse

Hymn for Those in the Air

To the Royal Canadian Air Force

Eternal Father by Whose Might
The firmament was planned,
Who set the stars their paths of light
Who made the sea and land,
Thou Who art far yet near,
In the bright Now and Here,
And where the Void is sleeping,
Take them who dare to fly
Into Thy keeping.

Guide them who move through dark and cloud
Parting the pathless sky,
Sustain them when the storm is loud
Till night and storm are by;
Driving through snow and sleet
When wild the head-winds beat,
Thy sovereign Will commanding,
Bring them who dare to fly
To a safe landing.

Lead them who, dauntless, mount the height
Of the embattled air,
Through piercing shell, through searching light,
Hold and be with them there;
Keep them in life or death
Mindful of One Who saith,
Where the wild birds shall gather
Not the least sparrow falls
Without the Father.

Lift up the souls who yet aspire
To move within Thy Will,
Who rise above the World's desire,
Foiled but unconquered still,
Triumphant in Thy Might,
Gather them into Light,
The Valiant who have striven,
Winged with Immortal Joy
Into Thy Heaven.

Old Olives at Bordighera

Here on the valley-slope is the olive grove,
The trees are gnarled and distorted;
They stand neglected and forgotten,
Ruins of ancient labour;
After bearing through years uncounted
The innumerable olive,
The grove is barren.

Never will the lads beat the trees
To bring down the high, reluctant fruit;
Never will the old crones, crouching here,
Search the grass
For the bronze ovals of the late-fallen;
Or the labourer carry the final sack
To the oil-press.

Only the idle visit here;
Or at times the shepherd,
In his weathered-saffron cloak,
Drifts here with his sheep.
They come flowing
With heads drooped to the scant herbage,
Cropping with a whispering sound
As if conferring with bent heads;
Flooding in full tide over the parched grass,
They ebb away past the boles of the olives
And draw the shepherd with them.

No fruit from the olives!
But the loiterer idles here
And gathers an immaterial aftermath.
For beauty abides in the olive grove,
In fathomless peace the beauty of quietude:--
The dust-green silver of the leaves,
The silver subdued of the tree-stems,
The branch-screen that draws gold from sunlight
And casts a residue of silver shadow.
Afar from hidden Vallecrosia
Comes the vibration of a silver bell,
And from Vallebona runs a parallel of bell-silver
To join the silver community of the olives;
Under the serene element on the high mountain
Shines dim snow-silver;
Below, and beyond the province of the grove,
Trembles a vision of ocean,
Flawed with silver by the west wind.

A Song

In the air there are no coral--
  Reefs or ambergris,
No rock-pools that hide the lovely
  Sea-anemones,
No strange forms that flow with phosphor
  In a deep-sea night,
No slow fish that float their colour
  Through the liquid light,
No young pearls, like new moons, growing
  Perfect in their shells;
If you be in search of beauty
  Go where beauty dwells.

In the sea there are no sunsets
  Crimson in the west,
No dark pines that hold the shadow
  On the mountain-crest,
There is neither mist nor moonrise
  Rainbows nor rain,
No sweet flowers that in the autumn
  Die to bloom again,
*Music never moves the silence,--
  Reeds or silver bells;
If you be in search of beauty
  Go where beauty dwells.

Power

The wave plunges and the sea-gulls cry
Power is in the ocean and the sky--
The wind-driven tide
That would come whispering on still days
With a long ripple breaking in a sigh,
Now crashes down;
The wind-blown gulls
That stood on tranquil days
Like metal birds fixed on the lobster-floats
Mirrored, gray-silver in the glass tide,
Rush with the gale and, when they turn,
Struggle upright, tossed again back.

Heart, that once as still as they,
Idled with an unmeaning sigh,
Or gazed at bygone days in memory's glass,
Now with hard passion buffeted
Beats up against the gale,
Or crashes on the shattered glass of memory,
And cries that there is power in destiny
As well as in the ocean and the sky.

Veronique Fraser

In the twilight Veronique Fraser,
  Her hands hid in her sleeves,
Searches for something she never can find
  Rustling the autumn leaves.

Her hair has patches of silver,
  Gaunt is her frame;
But in her eyes there flickers
  A quick, bright flame.

Once her beauty was dark and vivid,
  She was wild as a hawk in flight,
Her eyes were as proud of her black hair
  As stars are proud of the night.

Now that pride has left her
  And passion has died,
Alone she walks with self-pity,—
  The shadow of pride.

In haunting dreams and delusions
  As she wanders to and fro,
She mutters a querulous burden,--
  "How could I know?"

It brings to her broken memory
  Flashes from the day
When she was the belle of the river,
  And the hours were dancing away.

Many there were that wooed her,
  And as lovers came and went,
Her moods were ever swinging between
  The proud and the petulant.

She was cruel to all her suitors,
  Ever scorned to decide,
And never knew that a tender heart
  Can be ruined by pride.

She thought that love was nothing,
  Only a means to her will,
And of all her passing lovers
  Two were faithful still.

Then one night in the quiet,
  *When the fiddler had stopped the dance,
Everyone heard her promise
  With a laugh and a reckless glance;

"I'll marry the man that brings me
"First to the door,
"That shawl or a four-point blanket
"From Thibault's store."

The blanket was coarse and common,
She coveted the shawl;
It was woven with brilliant yellow stripes
On purple over all;

For she loved things that were patterned,
Fringed and coloured high,
Things that made the heart merry
And proud the eye.

There was only one way to Thibault's,--
A portage steep and long,
For the river water was broken,
The rapids were strong.

One way of return from Thibault's
Was the swift river way;
It was the time of high-water
In the month of May.

The other,--the old worn portage,
Beaten with many a load:
One dared the rapids,
One took the road.

At evening Veronique Fraser
Was thoughtless and free of care;
Maples were dropping their ruby flowers
Through the cool air.

Spring had come to the northland
With a rush of leaf and wing;
She carried her vivid beauty
With all the power of spring.

Down she went to the rapids,
Where the eddy is never at rest,
She had forgotten her lovers
And their quest.

She sat by the stormy water
And let her hair fall down,
She plaited it close and piled it
On her lovely head, like a crown.

Her heart became simple and quiet,
  She put away her pride;
She thought as if in an idle dream,
  Would she be the bride*

Of Jacques, the jester and gossip,
  First in the song and dance,
Of Narcisse with the wave of gold in his hair
  And the steady glance?

She saw him clear and brilliant--
  Her heart stopped dead!
She would have unsaid the arrogant
  Words she had said.

For she knew in the instant passion
  That he was her mate;
She had held the power of choosing
  And had thrown it to Fate.

Then as she gazed at the river,
  Where the eddy swift as a wheel
Spins, and the ridges of water
  Look solid as steel,

She saw in the rush of terror
  A gleam,--a flash of red,
From the fold of a floating blanket
  From the turn of a drowned head;

And wading deep in the current,--
  Grasped the golden hair.
She drew her dead love from the water:
  They were alone there.

As the reef is shown to the sailor
  By the lightning stroke,
She saw the dangerous future
  Before her heart broke.

But she took the gift that was offered,
  Too proud to break her word.
The shawl was woven with sorrow
  But her will never stirred.

She fought the tempest of living,
  Its whirlwinds and shocks:--
Now her memories are broken like wreckage
  Strewn on the rocks.

Where is the man she married?
  Stabbed in a drunken brawl,
He was a jester and dancer
  And that was all.

Where are the sons she bore him?
  Roving the world when alive,
Lost in the barren northland,
  Drowned on the "drive".

She wanders unregarded
  Of the river or the road;
Her shack is under the pine-tree,
  She takes her meat from God.

Visions taunt or delude her,
  For Time, without ruth,
Has raised the ghost of the treasure
  She lost in her youth.

Often she goes to the eddy
  When the water is high in May;
She watches the rush and the whirling
  Like one distrait.

But no red or gold in the torrent
  Turns with the flow;--
"How could I know?" she mutters,
  "How could I know?"

When she gathers the wild raspberries
  In the sultry heat,
An appearance forms in the quivering haze
  Where birches and poplars meet.

Something seems to signal
  Out of the silver blur;
But when she waves her berry-pail
  Nothing answers her.

In the trance of a winter morning
  As she sets a rabbit-snare;
Look,--by the dark of the cedars,
  Someone is there

Standing! Only the cedars.
  From the firs the frozen snow
Streams in a cloud of diamond:--
  "How could I know?"

She buries her fire in ashes,
  Storm shoulders the door,
She covers her knees with a blanket,
  Snow drifts over the floor.

Amanda

Lovely Amanda running through the cool
Shadows upon the path under the elm,
Ran all unconscious through the fatal pool,
Ran, on and on, up to her mother's bed,
Spoke strange, wild, witless words and then fell dead.

The neighbours gathered from the countryside,
And far-off people trooped to share the pride
Of grief for perished beauty,
Mourning Amanda with her lovely name.
(That and her beauty were inherited,
The old wise women said).
All tried to say Amanda with the grace
Of the rich curves that trembled in her face;

But only the strange mourners that were ghosts
Who were not of our country and our tongue,--
The melancholy shadow-host
With smouldering-colour-garments, old and young,
Could mourn Amanda with the murmured stress
Of Amanda's loveliness.

But all their grief seemed hollow in my ears,
Their tears were icy to my blistering tears,
Their pain was dull to my heart-agony;
This agony, these tears
Have robbed me of ten years,

For I had known and warned them of the spell;--
There in the towering elm above the way
The concentrated evil lay;
A copper disc deep-dented with a charm
Nailed in the sapling tree
By that wild wanderer from the haunted sea
Amanda's evil ancestor.
Brown was he and adorned from foot to head
With silver-gold and crimson;--
(The old wise women said).
The copper disc with the malignant charm
That held him safe over the desperate seas,
Through all his wandering villainies,
Corroded as the tree grew straight

And drew the poison up beneath the bark,
Dripping its distillation on the grass
And on the path, and who would pass
Might take the vapour-liquid on her shoe.
And as Amanda grew I watched the spell
Gather around her beauty.
Amanda wonder-love of all the world.
I warned them of the deathly pool,
Of the hid, festering malice at the core;
And of Amanda's danger from the curse
Of her wild ancestor.
They thought me but a fool,--
So, I would speak no more.

*But I alone had kept safe in my head
The words like moans Amanda said
When she fell dead.
In after years beneath the fatal tree
I met a stranger casually,
As one might meet a friend after a day;--
Brown as a walnut, gold rings in his ears,
Silver on both his wrists,
Crimson bound round his head.
I was compelled to say
Amanda, and I spoke the words she said.
The stranger from the haunted seas
Broke into sudden ecstasies,
Tears hard as pearls stood in his eyes;
"Amanda Wonder-Love of all the World,--
"The words she moaned,
"Pity,--have pity,--Jesu save me, save."
He spoke, and failed as if a fire
Had died and gone to ashes,
Hung for a moment spectral-gray
A shadow on the air
Then was not anywhere;
And the tree wraithlike, withered away.

As you must see,--
Those blistering tears,
That deep heart-agony
Have robbed me of ten years.

*Now that Amanda's dead and the spell has won
The tree has vanished from its roots of mist;
On the clean path falls ever the sweet sun
And maids may run or linger as they list.

The Cascades of the Gatineau

1930

Where there was flashing torrent and wild foam,
The brown, clear water finds a tranquil home;
Where there was speed and sound, quiet and silence are
And a bronze mirror for the evening star.

Twelfth Anniversary

I

This word,--this 'love', so hardened by misuse
How can it serve to tell my 'love' for you
That is too deep for thought; how can a truce
Be made between the war of shallow and true
In that small word; how can I ever tell
The flood of feeling music might reveal,
Who have no music only the common spell
Of words blunted by use? How can I deal
With things intangible yet so intense
That they are all the best of all my life,
Implicit in my breathing and my sense?
How can I hope to calm the heart at strife
That tries to link the song the spirit sings
With the hid source from which the melody springs?

II

One is withdrawn and subtle, one is plain,
One I possess and one I apprehend,
One is my life, the other I would fain
Discover, but ever baffled in the end.
For how is delicacy to be shown,
How is perception of beauty to be snared,
How can the truth of impulse be made known,
And how can tenderness of heart be shared?
When there is mind so quick to search and know
Can its swift motion crowd into a line,
And where inventions proud and fruitful grow
How can their store be rendered equal fine?
One proof of sun is shadow; and a thought
May prove the radiance whence its shadow was caught.

III

A beryl pool deep in a balsam wood
Margined with mosses and with maiden-hair,
Knots of blue-iris and the twin-flower brood,
Their colour falls on the water and lives in air.
Here in the hush a fawn steals in to drink
And stirs the twilight silence of the hours,
Venturing timid to the mossy brink
She robs the fluid jewel of its flowers
And drinks her fill; then, gentle, slips away;
Still from her touch the tiny ripples tremble
Until the gathering silence bids them stay
And all the water colours reassemble.
Here is a shadow-beauty,--can it impart*
The beauty of your rich and sentient heart?

IV

Think of Imagination as an orb
That takes and gives all light in liberty;
It can the varied drama of life absorb,
Then dream of the past and dream of things to be,
Yet keep appraisment of the present clear.
How can my keenest thinking hope to find
In this bright shade of a creative sphere
The essential strength and compass of your mind?
These, like pale shadows from the vital sun,
May prove the radiance of your mind and heart,
If they were fit perfection would be won
And they must serve for lack of better art.
But for my 'love',--*all words are harsh or cold,
That must be lived, it never can be told.

The Sea-Witch

"Love leave me, let me go
  I am a sailor bold," said he.
"Nay, for I am a lonely maid,
Tell me how the winds blow,
  Tell me a tale of the sea."

"My good ship rides before the town,
  I am a sailor bold," said he.
"Teach me the way of the wind with the wave
Stay with me till the sun goes down,
  Tell me a tale of the sea."

"My crew are waiting the turn of the tide,
  I am a sailor bold," said he.
"The wave with the wind will turn with the hour,
Let them whistle and let them bide,
  Tell me a tale of the sea."

"I love the long wind and the plunging wave,
  I am a sailor bold," said he.
"My song with the love of the wave and the wind
Has woven a spell as strong as the grave,
  Tell me a tale of the sea."

"You are no witch but a maid to wed,
  I am a sailor bold," said he.
"Nay, you are withered and white and cold,
Your ship has rotted, your men are dead,
  Tell me a tale of the sea."

To a ghostly whisper his words are thinned,
  "I am a sailor bold," says he.
Her eyes are dancing with sea-green light,
She sings with the voice of the wave and the wind,
  "Tell me a tale of the sea."

Intermezzo

Virginal out of the earth
Rises the Cherry-Tree,
A slender wand
With a swerve in the stem;
Like a Dancer
Touching earth,--floating on air,--
With delicate hands forming a wreath
Over her head.
This virginal Cherry-Tree-Dancer
That keeps her poise,
The turn of her slender stem,
Her fragile branches hidden,
Holds her wreath aloft,
An aureole of blossom
Woven of rose and snow.
Around her root the crocuses,
Firm as if cut from gems,
Guard an inviolate floor
For the delicate Cherry-Tree-Dancer.
Silent are these and perfect in repose:
Yet are they circled and bound
By memories of lovely sound.

Song

Keep me safe within your heart
  Underneath the breast
Where my heart in tranquil twilight
  Used to rest.

When the shadows gathered closer
  And the dreams would come,
While I heard your even heart-beat
  Like a fairy drum.

When you muse in other twilights
  With a happy sigh,
Own that never truer lover
  Loved than I.

Then will stir the constant passion
  And your heart will know
All the faith of one who loved you
  Long ago.

Song

To go with March amarching
  On winter's last retreat,
One needs a heart of iron
  And the winds for one's feet.

March holds a waning courage,
  Speed his one desire;
And the lad he takes for comrade
  Must travel and never tire.

One needs a heart of iron
  To think to let him go,
When the white flower trembles
  On the margin of the snow.

To linger in the valley
  With the first April thrill,
And let gray March go marching
  Alone over the hill.

The Days of a Rose

Every air that blows
Moulds the tender rose
To her full unfolding.

Every shower that falls
All the sweetness calls
From her heart of fragrance.

Every sun that burns
Deep to deeper turns
All her lovely colour.

Every star that glows
Sees the perfect rose
In the fallen petals

Every flake that wings
From the snow-cloud sings
Requiem.

A Fragment

How lovely is wind
When free beneath the sky;--
Sometime with long pervasive sigh.
In the dark wood,
When the shy lover
Puts back with tremulous hand his lady's hood
And feels, for the first time,
The parted coolness of her virgin lips;--
A touch too tender to be named a kiss,
The very shadow of bliss
Upon the dreaming face of ecstasy.
Or when it sudden comes upon the sea
And moves all night
With a tempestuous might
Upon the rebel waters;
Till the gray haggard morning
Hears the wild sound of glutted passion;
Not the waves' sole voice,
But the immingled noise
Of wave and tempest, with the undertone
Of the lone coast and the lone sea bird's cry,
With crash of floating helm and battered hull,
Where the unquiet dead men feel the cliffs
For some still haven for their broken bones,
Not to be tossed forever with vain dreams

But to discover some sweet land,
Some sheltered, dry community of graves,
Where they might fall away into a quiet dust,
Like to the happy bodies of inland folk
Who never breathed the waves.
Or most when under stars apart
The poet feels a calm upon his heart,
Yet hears a sound remote, a cry
Breaking along the mountains,
The wind upon the mountain wilderness,
The inconsolable voice of human destiny.

These Are in the Beginning

A branch-tangle of elms
That spreads a woven net
In the sea-water sky
Of twilight in Spring,
Before on the limbs are laid
The burdens of shade.

A throb in the secret heart,
A warning of vision,--
A gleam,--not a thought,
Before the image is caught,
Sullied or blurred
By the touch of a word.

Farewell to Their Majesties

Broadcast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on the occasion of Their Majesties' departure from Canada, June 15th, 1939

From coast to coast your people with elation
Have given you gladly all their loyal praise;
At last fades out the welcome of a nation,
And into story pass these noble days.

Take from our hearts these faithful words in parting,
When from our shore the lordly ship goes free,
While the last, swift Canadian gulls are darting,
And the long harbour opens to the sea.

May many a lovely memory never perish,
Scenes of our glorious country; far above
All the land's peerless beauty may you cherish
The crowning glory of a people's love.

While the King reigns from ocean unto ocean,
Under the wide, serene Canadian sky,
We whom you leave in ageless, deep devotion,
Can never to our Sovereign say goodbye.

Master of life whose power is never sleeping
In the dark void or in the hearts of men,
Hold them, our King and Queen, safe in Thy keeping
And bring them to their western realm again.

And for their Canada be watchful ever,
Grant us this boon if there be one alone,
To do our part in high and pure endeavour
To build a peaceful Empire round the throne.

On Hearing Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze"

(To Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson)

In these celestial meadows,
  Tranquil eternal days,
On sweet, unwithering herbage,
  Sheep may safely graze:

The sheep the wondering shepherds
  Watched over in their sleep,
When all their homeland-heaven,
  Deep beyond starry deep,

Was swift with legion angels,
  A bright exultant throng,
While from the flaming zenith
  Fell the triumphal song.

We, Keepers of the Vision
  In time of darkest night,
Will hear triumphant voices
  And see a glorious light;

Will make our sure defences,
  When through the radiant days
In deep, protected valleys
  Our sheep may safely graze.

Time

O Time, that like a flower unfolds
  The promise of the years,
Perfect this bud that trembling holds
  Presage of Joy and Tears:

Unfold, and of the bitter past
  The petals all destroy,
Unfold, and on the future cast
  The golden seed of Joy.

To my Friend--Leonard W. Brockington

The power that pulses in the spoken word
Searching the ether above land and sea,
With a rich cadence, rhythmic, deep and free
Follows your voice; wherever it is heard
Humour has sway, and courage springs to gird
The hero heart for strife; hatred of wrong,
The love of liberty, the love of song,
The wonder and the joy of life are stirred.

And we who love you best in your own land
Know best the secret of your winning power;
To town and homestead comes the enchanted hour
Of thought and beauty,--like the transfiguring light
Upon our plains and where our mountains stand,
When the first stars come leading the quiet night.

Spring Midnight: Deepwood

To My Friend Arthur S. Bourinot

Midnight over Deepwood:
Stars that are named are near,
Neither aloof nor lonely,
Homecomers only to the upland meadows.
They find the familiar shadows
Where the Mere like a pearl, lustrous and still,
Is clasped in the double-shade
Of the wood and the hill;
Even the Galaxy out of the Deep
Draws near and drifts like a wreath of wood-smoke
Over Deepwood.

There is no sigh in the air
To trouble the tranquil mood:
Hush has fallen
Where the shy wood-thrush
Will build her nest and sing
Deep in the breast of the wood.

Birches glimmer in the dusk
Haunting the hollows and knolls,
The silver wraiths of trees
That were happy once in the heart of the wood.

No wild thing ventures a call
In the trance of the quietude;
An Autumn beech-leaf ready to fall
Clings to the tree,
Ferns wait to unfold,
Each wood-daffodil
Hides the gold in her hood,
Trilliums linger to flower,
Sleep is one with the hour,
Deep in the solitude
Over Deepwood.

To Jane Edgar: For Her Album

If all 'Good Wishes' in the world
  Grew on a single tree,
I'd find the secret Paradise
  And steal them all for Thee.

When other poets came too late,
  To mutter and complain,
And link my name with bitter words,--
  'He's stolen them for Jane,

'The twigs are dead, the lovely tree
  'Is withered to the root:'
If they would search the orchard grass
  They'd find a silver shoot;

For not to kill the tree that bears
  'Good Wishes', clear as pearls,
I'd left the seed of future fruit
  For other golden girls.

To Deaver Brown

Sweet child, unseen though loved as dear
As any that are known and near,
How can I send
To you so far in space and time
This burden of a rainbow-rhyme,
A love that bears
The seven diaphanous lines that bend
Above the treasuries and hold
The mystic hoard of gold.
In after years of fullest life
With all the joy amid the strife,
When you may see a rainbow hung
Between the mist-cloud and the sun--
Beauty of earth yet far above--
The pure, prismatic arc of love
That bears the promise in the glow,
May you recall these lines and know
He sent such love when he was old
To me when I was young.

At Delos

An iris-flower with topaz leaves,
  With a dark heart of deeper gold,
Died over Delos when light failed
  And the night grew cold.

No wave fell mourning in the sea
  Where age on age beauty had died;
For that frail colour withering away
  No sea-bird cried.

There is no grieving in the world
  As beauty fades throughout the years:
The pilgrim with the weary heart
  Brings to the grave his tears.

Slumber Song

For Cynthia Joy Brockington
Christmas, 1945

Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby;

Now the time has come for rest
Sleep will find you in your nest;
We will lure her with a charm
Safe from harm;
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby:

We your ivory eyelids close
With the petals of a rose;
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby;

Of each ear, a fragile shell,
We will make a slumber-well
And will fill them to the curb
With the juice of a sleepy herb;
No sound will ever over the brink
Through the silence-water sink;
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby:

We your lips will cover over
With the nectar from the clover,
Sweeter, so the fairies tell,
Than the honey in the cell;
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby:

When the quiet night is gone
And you come to life and light
The dark rose leaves will have flown,
All the silence-juices too
Will have vanished with the dew;
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby:

But the nectar on your lips
Lingers, and your tongue sips,
Sweet--and sweeter still you smile;
That is why
When we sing a lullaby
This is all we have to say,
Lullaby Sweet Joy
Lullaby.

Rondeau

For Primrose and Clare Coulter--Written in a copy of "Deirdre of the Sorrows"

Primrose and Clare: the rhythmic sound
Of these sweet names are making a round
Where a fairy troop in the moonlight sing
Through silver and shade in a dancing ring
Under the oak by the magic mound.

With shimmer of green the fairies are gowned,
Their hair with a mystical herb is wound;
What do they say as they carol and swing?
Primrose and Clare.

They are weaving a spell with an art profound
Where all The Sorrows of Deirdre are drowned
And the Joys are saved, (as sweet as Spring
When it flutters the orchards with winds on the wing,)
To fall as a presage on two heads crowned,
Primrose and Clare.

At Derwentwater

I watched the gradual twilight
Fade upon mere and fell,
And my heart was moved to a sadness
Of which it is vain to tell.

Not for the bar of crimson
That kept the stars away,
Not for the deepening shadow
That crossed the tranquil bay

It was not the fleeting beauty
That gave the lasting pain,
The stars shall rise in their courses,
Day shall dawn again;

I thought on the ultimate secret,--
Long after the light had flown--
That lies beyond all appearance
And cannot be known.

Early Summer Song

Leave the purple violets peeping
From the veinèd leaves,
Leave the amber river creeping
Through the iris sheaves;
Maidens leave the shady wicket
Where the beehives drone,
Seek the spring-head in the thicket,
All for love alone.

Hide the scythes within the maple
Leave them in the shade,
Leave the daisies white that dapple
All the clover-glade;
Lads forsake the drowsy meadow
And the swath half-mown,
Seek the spring-head in the shadow,
All for love alone.

Surly prime will end in proving
Age a plant of ruth;
Rosy age with root in loving
Is the flower of youth;
Sweetest hours are fleetest rovers
When their wings are grown,
Lure them, happy, happy lovers
All for love alone.

A Love Song

It is not I alone
But all the flowers that love thee;
They hoard their hue and honey up,
And strive to prove thee
The fairest of their train;
They try
To vie with thy lip's ruby stain,
But fade and die.

It is not I alone
But all the stars that love thee;
They gather in the early dark,
And bend above thee
With all their twinkling light;
They try
To mock thy glances in the night,
But pale and die.

It is not I alone
  But all the seas that love thee;
They heap their ambergris and gold
  And strive to move thee;
    Or, rocking with their tides at rest,
      They try
    To counterfeit thy heaving breast,
      And ebb and die.

It is not I alone
  But all the world that loves thee;
It is because thou art so fair;
  And as behoves thee,
    Thou and the world are one in heart,
      And try
    Each to be other beauty's counterpart
      Nor fade, nor die.

Frost

The frost has gripped the world,
  He holds it with power and might;
On the rich man's flue a flower unfurled
  Blooms in the moonlit night,

With its root safe hidden, deep,
  In fire at the red hearth's heart;
But the poor man fights and conquers sleep,
  Hearing his roof-tree start.

The wild grey wolf of cold,
  Sniffs at his narrow door,
While Frost strikes down in the chimney old
  And whitens the nails in the floor.

He is freezing the children's hands,
  As he takes their little breath
That wanders and blows in the eerie lands
  That border the province of death,

To the window where it clings.
  He is etching as if in play
His dreams of strange and beautiful things,
  In forms that will pass away,

That will leave in the early suns
  Only a trace of tears;
But the hands of the fragile little ones
  Will last for years and for years.

And whenever they near the fire,
  Their fingers will ache and burn,
They will cry out for the desperate days,
  For the nights that may never return.

When the Frost crept into the blood,
  That halted numb and frore,
And they heard the wolfish solitude,
  Creep up to the narrow door;

And saw the careless sprite,
  Taking their little breath,
To lay on the sparkling window white,
  His thought about life and death.

The Orchard in Moonlight

The waning moonlight flows in silver showers,
  Fallen from half the sphere;
The stilly orchard full of apple-flowers
  Beams mildly, phosphor clear.

No orchard odour flows and fails along
  The chill and dewy air,
The scene might be a cadence in a song,
  Entrancèd unaware.

The tones of moony lustre rounded shine,
  Lingering to some deep stress.
Pauses of shadow in the liquid line,
  That hover passionless.

Until a flock of petals from the rims
  Of the grey underglow,
Floats in the shadow shimmering, and swims
  Like a light ghost of snow.

Then all one way the trees lean, the gloom
  Stirs, and the spring-wind floods,
All the dark intervals with dense perfume,
  Breathed from the apple-buds.

At Murray Bay

Curling off the points and shallows
  Tides turn out and stream away,
Winning all the willing water
  From the shoals of Murray Bay.

Flushed with pink and meshed with silver
  Wide the beaches lie unfurled,
Where the Murray strives to sweeten
  All the oceans of the world.

Far and faintly far to southward
  Like a hamlet dim of dreams,
White the line of Kamouraska
  In the mirage floats and gleams.

Where the orient waters wander
  Ebbing slowly with the light,
Burning deep with purple shadows
  Cap à l'Aigle fronts the night.

Night that calmly moving onward
  Fresh with breezes from the sea,
Pacing up the river floorways
  Kindles lights at St. Denis.

Fills the land with slumber shadows,
  While for her imperial rest
Venus sinks in languid splendour
  Down her caverns in the west.

Remembrance

Tulip, trillium,—bell and star—
  Vetch, and wine-tipped clovers,
Tell me all the flowers that are,
  Grow for parted lovers.

All my flowers were born in May
  In the sunny weather;
While we laughed an hour away
  You and I together.

Now they withered are and sere
  On a cloudy morrow;
But the after days are dear,
  Sweeter for the sorrow.

There were flowers before in May,
  Flowers there will be after,
And the sweetest flowers were they,
  Born with happy laughter.

Laughter of the wind and sun
  Rippling in the meadow;
Pluck them up, by one and one,
  Let them fall in shadow.

Nature to Man

Restless, but craving rest, and marred by strife,
With love and hate and the world's chafing mart,
Come, heal the flowing pain you call your life
Lay the deep ancient anguish to my heart.

Man to Nature

Thy heart is peace, and peace gives comfort--yet
Something commands and will not let me stay;
I was defeated, broken,--I do not forget;
But Life is Victory in the dawning day.

Ode on the Centenary of Florence Nightingale May 1920

Spirit of tenderness, throned where you dwell,
Bring Hope and Mercy from their starry places,
Compassion with her touch ineffable,
And all the gentle group of kindred graces
To flood this day with joy,
To crown this name
With halo of pure flame.

See the frail, lovely lady with the lamp,
Flitting about the cots, through the dim spaces,
Where, sheltered from the piercing frost and damp,
The soldiers lie with worn, untroubled faces!
They see her light shine on,
Her shadow fall
With healing over all.

A deep heart, and a mighty storm-like will,
To clear the air of gloom and wavering visions,
Resolved on pity, determined to fulfil
To the bright last the least of her decisions!
And now her steady light,
The shadows furled,
Floods the whole world.

Wherever anguish breaks the human nerve,
And pain cries out from ward or home or camp,
Where the trained watcher comes to soothe and serve,
There flits the lovely lady with the lamp,
There Florence Nightingale
Supplies the need,
Implicit in the deed.

Impromptu

March is almost over,
  April is near;
If your heart's a rover
  Read the message clear--
Change is in the sunlight,
  Love will nest again,
Swift as the swallow,
  Shy as the wren.

Before the Silence

There are birches on the hillside;
Before them a slope of grass
Rich and luminous in vivid green;
Behind them a darker forest of maples
And a sombre fir-tree here and there
That seem like pillars in a house of shade.
The birches with their silver trunks and festoons of foliage
Are built against this background
Like a portal to a house of shadow
Or like an incantation that begins a ritual.
Evening comes
And the birds begin to sing:
Their voices wander about like audible spirits--
Thrushes maybe in real life, but now nameless--
They are telling one another a secret,
Each in his own idiom,
Some very pure and plain,
Others a trifle ornate
As if the meaning could be made clearer
By adding a few liquid grace-notes.
The secret is the same for all the voices;
One says '<u>Elise</u>,'
And another answers 'Elise',
With some ornaments of his own invention.
They do not understand one another
But they know they are saying something beautiful
And keep repeating it,
Letting the sound glide about in the shadow.
The sole variety is in the pause,
The hush that lingers in longer or shorter intervals;
But no matter when the sound comes
It is always in the right place
Like jewels in a design.

Only I know your secret,
Your spirit-voices,
The secret of your crystal syllables,
And I shall never tell you
Lest you would be shy of repeating it,
For beauty must be unconscious to be truly beautiful;
So let your voices glide in the gloom of the woods
And let one,
The purest and sweetest,
Tell the secret you do not understand--
'Elise'--
Once before sleep comes
And the silence.

Unpublished Poems

An Ideal of Life.

I would not ask for fame or gold,
   To triumph in the anxious strife;
But O to catch the grace, the charm,
   Of such a lovely thing as life.

The world is very fair and great,
   The stars possess the deep abyss,
There cannot be a lovelier sky,
   Above a lovelier world than this.

To progress through a perfect youth,
   To clearer heights of self-control,
To know the fairest thing on earth,
   The beauty of a human soul.

To linger down the slopes of life,
   To draw the deep and easy breath,
To claim at last, with trust and calm,
   The universal boon of death.

Clasp close the greed for fame, for gold,
   Heap high the spoils, the crowns of strife,
But leave for me the grace, the charm,
   Of such a lovely thing as life.

An Impression

Here were two little ponds some space apart,
With elms by each trailing invisible buds,
The fields were dim beyond the little floods,
And dim the hills and dim the crowning woods,
The night held all the sovereign solitudes;
The stars were few, not far and yet not nigh,
But inaccessibly remote and high
Auroras swept about the changing sky.

I thought of love, of beauty, and of truth,
Of peaceful age, of calm untroubled youth,
Of simple lives grown great in their content,
Of Virtue its own fair emolument,
And then again of love, of love most holy,
Without a touch of tears or melancholy.

I raised my eyes to see a spirit pass,
But nothing moved where only stillness was;
The elms were evanescent on the air,
The little ponds were lying silent there.

A Song

O my wild bird
   Come to my heart,
No sound, no shadow
   Shall make you start.

Your prison cage
   With its silver bars
Shall be the azure
   The lines of stars.

And in this freedom*
   Shall be your home
Spreading its limits
   Wherever you roam.

If your flashing wings
   Should droop and tire
You should find the rest
   Of my heart's desire.

The lonely plain
   Where the mountains stand
Shall dwarf to the arch
   Of a sheltering hand.

You shall feel that of freedom*
   The better part
Is beneath this arm
   And over my heart.

A Spring Night.

Upon the delicate night air
Long clouds are lying everywhere,
Long moorèd silver clouds that swim
Firm as pearls to the outer rim,
In soft pellucid lunar sheen,
With the white stars shining in between.

They lay long æons from the sun,
Before this fragile charm was one,
Before the fear of change could cease,
Or dawn this planetary peace;
Within the clarid sky they dwell
In some dream life immutable.

But the stars are sinking in the west
Going down changefully without rest;
Each haughty star as it sinks and dies
Pierces the clouds with its basilisk eyes;
But the floating clouds unconscious seem,
Like the inner light of a fourfold dream.

A Villanelle.

You are like a Villanelle
Woven of secret words and phrases
Dainty as an elfin spell.

Winsome maiden can you tell
Where you caught those subtle graces?
You are like a Vilanelle.

Did you haunt some magic dell
When the moon was on the daisies,
Dainty as an elfin spell?

Where the pixies danced pellmell,
Now with charms and changing paces,
You are like a Vilanelle.

Bach

Before the thunder spoke the seraph lightning came
And clove the beetling crag of darkness with his flame:
Came forth the Spirit striding on the deep profound,
Hurling alternate themes of silence and of sound.

Before Ste. Annes

The Sunday sun in Wardour Street
Lights with a haze the bare retreat
Before Ste. Annes; the little space
Of walk and sward is touched with grace.
The trees have cast some foliage
That lies like litter in a cage
Where live wild things are kept for show
And there things live that row on row
Crowd every dingy bench to the full
Flotsam and jetsam from the hull
Of some tramp vessel crossed and curst

Whose voyage went from bad to worst.
Some are asleep and others seem
Asleep, but only think or dream;
Men that tout, women that char
Boys and girls whose livings are
Bitter and false as dead sea fruit;—
The Church looks on like a deaf-mute.
Forlorn is all this lassitude
Of aching nerve and thoughts that brood
On life, and life's disastrous change,
On fear, and all the nameless range
Of passions that subsist on fear.
But now great peace seems very near
Actual peace has come to them
Who sleep--who must* have touched the hem
Of her dusk robe and could we guess
Their dreams the everlastingness
Of Hope by us might be understood
Who need not eat her bitter food.
A dog upon his master's knee
Has gained a brute felicity
And the gaunt cats that graceful pose
Have fallen into a famished doze
And dream of Egypt.

Bush Fires.

O the wild, keen smell
Of the smoke that drifts on the hill
It stirs my heart where there smoulders
A fire that can never be still.

At night the flames creep out
Like tigers and prowl on the hill,
They slink through the underbrush
They spring and are never still.

Hint of Spring

It was a sultry day in May
The whitethroat sang three notes and let*
The fourth fall off like the dancing spray
That lives at the top of a fountain jet.

The sap dropped down from the maple branches
Wounded by wind, the bloodroot shone
Mild as moonlight that silvers and glances
Under the brushwood ringing the stone.

Homage to Jane Edgar
The Fish Story: With Advice to All Fisher Maidens
Triolets for Jane

The beautiful perch
That Jane put in the pail,
There no one would search
For the beautiful perch,
It was safe as a church,
It had fins and a tail,
The beautiful perch
That Jane put in the pail.

2

O, twice-happy fish
To be captured by Jane,
He had only to wish,
O, twice-happy fish,--
No dread of a dish,
But freedom again,
O, twice-happy fish
To be captured by Jane.

3

But maybe Jane said
In her charmingest tone
As he fell in and fled,
Maybe Jane said
Come back and be dead
We'll have dinner alone;
Maybe Jane said
In her charmingest tone.

4

Ther're more fish in the lake
Than ever came out of it;
Drop your line in and take
Ther're more fish in the lake,
Bate your hook with a cake,
They will bite,--not a doubt of it
Ther're more fish in the lake
Than ever came out of it.

In Monotone

The wine of night in silence
   Is staining the waters of day;
The wind is ruffling the silence,
   The vine-leaves whisper and sway*.

But my heart is ravished with silence;
   Amid the fairy noise,
I hear in the deeps of a silence
   The voices of perished joys.

They all troop back in the silence
   To claim that they live apart,
Afar from the sentient* silence,
   That broods over my heart.

I know your deep-sea silence
   The plummet of memory sweeps,
But its calm derives from the silence
   In the heart's deeper deeps;

That hold in their under-silence,
   Their inviolate demesne,
The happiest things in all silence,
   The things that might have been.

The lore apprehended in silence,
   The charm that vanished uncaught,
The visions enriched from the silence,
   The victories of thought.

The vine-leaves have fallen into silence,
   The wine-colored sky is grey,
The earth is nearing in silence
   The bounds of another day.

Insight.

I will forget this perfect hour, I know;
  The hillside with its fringe of parched grass,
  The space of ochre loam the beetles pass,
The vervain vivid in the sun's hot glow,
The flies that poise and idle to and fro
  Above the sorrel, from afar, the crass
  Croak of crows hidden by the barley mass;
These all will fade, will vanish,--even so.

And yet I would not change this hour with kings
For strength of state, this little paltry hour,
When cities might have fallen or empires strong;
I am content, for as I wondered, wings
Severed my soul, I knew the wealth, the power,
The pride of story, and the might of song.

Joy, Joy

O happy laughter of the children of the world,
Dance in the sunlight where the ferns are unfurled
In all the marshy hollows, with daisies at the neap,
Where the wind the wind follows, and the wind-flowers sleep,
Where the sun is on the mountains exultant with morn,
Prisms in the fountains, rainbows reborn;
And the heart of man with memory of half-forgotten things
Leaps up triumphant and dances and sings;
He gropes in the future with hands of delight
For what he feels, yet holds not, that time will requite,
That yet he will conquer and hold by nobleness,
And rise with his ideals stress beyond stress;
For calm is unknown in life's uncharted stream
And the things that pilot destiny are dreams within a dream.

Louvain

In the ancient market of Louvain
The peaceful burghers stood;
They bore a calm, untroubled front,--
Men of a lion brood.

One moment and the ancient peace
Which nested in the town
Gathered above the fateful group
And wore for them a crown.

Then a squad of William-the-Traitor's best
Slaughtered them where they stood;
And the worn stones of the well loved town
Were nourished with their blood.

The sudden smoke of bright Louvain
Rose in a lurid pile;
And the gallant Germans left behind
Her ashes by the Dyle.

O Belgium of the mighty heart,
By thy sacrificial pain,
By thy children soiled and broken,
By thy women scourged and slain,

Not less than by thy dauntless men
Round proud Liege at bay,
Thou art the darling of the world
For ever and for aye.

And when in the fullness of the time
The war-flags are furled,
If the beaten Germans shall regain
The half-trust of the world,

Still in the scutchen dwarfed and dimmed,
Shall glow the shameful bar,
That was won on the peaceful Belgian plains
In the marches of the war.

Parting

Give me your slender hands again
Before we say Good-bye;
Give me that trembling look that comes
Before the lonely sigh.

A love as sweet as our love is
Will last for ever and aye,
So lift your head, my dearest Heart,
And put the sorrow by.

For I shall come again before
The Pleiads leave the sky,
Before the Spring-wind loses breath
Or April rains are dry,

To say again, 'My dearest Heart'
To still the lonely sigh,
To take again your slender hands,
Never to say Good-bye.

Rain and Stars.

Clear thy stars O wind of heaven,
They are blurred with rain,
Falling like gray tears of passion
From the heart of pain.

Earthly tempest heaven only
For a moment mars;
Nothing shakes the frigid ether
Or the lonely stars.

Song.

Life is death;
Love is grief;
The shore for the sea;
The flail for the sheaf;
The morn for the stars;
The night for the sun;
Ebb tide for the bars;
And silence for sing;
The sea for the shore;
The frost for the leaf:
Life is death;
Love is grief.

The End of the Spell

From a deep cedar chest within the gloom,
Haunted with breaths of rosemary and myrrh,
She drew the fatal garment unto her,
And shook it softly in the rustling room.
With airy laugh she held her unknown doom;
Then she laid by her raiment soft and fair,
And shrank one moment from the cooler air,
Then donned the subtle product of the loom.

A quick flame writhen, leaped and quailed and grew,
Wreathed her and withered to the rosy core;
Then where she was the wan air melted through,
The wingèd ashes fluttered to the floor:
While heaped upon the divan lay her dress,
Glowing with warmth and empty loveliness.

The Twentieth of December.

The crystal air was tinged with frost,
   The snow was packed as hard as steel,
The plumes of smoke were lightly tossed,
   The bells ran down a silver peel.

The sky was flushed serenely fair,
   The moon soared over a parting cloud,
One star was in the tingling air
   And one was moving in the shroud.

Then followed faintly two or three,
   Like tapers lit for orisons,
And when the dark swept suddenly
   There sprang a thousand all at once.

The fragile cloud below the moon
   Took on a paler opal tone,
It vanished like a lovely tune
   That floats and falters and is gone.

And filling all the hollow sky
   Came one deep murmur mystical,
Like the vast voice of destiny,
   The brooding utterance of the fall.

Although the gloom may gulf the whole,
   The fading beauty is not lost,
It springs within the quiet soul,
   The wind-flower of the Holy Ghost.

This light will haunt the passing grey,
   When clouds and dark the vision bars,
And over every weary way
   Will hang this gleaming branch of stars.

To a Politician

This is an idle dream of empty power
To drive men like a flock, for though they keep
The path, thou art the shepherd, they the sheep,
And thou may'st only drive them for an hour;
Such hope is false and withers like a flower:
A man's own spirit is his true dominion,
Where all his greatest fights are lost or won.

Conquer thyself, reclaim thy ancient dower,
Leave dabbling in the blood about the camps
Of faction, leave the squalid booths of pelf,
Where dull ambition hangs her fiery lamps;
Pass by the tumult into space and light,
With the large wind, stars, and the unanxious night:
To make a nation great be great thyself.

To the Memory of Matthew Arnold

April 1888.

The day is dying slowly here,
The mellow light is half withdrawn,
From the grey woods and uplands clear,
Where April's snow is almost gone.

The sombre shadows fall at last,
They veil the lineaments of the woods,
Like dimmer shadows gathered fast,
About the brow of one who broods;

Of one who broods on human life,
On human joys, and woes, and guile,
And startled at the seeming strife,
His own short hour slips by the while.

He sees in every action sin,
In every thought some evil lies,
He walls the powers of magic in,
To free him from his guilt, and dies.

But we, my brothers, we are set,
To wander in far differing ways,
Although we see the toil and fret,
Our lips are moved with prayer and praise.

We see this arid whirl of lust,
This tragic comedy of sin,
But all our souls are tuned to trust,
Are wide to let the sunlight in.

The fight of life is fierce, alas!
Yet, front the evil with the good,
And, conquering in the skirmish, pass
To some sublimer fortitude.

Press on my brothers, fearlessly,
Tread steadfast up the hills of thought,
From some proud summit we shall see,
The airy boundless plains we sought;

The patient sweetness of the earth,
The gracious promise of the time,
Widen, prophetic, to the birth
Of the new age, austere, sublime.

Format of Notes and Key to Signs

The format of the notes is as follows:

(1) Title and page number in this edition.

(2) Essential facts of non-publication and publication history. Non-publication history includes the Notebook MSS as well as miscellaneous MSS and TSS. Whenever a poem, in howsoever fragmentary a form, appears in one or more of the Notebooks, the precise location is given in the notes (leaf number, recto [r] or verso [v]; [the Notebooks themselves are unpaginated]). Publication history includes sources of first publication in books and periodicals, and known reprintings[1] during the author's lifetime, these sources arranged in as true a chronological order of publication as can be discerned.

(3) A headnote, whenever warranted, pertaining to the poem as a whole.

(4) Variant readings drawn from the sources cited in the non-publication[2] and publication data,[3] as well as notes[4] on points of fact and textual cruxes. Variant readings are recorded in the following order: first, the line number of this edition, then the key word(s) identifying the source(s), then, whenever warranted, an abbreviation (see below), followed by the variant readings(s). Note that in cases where the variant consists of punctuation at the end of a line, we quote the last word of the line together with any punctuation which follows. Note also that the variant readings

listed are those which vary from the copy-text. However, in cases where we emend the copy-text, all variants are listed, copy-text readings included. Basically we attempt to list the variant in such a manner that its context may be clearly seen by means of a glance at the copy-text. However, since the nature of variants can be so diverse, we have, whenever necessary, sacrificed consistency of presentation for the sake of clarity.

The following system of signs and abbreviations has been used in the notes:

bracketed words--[alt.: dawn]--signify editorial commentary or interpolation;

a bracketed word and query--[dawn?]--signifies an uncertain reading;

a bracketed query--[?]--signifies an illegible word or sequence of words;

angle brackets--<>--signify an obvious lacuna in the MS.

add.: word(s) later added by the author to the original text of the MS or TS;

alt.: word(s) written as an alternative to words written earlier;

canc.: word(s) cancelled (i.e. struck out) in a MS or TS;

orig.: word(s) left uncancelled in a MS or TS (not necessarily the first variant written by the author).

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[1]Known reprintings of the following poems have not been collated because the source of the reprint could not be identified: "Adagio" (clipping in the D. C. Scott Scrap Book, B.P.O.), "At the Cedars" (clipping in the D. C. Scott Scrap Book, B.P./O.), "Frost" (clipping in the A.P.).

[2]Of the numerous variants in the Notebooks, only those have been listed which enhance our understanding of the poem or which are substantial enough to warrant attention.

[3]Almost all published variants--both accidentals and substantives--have been recorded in the notes. The only exceptions are differences in the use of single or double quotation marks, where the difference is not material (i.e. where it is not a matter of a quotation within a quotation).

[4]For complete publication data on books referred to in the Notes, see the "Bibliography."

Notes and Variants

Ballade. To Sandra, in Absence (p. 2)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 39), Scribner's Magazine, July 1889 (p. 63)

The "Ballade" is an Old French verse form, the most important verse form of French poetry in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (François Villon was its most notable practitioner). It was revived in the later nineteenth century by such poets as Austin Dobson and Swinburne. It is noteworthy that Lampman published two poems in that form ("Ballade of Summer's Sleep" and "A Ballade of Waiting") in Among the Millet (1888). Unlike Lampman, Scott uses the less common ballade arrangement of a ten (instead of eight) -line stanza and a five (instead of four) -line envoi.

The "Sandra" of the title, if indeed the poem is addressed to a real person, remains unidentified.

19. (TS. orig.) were (TS. alt.) was

29. heartsease: a poetic name for a flower or plant, more specifically, the pansy.

sedge: a coarse, rush-like plant which grows in wet places; cf. Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":

> And this is why I sojourn here
> Alone and palely loitering,
> Though the sedge has wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.
>
> (11. 45-48)

33. (TS.) Memory

In August (p. 3)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 33), The Independent, Aug. 28 1890 (p. 1181)

4. arums: a genus of plants.

sedges: see note to "Ballade, To Sandra, in Absence," l. 29.

12. (TS.) meadow sweet,

19-20. (TS.) Balanced in the hazel bush,

Just below the waters [sic] gush.

21. In the TS. version there is no stanza division between lines 20 and 21.

25. brede: breadth

26. sedge: see note to l. 4.

31. (TS.) currents

In the TS. version this line is indented.

To Helen Douglas Macoun (p. 4)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 101 [excised and no longer extant]), C.C. (1890)

Helen Douglas Macoun, the person to whom this poem is addressed, was probably the youngest daughter of John Macoun (1831-1920), the noted Canadian naturalist. In his Autobiography Macoun several times refers to "Nellie," his "youngest daughter" (p. 264). These references only appear in and after the chapters devoted to the years 1887-1893. His first allusion to three daughters (rather than two) occurs with reference to June 1888

(p. 256). We can surmise, therefore, that Nellie Macoun was born around 1887. This date fits the contents of the poem: she would have been two or three years old at the time of its composition (in 1890?). The existence of a Helen Macoun is further confirmed by a reference to a flower girl by that name at the wedding of James Melville Macoun (the son of John Macoun) to Helen Douglas Scott (the younger sister of D.C.S.) in 1904 (see the Ottawa Evening Journal, June 15, 1904, p. 10, col. 4). Scott's acquaintance with the Macoun family is not surprising in view of this marriage and in view of the fact that he was also acquainted with the Saunders family (see the headnote to "From the Farm on the Hill"). Both the Saunders and the Macouns were prominent biologists and were associated with the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa.

11. Humdrum: a dull person.

Ottawa. Before Dawn (p.2)

S.G.D. (p. 314)

In a letter to J. E. Wetherell (Nov. 13, 1892, W.P. [M.L., p. 68]) Scott informed him that "The Sonnet Ottawa . . . was about the first piece of verse I ever wrote."

According to E. K. Brown, this poem "was composed because an Ottawa bookseller and stationer was dissatisfied with a poem he had requested from 'Seranus' (S. Frances Harrison) for an illustrated card, and turned to Duncan Campbell Scott" ("Memoir," p. xiv). No "illustrated card" bearing this poem has come to light.

3. Chaudière: rapids in the Ottawa River, to the west of the Parliament Buildings.
9. impervious towers: the spires of the Parliament Buildings, erected in the 1860's.
10. halls: the Parliament Buildings.

Domenico Scarlatti (p. 4)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 114), Arcadia, June 15, 1892 (p. 75)

Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757) was an Italian composer of music mainly for the harpsichord. The birthdate which Scott attributes to Scarlatti ("1683" appears in both texts) is inaccurate.

For a description of the rondeau form of verse, see the headnote to "Rondeau."

1. (TS.) truth",
2. (TS.) day,
9. (TS.) truth".
15. (TS.) truth".

Death and the Young Girl (p. 5)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 10), The Globe, June 18, 1892 (p. 9)

1. (TS.) lay
6. (TS.) . . . plain worn chair,
7. (TS.) low draped

9. (TS.) . . . still: - - - . . . Death . . . said,

In the TS. version there is a stanza division between lines 8 and 9 (the octave and sestet of the sonnet).

11. (TS.) be

12. (TS.) head,

13. (TS.) . . . Beloved, . . . smile,

To the Hills (p. 5)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 28), The Independent, July 21, 1892 (p. 1)

The Independent text was reprinted, without variation, in Current Literature, Sept. 1892 (p. 51).

1. (TS.) Ah distant hills ye . . .

3. (TS.) grey,

9. (TS.) height

(I.) hight

The I. variant, which we emend, is an obvious typographical error.

16. (TS.) Ah distant hills ye . . .

From Amiel's Journal (p. 6)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 31), The Globe, July 30, 1892 (p. 8)

Henri-Frédéric Amiel (1821-1881) was a Swiss writer. According to The Penguin Companion to Literature, he is "Famous for his

remarkable diary, Fragments d'un journal intime (publ. posth. 1884). It reveals a delicate introspective nature of great critical and literary sensibility but paralysed by a feeling of mental impotence" (II, 51).

Scott's source for the poem can be found in the entry for April 24, 1862 in Amiel's Journal, trans. Mrs. Humphry Ward: "Six o'clock.- One more day is drawing to its close. With the exception of Mont Blanc [in western Switzerland, the highest mountain in Europe], all the mountains have already lost their colour. The evening chill succeeds the heat of the afternoon. The sense of the implacable flight of things, of the resistless passage of the hours, seizes upon me afresh and oppresses me.

'Nature au front serein, comme vous oubliez!'

In vain we cry with the poet, 'O time, suspend thy flight!' . . . And what days, after all, would we keep and hold? Not only the happy days, but the lost days! The first have left at least a memory behind them, the others nothing but a regret which is almost a remorse . . .

Eleven o'clock.- A gust of wind. A few clouds in the sky. The nightingale is silent. On the other hand, the cricket and the river are still singing" (I, 155-56).

Scott's interest in Amiel may have been sparked by Archibald Lampman whom we know to have read the Swiss writer in 1890 (see Lampman's letter to E. W. Thomson, Sept. 19, 1890, quoted in L.T., p. 8). Lampman's interest may have been sparked in turn by reading

Matthew Arnold's essay, "Amiel," first published in Macmillan's Magazine, Sept. 1887, and reprinted in Essays in Criticism, Second Series (1888).

Title. The words "(Six O'Clock)" are obviously not part of the title although in the Globe version (but not in the TS.) they are printed alongside the title proper, "From Amiel's Journal". We assume that the decision to so print them was the printer's and not the author's; therefore we embed these words within the poem itself so that they may conform with "(Eleven O'Clock.)" in l. 13.

2. (TS.) close,

The punctuation in the Globe version is not clear; we assume that it is not a period but rather an imperfect comma.

4. (TS.) light

5. Mont Blanc: see the headnote to the poem.

7. (TS.) night!

8. "Oh time . . .: these words are taken from Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Amiel's journal (see above). Amiel himself was quoting from the well-known poem, "Le Lac" (pub. 1820) by the French Romantic writer, Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869): "Ô temps! suspends ton vol" (l. 21).

10. (TS.) will

11. (TS.) . . . days . . . retrieves

13. (TS.) Eleven o'clock

The Dream (p. 6)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 133), The Week, Aug. 19, 1892 (p. 603)

2. (TS.) dawn,

6. (TS.) hand,

7. (TS.) . . . if and but,

An East Wind (p. 7)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 138), The Youth's Companion, Dec. 29, 1892 (p. 692)

Title (TS.) The East Wind in November.

1. (TS. orig.) A shrike [canc.: sits dreeling] [alt.: is mourning] in the ash,

   dreeling: variant of "drilling" (Scottish dialect).

3. (TS.) lash,

6. (TS.) elm tree

15. (TS.) blood,

18. (TS.) flings

The Magic House and Other Poems

In a letter, dated May 23, 1893 (S.P./T.), Scott informed J. E. Wetherell that "I have a volume of poems in press with Methuen & Co. of London[.] It will be out in the fall. The title will be 'The Magic House & Other Poems.'" Scott's first book--his only one to be published in all three of Canada, England and

the United States--made its appearance in the first two countries in the autumn of 1893 (notice of publication is given in the Edinburgh Scotsman on Nov. 6, 1893 [p. 2]) and in the third in the autumn of 1895. The title-pages of the English, Canadian and American issues read, respectively, as follows:

THE MAGIC HOUSE / AND OTHER POEMS / BY / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT/ [device] / METHUEN AND CO./ 18 BURY STREET, W.C. / LONDON / 1893

THE MAGIC HOUSE / AND OTHER POEMS / BY / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / OTTAWA / J. DURIE AND SON / 33 AND 35 SPARKS STREET / 1893

THE / MAGIC HOUSE / AND OTHER POEMS / BY / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / BOSTON / COPELAND AND DAY / 1895

Information as to the printer of the book is to be found on the verso of the title-page (in the American issue, on p. [96]): Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty.

In a letter to the editor, Mr. C. W. Kilpatrick of T. and A. Constable Ltd. states: "We have a record of having printed Duncan Campbell Scott's 'The Magic House' in 1893. Unfortunately we have very little information on this publication but I can tell you that our charge for composing 3 3/8 sheets of 32 pages, printing 1,000 copies including a 20 page list of books and supplying paper, including author's alterations, amounted to £23:-:8d."

Collation of the British, Canadian and American issues of M.H. reveals them to be, insofar as the text of the poems is

concerned, identical. We can assume, therefore, that there was only one edition of M.H., namely, the thousand copies printed by Constable and "distributed" (S.P., p. xv) by Methuen in three separate issues. E. K. Brown explains why Scott chose to follow this procedure: "The name of the Ottawa bookstore of J. Durie and Sons appears on the title page of the copies distributed in Canada, as it had appeared five years before on that of Lampman's Among the Millet; but unlike Lampman, Scott refused to accept the ugliness of type and format that Canadian manufacture imposed on a book--with excellent result he had the book printed and bound in Great Britain" ("Memoir," p. xv).

The story behind the American publication of M.H. can be traced in a series of letters, all of which are located in the Edith and Lorne Pierce Collection of Canadiana (Queen's University).

On June 13, 1895 Scott wrote to the Boston publishing house of Copeland and Day: "I send you under separate cover a volume entittled [sic] 'The Magic House and other poems.' This book was published in London by Methuen & Co. and in Canada by Durie & Son Ottawa. It has never been upon the American market, and it is with the idea of placing it there that I write you this present letter. I have the sheets of four hundred (400) copies unbound in the hands of Methuen & Co. These are my property, the firm mentioned having no claim upon them in any way. Now what I would deem it a favour for you to consider is the possibility of bringing out an American edition of the book. I would be willing to hand

you over these sheets, which as you will observe, are printed by Constable, if you would agree to put the book upon the market under your name and allow me a fair percentage. The only printing to be done would be the title page, and you will notice that to make the book of sufficient bulk to bind well there are several pages at the back which have been used as a book list, this space would be available for your own advertisements. I enclose you extracts from criticisms and reviews."

The response of Copeland and Day was favourable for on June 20, 1895, Scott wrote to them regarding the financial arrangements: "The price you propose is, I think, a fair one; the book sells for $1.25 here and 5.5 in London. . . . If you have any instructions to give regarding the shipment [of the sheets] I will be glad to convey them to Methuen & Co. I felt in writing you in the first instance that the fact of the reviews in your press would, perhaps, influence you against a favourable view of the matter. I would like to say, however, that the book has never been on sale in your country, and very few, if any, copies have found their way there."

On June 28, 1895, Scott informed Copeland and Day that he had written to Methuen "to carry out your directions with reference to the invoice, the shipping, and the extra paper" and on Sept. 21, 1895 he inquired of the Boston firm: "Some weeks ago I heard from Methuen and Co. that the sheets of The Magic House had been sent to your London agent. Have you heard anything of them?"

The book was issued in November 1895 for on the twenty-sixth of that month, Scott wrote an appreciative letter to his American publisher: "The books you kindly sent came to hand this morning. I like them exceedingly: far better than the English Edition [sic]: the title-page is one of the best I have seen, and everything is in most excellent taste."

All three issues of M.H. bear the dedication: "TO / MY MOTHER", i.e. Janet MacCallum Scott (1827-1909). According to E. K. Brown she was born "at Ile aux Noix on the Richelieu River near the Vermont border. John MacCallum, her father, and her mother, Isabella Campbell . . . were emigrants from Killin in Perthshire" ("Memoir," p. xi). According to Pelham Edgar, "she was born in Fort Lennox on the Ile aux Noix . . . Her father at the time of her birth was superintendent of military buildings in Canada" ("Duncan Campbell Scott," Dalhousie Review, 7 [1927-28], 38). According to Brown, again, a "rift" developed between Scott and his mother "soon after" the former's marriage in 1894, his "relation with his mother [being] permanently ruined" ("Memoir," p. xviii). (Symptomatic of this rift--which encompassed Scott's sisters as well--was the fact that Scott did not attend the wedding of his younger sister, Helen, which took place in 1904.)

A Little Song (p. 9)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 151), M.H. (p. A), V.A. (p. 669), F.C.G. (p. 86), O.B.C.V. (p. 233), P. (p. 300)

This poem lost its original title and became the twelfth in a series of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

1. (TS.) The rosy gloaming in the west

2. (T.S. canc.) Burns (TS. alt.) Burned

3. (TS.) shore lark

9. (F.C.G.) . . . said, "It . . .

   (O.B.C.V.) . . . said, 'It . . .

10. (TS.) breath;

    (F.C.G.) breath";

    (O.B.C.V.) breath;'

    (M.H., V.A., P.) breath:

    We prefer the semi-colon because it clarifies the fact that lines 11 and 12 are not a part of the pansy's utterance.

13. (F.C.G. & O.B.C.V.) Heigho!

15. (TS.) Good morrow

    (F.C.G. & O.B.C.V.) . . . world! . . . give?

16. (TS.) Good bye . . . good bye

    (F.C.G. & O.B.C.V.) . . . world-good-bye!

The Hill Path (p. 9)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 12), Scribner's Magazine, May 1888 (p. 532), M.N. (p. 2), P. (p. 242)

Both the TS. and M.H. texts are dedicated (the former in Scott's handwriting): "To H.D.S." The initials probably refer to Helen Douglas Scott (1864-1938), the poet's younger sister.

Pelham Edgar quotes Scott as having told him that "The Hill Path" was "'The second piece I did'" and "'my first published poem'" ("Duncan Campbell Scott," Dalhousie Review, & [1927-28], 40).

5. (TS.) fingers

8. (TS. & S.) . . . we will go

14. (TS.) birds

15. (TS.) unawares,

17. (S.) brink,

19. (S.) wind.)

35. (TS. & S.) good-bye!)

36. (TS. & S.) goes!

46. (S.) good-bye,

The Voice and the Dusk (p. 10)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 5), The Independent, Jan. 7, 1892 (p. 1), M.H. (p. 5), C.P. (p. 138), P. (p. 283), O.C.L.(W.) (p. 91), O.C.L. (p. 139)

2. (TS., I., C.P., O.C.L.[W], O.C.L.) rose leaf

9. (TS., I., C.P., O.C.L.) purple martin

(O.C.L.[W.]) purple marten

10. (TS. & I.) fen,

14. (I.) tamarack

17. (TS. & I.) hill,

21. (I.) hight [sic]

29. (O.C.L.[W.] & O.C.L.) passes,

For Remembrance (p. 11)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 11), Scribner's Magazine, Sept. 1891 (p. 336), L.C.P. (p. 130), M.H. (p. 7), F.C.G. (p. 84), O.B.C.V. (p. 223), P. (p. 223)

2. (S.) pass:

5. (L.C.P. & O.B.C.V.) melon-nets

7. (O.B.C.V.) . . . marked the singing of . . .

9. (S., L.C.P., F.C.G., O.B.C.V.) memories,

11. (TS.) surprise,

(L.C.P. & O.B.C.V.) afterward

12-14. In the L.C.P. & O.B.C.V. versions l. 13 is indented, whereas lines 12 and 14 are not.

12. (TS.) perfume

13. (TS., S., L.C.P., O.B.C.V.) grieves;

(F.C.G.) grieves-

The Message (p. 12)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 21), M.H. (p. 8)

1. (TS.) night

5. (TS.) Wind

9. (TS.) Wind

(TS. canc.) weave (TS. alt.) waver

16. (TS.) sea.

21. (TS.) wind

23. (TS. canc.) gentle (TS. alt.) quiet

24. (TS.) . . . good night --- good night.

The Silence of Love (p. 12)

M.H. (p. 10)

An Impromptu (p. 13)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 19), M.H. (p. 11), P. (p. 244)

5. (TS.) river bed,

9. (TS. orig.) things (TS. alt.) sprays

11. (TS. orig.) swings (TS. alt.) sways

15. (TS.) seam

From the Farm on the Hill (p. 13)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 26), The Independent, July 3, 1890 (p. 901), M.H. (p. [13])

All three texts bear the dedication: "To A.P.S." The initials

probably refer to Arthur Percy Saunders (1869-1953), a close friend of Scott. For references to their friendship, see Elsie M. Pomeroy, William Saunders and His Five Sons, pp. 63, 64, 163, 170.

The title probably refers to the Central Experimental Farm, an institute dedicated to agricultural research and founded by William Saunders in 1886. According to Elsie M. Pomeroy, it consisted of "466 acres, three miles from the Parliament Buildings, overlooking the city of Ottawa" (p. 39).

5. (TS. & I.) elm tree

22. (TS. & I.) whipporwill

29. (TS. & I.) nature

At Scarboro' Beach (p. 14)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 32), C.C. (1891), The Canadian Magazine, June 1893 (p. 272), M.H. (p. 15), T.Y.B.P. (p. 218).

Scarborough is a town in Maine, just south of Portland. Though it is itself slightly inland, there are beaches on the Atlantic Ocean nearby. A letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar (Sept. 11, 1911, P.E.P.) makes reference to the area: "We are leaving tomorrow morning for Portland and will go to some seaside place for a week. Prout's Neck Scarboro' Beach (do you remember?)." Prouts Neck is a community on a peninsula just south of Scarborough. The letter suggests that Edgar and Scott visited this part of Maine together at some time.

The T.Y.B.P. version is fragmentary, containing only the fourth and fifth stanzas (ll. 13-20) of the poem.

Title. (T.Y.B.P.) Sandpipers

3. (TS. canc. & C.C.) Slowly the far-off shadowy sails
   (TS. alt.) Seaward the shadowy sails are blown
   (C.) blown,

4. (TS. canc. & C.C.) Melt on the horizon.
   (TS. alt.) Vanishing one by one

9. Richmond: a town in Maine, on the Kennebec River, north-east of Portland.

14. (TS. & C.C.) fly,

15. (C.C. & C.) feet,

18. (T.Y.B.P.) . . . is a treacherous . . .
   Although Scott himself may have been responsible for the change from "the" to "a", we hesitate to accept the change as representing his final intention, not only because we cannot be certain that he was responsible for it, but also because he may have intended the change only for the T.Y.B.P. version, which, although constituting the fourth and fifth stanzas of "At Scarboro' Beach," stands as an independent poem.

The Fifteenth of April (p. 15)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 37), L.C.P. (p. 124), M.H. (p. 17), O.B.C.V. (p. 222), T.Ca.V. (p. 322), P. (p. 282), G.T.C.V. (p. 56).

The text in M.H. is dedicated: "To A.L." The initials stand for Archibald Lampman (1861-99), Canadian poet and close friend of Scott. In the "Memoir" Scott wrote for The Poems of Archibald Lampman he said that his friend "was accustomed to wander [through the woods] speering about the chilly margin of snow-water pools for the first spring flowers" (p. xxiv).

In the G.T.C.V. text lines 3, 5, 7, 9 are indented flush with each other.

Title. (TS.) The Fifth of April

2. In T.Ca.V. this line is indented farther in than is l. 3.

6-9. The text in T.S. is indented as follows:

```
Hollow . . .
   Falls . . .
     Where . . .
   Starts . . .
     Bursting . . .
```

7. (TS.) Where

9. (T.Ca.V.) blood.

10. vesper sparrow: the grass finch, a common Canadian sparrow.

15. (TS. & G.T.C.V.) robin,

(T.Ca.V.) robin-

15-18. In TS. indented similarly to ll. 6-9.

16. (TS.) silver-strong,

17. (TS.) shore lark

shore-lark: a small lark common to eastern Canada.

19-25. (TS.)

Now the sounds begin to dwindle,
    Breezes creep and halt,
Soon the solemn night shall kindle
    In the violet vault
All the stars unknown, untold,
    With the Pleiads and the planets
Weaving runes of gold.

26-27. Omitted in TS.

27. (L.C.P.) vapors

lawny: like lawn, a fine linen fabric.

In an Old Quarry (p. 15)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 41), M.H. (p. 19)

2. (TS.) . . . low lands . . . nod,

3. (TS.) And the now withered fringes of the golden rod

6. the night god: Pluto

11. lethean: "Pertaining to the river Lethe; hence, pertaining to or causing oblivion or forgetfulness of the past" (O.E.D.).

12. Thessaly: in antiquity a northeastern district of Greece.

To Winter (p. 16)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 42), M.H. (p. 20)

2. (TS.) arctic

3. (TS.) frontier,

4. wanish: pale or dull (obsolete).

6. bastions: projecting parts of a fortification.

7. gonfalon: a banner composed of several tails or streamers, and suspended from a cross-bar.

9. (TS.) . . . raids and dreams and . . .

To Winter (p. 16)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 43), M.H. (p. 21)

5. frore: frozen (archaic).

The Ideal (p. 17)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 44), M.H. (p. 22), P. (p. 241)

5. (TS.) think

6. (TS.) bars,

A Summer Storm (p. 17)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 45), M.H. (p. 23), O.B.C.V. (p. 231), P. (p. 263)

1-8. One stanza in TS.

2. (O.B.C.V.) height

5. (TS.) Beetles (TS. add.) The

11. poignard: a dagger.

14. (TS.) clamourous

15. (TS.) The wanton world . . .

17. (O.B.C.V.) early

18. (O.B.C.V.) by;

19. (TS.) oh,

25. (O.B.C.V.) alive

27. (O.B.C.V.) strive

29. (TS.) A Wilson's thrush is in the woods,

(O.B.C.V.) wood

30. (TS.) free,

31. (O.B.C.V.) mood-

32. (O.B.C.V.) whitethroat

Life and Death (p. 18)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 47), L.C.P. (p. 129), M.H. (p. 25), V.A. (p. 671, T.Ca.V. (p. 329), P. (p. 134)

1. (L.C.P. & V.A.) sea

8. (V.A. & T.Ca.V.) splendor

9. (L.C.P. & V.A.) shore

10. (L.C.P. & V.A.) sand's

In the Country Churchyard (p. 18)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 48), M.H. (p. 26), T.Y.B.P. (p. 168), P. (p. 169)

Both the M.H. and P. texts bear the dedication: "To the Memory of My Father." In an autobiographical note for Pelham Edgar (TS., c. 1904, P.E.P.) the poet described his father, the Rev. William Scott, as "of good yoeman [sic] stock [born in] Lincoln England . . . had considerable literary ability, good prose, a reader of the best literature, library stocked with it." Scott's father, born in 1812,

died in Ottawa on Oct. 5, 1891--a terminus a quo for the date of composition of the poem.

For E. K. Brown this poem "has an affinity so close as at first to be disturbing" ("Memoir," p. xvi) with Thomas Gray's famous eighteenth-century "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Though Scott's poem was undoubtedly written with Gray's elegy in mind (cf. the two titles), actual resemblances between the two works are quite limited--to the title, the setting and the idea of the importance and value of the common man (an idea which plays a major role in Gray's elegy but occupies only a minor position--see the note to l. 36 ff.--in that of Scott).

The T.Y.B.P. text is fragmentary, containing only the thirteenth stanza (ll. 85-91) of the poem.

Title. Country Churchyard: the Rev. William Scott was buried in Beechwood Cemetery, now in the northeastern sector of Ottawa (beyond the Rideau River) but in 1891 located on the very outskirts of the capital.

3. (TS.) act of (TS. alt.) active

4. (TS.) quest

11. (TS.) soil,

13. (TS.) spoil

15. (TS.) wood,

18. (TS.) solitude,

22. (TS.) These buds . . .

36.ff. CF. Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard":

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
> . . . . . .
> Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
> Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.
> (11. 33-36, 45-48.)

38. (TS.) . . . come . . . mood

41. (TS.) night

51. (TS.) fields'

57-63. (TS.)

> I am in love with this sure end of time,
> This ancient dissolution, this fair death,
> And if my will had governance of my breath
> I would cry, cease, at this completed rhyme,
> And know no more,
> The sun that quickens this unfruitful clime,
> This changeful province, this confusèd shore.

71. (TS.) hills,

72. (TS.) shields,

73. (TS.) fields,

74. (TS.) fills

76. Because all three texts have a comma after "spills", we hesitate to remove this punctuation mark which obscures the sense of 11. 76-77: "fruitage" is the object of "spills".

78. (TS.) vale,

80. (TS.) . . . guady [sic] weather vane,

81. (TS.) hollos

84. (TS.) heart song

85. (TS.) air,

86. (TS.) note

87. (TS.) remote,

88. (TS.) there

91. (TS. canc.) shape (TS. alt.) shade

92. (TS.) . . . east unseen

94. Not indented in TS.

97. (TS. canc.) watched (TS. alt.) watch

98. (TS. & M.H.) flow.

(P.) flow,

The non-copy-text variant is preferred, on the grounds that:

1) this is the only stanza in the poem to end with a comma;

2) a period is more consistent with the slow, dignified pace of the poem;

3) a period is to be found in the other texts, which raises the probability that the comma in P. was the result of a typographical error.

100. (TS. canc.) were (TS. alt.) ware

101. (TS. canc.) days (TS. alt.) day's

105. (TS.) supreme.

108. (TS. canc.) dawn, (TS. alt.) dome,

111. (TS.) dew,

Song (p. 21)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 58), M.H. (p. 32), P. (p. 299)

This poem lost its original title and became the eleventh in a series of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

2. (TS. & M.H.) lute;

6. (TS.) lute--

12. (TS.) minute,

The Magic House

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 1), Scribner's Magazine, June 1890 (p. 713), M.H. (p. 33), P. (p. 202)

7. (TS.) . . . within the . . .

25. (S.) air!

35. (TS. & S.) maybe

(M.H. & P.) may be

The earlier variant, "maybe", is preferred; "may be" is not in conformity with the future tense of the context, and is probably the result of a typographical error.

42. (S.) loathèd

45. (S.) unsummonèd

48. (TS. & S.) by.

In the House of Dreams (p. 23)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 102), M.H. (p. 36), P. (p. 221)

1. sward: the surface of soil which is covered with grass.

2. (TS.) arbor . . . leaves,

3. (TS.) sheaves,

4. (TS.) sword (TS. add.) red [gladiolus, etc.]

5. (TS.) gold,

6. (TS.) limped [sic]

7. (TS.) shadow,

9. (TS.) ball,

11. (TS.) all,

18. (TS.) coil

19. (TS.) so

36. (TS.) . . . a lightning . . .

The River Town (p. 23)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 65), The Week, Sept. 18, 1891 (p. 670), M.H. (p. 38), F.C.G. (p. 82)

4. (F.C.G.) . . . through and through

6. (TS. & Week) sea gull

9. (Week) . . . night, . . . sweep,

13. (TS. orig. & Week) slip (TS. alt.) slip,

17. (F.C.G.) . . . lonely, hollow . . .

Off the Isle Aux Coudres (p. 24)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 67), The Independent, Sept. 22, 1892 (p. 1), M.H. (p. 40), P. (p. 105)

The title refers to an island in the St. Lawrence River, north of Quebec City. Scott seems to have been well acquainted with this region since Isle Aux Coudres, St. Irénée ("Above St. Irénée"), Les Éboulements ("At Les Éboulements") and Ste. Anne de Beaupré ("Before Ste. Annes") are all located within a short distance of one another.

1. (TS.) . . . Capella and . . .

   (I.) The moon, Capella bright and Hercules

   Hercules: a constellation of stars visible in the northern hemisphere.

   Capella: a star in the constellation Auriga.

   Pleiades: seven stars in the constellation Taurus.

2. (TS.) floor,

   (I.) . . . gray, uncertain. . .

3. (TS.) shore,

4. (TS.) trees,

   (I.) trees.

5. (I.) come

6. (I.) . . . light, . . . more,

7. (TS.) . . . float and . . .

   (I.) . . . float and . . . o'er;

9. (TS.) sad,

   (I.) sad!

10. (I.) ancientness

12. (I.) dome;

13. (I.) art,

At Les Eboulements (p. 24)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 68), Scribner's Magazine, Dec. 1889 (p. 759), L.C.P. (p. 128), M.H. (p. 41), V.A. (p. 669), S.G. (p. 7), P. (p. 245)

The title refers to a village on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, north of Quebec City.

The M.H. text is dedicated: "To M.E.S." The initials refer to the poet's elder sister, Mary Elizabeth Scott (1860-1947).

Title (S., L.C.P., V.A., S.G.) At Les Éboulements

3. wales: waves

6. (TS.) overrolls,

(S.) over-rolls

(L.C.P. & V.A.) overrolls

(M.H. & P.) over-rolls,

Because all three authorially prepared versions--TS., M.H. and P.--have a comma at the end of the line we hesitate to remove this punctuation mark which obscures the sense of the passage: "wicker pêche" is surely the object of "over-rolls".

7. pêche: a French-Canadian word for a kind of fish-trap resembling a fence.

8. (S. & V.A.) labors

11. (S.) home!

(L.C.P. & V.A.) . . . home, -come . . .

Above St. Irénée (p. 25)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 72), C.C. (1890), The Youth's Companion, Aug. 18, 1892 (p. 414), L.C.P. (p. 121), M.H. (p. 42), V.A. (p. 668), T.Ca.V. (p. 323), P. (p. 240)

The title refers to a town on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, north of Quebec City and just above Les Éboulements. Scott probably visited this town with Lampman for, as Carl Y. Connor notes in Archibald Lampman: Poet of Nature, "The vacation of that year [1890] Lampman and Scott spent on the Lower St. Lawrence, at Les Eboulements, which they reached by boat from Montreal. . . . It was there that Lampman wrote one of his finest sonnets, 'Sunset at Les Eboulements'" (p. 103). The latter poem, as well as "Above St. Irénée," were included in the 1890 Christmas card on which Scott and Lampman collaborated.

The TS. has a pattern of indentation which differs from that of the other three texts. This pattern is exemplified in the stanza quoted below. The second and third stanzas of the other texts are omitted in the periodical text.

Title. (TS.) Above Saint Irènèe

(C.C.) Above Saint Irénée

1-8. (TS. & C.C. [the indentation is that of the TS.])

I climbed the lofty road between
  The river and the northern hills,
    And rested leisurely,
      To watch the mighty river flow,
With all its miles of shade and sheen
  Down to the mighty sea,
    And far beneath me resting low
  The village of Saint Irénée. [(TS.) Irene]

2. (P.) Probably because of typographical consideration--the bold-faced capital "I" in l. 1--this line was so indented as to be flush with l. 3. The normal pattern of indentation is restored whereby l. 3 is indented more deeply than l. 2.

5. (T.Ca.V.) sheening

sheeny: bright, shiny.

7. (V.A.) brook

8. (T.Ca.V.) St Irénée

12. (TS. & L.C.P.) azure-grey

15. (TS.) astray

20. pinks: the general name of plants belonging to the various species of Dianthus.

stocks: the stumps of trees.

23. (TS., C.C., L.C.P., V.A.) flocks

26. (TS.) Upon the summit of a hill

(Y.C.) goldenrod,

27. (T.S. & C.C.) me,

32. (TS. & C.C.) . . . anything so fair . . .

35. (TS.) going

36. (T.Ca.V.) answered,

37. (TS., C.C., L.C.P., V.A.) oh,

38. (TS.) . . . Saint Irenee."

(T.Ca.V.) . . . to St . . .

41. (Y.C. & L.C.P.) apace

46. (TS.) . . . to Saint Irenee:"

(Y.C. & L.C.P.) . . . to Saint . . .

(T.Ca.V.). . . to St . . .

41-48. These lines are omitted in V.A.

Written in a Copy of Archibald Lampman's Poems (p. 26) National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 118), The Week, Oct. 4, 1889 (p. 698), M.H. (p. 45)

The periodical date of publication points to Lampman's first book, Among the Millet (1888), as being the "Poems" referred to in the title.

4. osier: a kind of willow.

17. (TS. & Week) perplexities,

33. fell: mountain, height, elevated wild field.

38. (Week) seed-thoughts

42. pensile: hanging, pendent.

43. sheen: shine

Off Rivière du loup (p. 27)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 45), L.C.P. (p. 135), M.H. (p. 48), The Globe, March 4, 1905 (Magazine Sec., p. 8), T.Ca.V. (p. 325), H.B.V. (p. 1601), S.G. (p. 12), M.C. (p. 168), P. (p. 239), G.T.C.V. (p. 55), E.S. (p. 234)

The title refers to a town on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, below the mouth of the Saguenay River.

The stanzas in the H.B.V., S.G., M.C. and E.S. versions are not indented.

Title. (L.C.P., M.H., T.Ca.V., H.B.V., S.G., M.C., E.S.) Rivière
(TS., P., G.T.C.V.) Riviere
The word is properly spelled with an accent. Since the M.H. version is otherwise identical with the copy-text (P.), we assume that the omission was due to a typographical error and restore the comma.

1. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) Oh, . . . sea,
(G.) sea,

3. (G.) lea

4. (H.B.V., M.C., E.S.) gale,
(S.G.) gale.

5. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) West

7. (H.B.V.) jeweled

8. (TS., L.C.P., G.T.C.V.) snows.

9. (TS.) home;
(G.) home

10. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) Spain,

(H.B.V., S.G., M.C., E.S.) Spain

11. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) foam,

13. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) . . . the sombre . . .

15. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) wills

17. (TS., L.C.P., M.C., G.T.C.V.) towards

(G.) . . . onward to . . .

20. (T.Ca.V.) clear:

23. (S.G.) . . . shadows light . . .

(M.C.) . . . paler shadows . . .

27. (L.C.P. & G.T.C.V.) hay

At the Cedars (p. 28)

MS., National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 77), S.G.D. (p. 91), M.H. (p. 50), V.A. (p. 669), C.P. (p. 135), P. (p. 14), O.C.L. (p. 125), P.C.N. (p. 209), B.C.P. (p. 219)

The MS., a fair copy on three leaves, is in the McGill University Library. On the first leaf is inscribed in Scott's handwriting: "Dear Mr. Lighthall / I enclose "At / the Cedars" in / duplicate / Yours / D. C. Scott / Monday. / Aug. 27.88". William Douw Lighthall was the editor of S.G.D.

The M.H. text bears the dedication: "To W.W.C." The initials probably refer to the Canadian poet, William Wilfred Campbell (1861-1919). During the early 1890's Scott, Campbell and Archibald Lampman collaborated in writing a literary column, "At the Mermaid

Inn," for the Toronto newspaper, The Globe. It is interesting that Scott should have dedicated this poem in particular to Campbell since there is a poem entitled "Dan'l and Mat" in Campbell's first book, Lake Lyrics and Other Poems (1889) which "At the Cedars" resembles in style (the use of dialect) and content. Here, for instance, is the climactic seventh stanza of Campbell's poem:

> Dead, yes, gone these years, sir,
> Out fishin and caught in a squall;
> Each tried ter resky the other,
> But the lake as, is hard on us all,
> Washed their bodies ashore next mornin,
> High and dry up, and that's all.
>
> (11. 37-42)

Another possible influence on "At the Cedars" may have been Lampman's "Between the Rapids," first published in Among the Millet (1888) but written, according to Scott, in June 1886 (see Lampman's Lyrics of Earth, ed. Duncan Campbell Scott, p. 46).

The place-name in the title may be a reference to a village, better known by its French name of "Les Cèdres," on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in Soulanges country, Quebec, twenty-seven miles south-west of Montreal. Near the village there are rapids, known as "Rapides des Cèdres."

1. (MS. & S.G.D.) . . . girls, Baptiste,

2. (MS.) One was Virginie . . . . . .

   This line is indented in S.G.D.

   Virginie: this name occurs, spelled as "Verginie," in Lampman's "Between the Rapids" (see above).

3. (MS. & S.G.D.) . . . hard, Baptiste,

   (TS.) . . . hard-Baptiste

4. This line is indented in S.G.D.

5. (MS. & S.G.D.) jammed,

   In the C.P. version there is no new stanza at this line.

6. (MS. & TS.) cedars,

   (S.G.D.) Cedars;

7. (MS. & S.G.D.) dammed,

9. (MS.) know,

   (S.G.D.) devil

11. (MS.) budge.

    (S.G.D. & V.A.) budge!

12. (MS., S.G.D., V.A.)

    "She's as tight as a wedge,
    On the ledge,"

13. (MS. & S.G.D.) foreman,

    (V.A.) foreman:

14. (TS.) here

15. (MS.) clear,"

16. (MS., S.G.D., V.A.) men,

    In the C.P. and P.C.N. versions a new stanza begins at this line.

17. (MS. & S.G.D.) then,

    (TS.) then

18. (TS.) cantdogs

    (S.G.D.) arow;

cant-dogs: those dogs which are positioned so that they diverge from the straight line formed by the rest of the team.

arow: in a row.

19. (MS.) "he yo ho",

(TS.) he-yo-ho

(S.G.D.) "he yo ho,"

(V.A.) he-yo-ho,

20. (MS.) shove,

22. (MS.) tore,

(S.G.D. & V.A.) yelled,

23. (S.G.D. & V.A.) shore;

24. (MS., S.G.D., V.A.) grind,

25. (TS.) wolf

26. (C.P.) flash

28. (S.G.D.) mash.

29. (S.G.D.) I,

30. (MS. & S.G.D.) All, but Isaàc Dufour,

(TS.) All, but Isaac Dufour,

(M.H., C.P., P.C.N.) All but Isaac Dufour,

32. (MS. & S.G.D.) . . . in front . . .

33. (MS. & S.G.D.) bind,

34. (MS., TS., S.G.D.) behind,

In the TS. the original comma has been altered to a semi-colon.

35. (S.G.D.) along,

36. (MS. & S.G.D.) pole,

38. (S.G.D. & V.A.) But,

In the TS. and S.G.D. versions a new stanza begins at this line. In the MS. this line is at the top of a page; it is therefore, difficult to tell whether a new stanza was intended at that point.

40. (MS. & S.G.D.) . . . feet, fair and square,

(TS.) . . . feet square and fair

41. (MS.) . . . fell down . . .

42. (MS. & S.G.D.) block,

43. (S.G.D. & V.A.) shock;

44. (MS., S.G.D., V.A.) there,

46. (MS.) hand,

47. (MS. & TS.) land,

(S.G.D. & V.A.) land.

46-47. One line in the C.P. and P.C.N. versions.

48. (MS. & S.G.D.) dropped,

50. (MS. & S.G.D.) him,

52. (MS.) place,

57. (MS. & TS.) You know-on the still side,

(S.G.D.) You know,-on the still side;

(V.A.) You know,-on the still side

(M.H., P., O.C.L., B.C.P.) You know-on the still side

(C.P. & P.C.N.) You know-on the still side.

The syntax demands some punctuation at the end of l. 57. Since both the MS. and TS. texts are punctuated, it is likely

that a typographical error occurred in M.H. and was carried over into P. We follow the reading of the MS. and TS.

59. (MS.) Isaàc,

(TS., M.H., C.P., P.C.N.) Isaac

61. (MS.) . . . didn't . . . Baptiste

(S.G.D.) . . . didn't . . . Baptiste;

62. (MS. & TS.) canoe,

(S.G.D.) canoe,-

63. (MS.) . . . seem Baptiste

(TS.) . . . seem, Baptiste

65. (MS. & S.G.D.) think,

66. (MS. canc.) gave (MS. alt.) cracked

(MS.) shell,

67. (TS.) hell

69. (MS.) Baptiste! . . . . . .

(S.G.D.) Baptiste!!-

(V.A. & C.P. [rev.]) Baptiste-

In the MS. this is the last line of the penultimate stanza. In the TS. it is the last line on the page but separated from the preceding line. In S.G.D. it is separate from both the preceding and following stanzas.

71. (MS.) . . . Virginie,

(S.G.D. & V.A.) Virginie;

72. (MS. & S.G.D.) other,

The End of the Day (p. 30)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 82), The Youth's Companion, April 14, 1892 (p. 190), L.C.P. (p. 123), M.H. (p. 54), V.A. (p. 671) T.Y.B.P. (p. 168), F.C.G. (p. 90), O.B.C.V. (p. 233), T.Ca.V. (p. 326), P. (p. 238)

The Y.C. version is indented as follows:

I . . .
  Peal . . .
Near . . .
    Across . . .
    The . . .
  The . . .
      The . . .

The F.C.G. version is indented as follows:

I . . .
  Peal . . .
Near . . .
Across . . .
The . . .
  The . . .
    The . . .

The T.Y.B.P. text is fragmentary, containing only the third stanza (ll. 15-21) of the poem.

3. (T.Ca.V.) glide;

5. Hull: a city in Quebec, across the Ottawa River from Ottawa.

8. (TS., Y.C., L.C.P., V.A., O.B.C.V.) flowers

9. (L.C.P., V.A., O.B.C.V.) deep,

   (F.C.G.) deep;

11. (O.B.C.V.) And light . . .

13. (Y.C.) . . . sleep, sleep, sleep

15. (TS., Y.C., L.C.P., V.A., O.B.C.V.) again,

   (T.Y.B.P. & F.C.G.) again-

16. (TS.) eremite

(Y.C., L.C.P., V.A., O.B.C.V.) eremite,

eremite: hermit, recluse.

18. (O.B.C.V.) away;

19. (T.Y.B.P.) day,"

(F.C.G.) "Alas! . . . day-

20. (F.C.G.) . . . good-night, good-night,

(O.B.C.V.) . . . Good-night, Good-Night,'

21. (TS.) Night".

(L.C.P. & T.Y.C.P.) Night."

(M.H.) Night.'

(V.A.) "Good-Night."

(F.C.G.) Good-night."

(O.B.C.V.) 'Good-Night.'

The Reed-Player (p. 30)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 59), Scribner's Magazine, Dec. 1890 (p. 720), L.C.P. (p. 131), M.H. (p. 56), V.A. (p. 670), O.B.C.V. (p. 220), P. (p. 261), O.C.L. (p. 124)

The M.H. text is dedicated: "To B.C." The initials probably refer to the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman (1861-1929). The Greek god, Pan--alluded to in the title--was a favourite mythological figure of Carman. Indeed one of his books of verse was intitled The Pipes of Pan (1906).

Title. (TS. & S.) The Reed Player

3. (TS., S., L.C.P.) harkening

9. (TS.) wood

(S. & O.B.C.V.) . . . fire-flies . . . wood

11. (V.A.) Uriel,

Uriel: one of four archangels mentioned in Enoch 9:1; associated with fire (the Hebrew name means "light of God") Uriel had for one of his main functions to explain the names and movements of the heavenly bodies (see Enoch 33:3ff.). Scott may have derived the name from Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem, "Uriel."

11-12. As Uriel . . . rank: the speaker, looking down on the fireflies hovering above "the shallows" (alternately, but with less likelihood, it is the wood which is "Above the shallows") compares himself to Uriel looking down on the planets.

13. mead; variant of "meadow" (archaic).

19. Tyre: in antiquity a Phoenician city and important centre of trade.

21. (TS., S., L.C.P., O.B.C.V.) fern

(M.H., V.A., P.) fern;

See note to l. 22.

22. (TS., S., L.C.P., O.B.C.V.) fall,

(M.H., V.A., P.) fall

The two different patterns of punctuation in lines 21-22 result in two different meanings. The earlier variants are preferred because they make better sense: it is more plausible that an animate subject, "He", "Haunted" the dusk "with golden turn . . . "; if "fall" were the subject of "Haunted," then "golden turn" and "argent interval" would seem contradictory or at least superfluous.

23. (TS. canc.) lower (TS. alt.) hollow

A Flock of Sheep (p. 31)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 84), The Youth's Companion, July 6, 1893 (p. 246), M.H. (p. 58), P. (p. 260)

The M.H. text is dedicated: "To C.G.D.R." The initials stand for Charles George Douglas Roberts (1860-1943)--better known as Sir Charles G. D. Roberts--Canadian poet and man of letters. "A Flock of Sheep" resembles such poems of Roberts as "The Sower" or "The Potato Harvest" (both from In Divers Tones [1886]) which are quasi-objective descriptions of rural scenes.

2. (TS. & Y.C.) swoops,

3. (Y.C.) dingles

dingles: deep, wooded ravines or valleys.

4. laggards: those lagging behind.

6. (TS. & Y.C.) laugh,

7. (TS. & Y.C.) . . . swain . . . hollo

swain: country labourer.

12. (Y.C.) mass

16. (Y.C.) bank

18. (Y.C.) leap

20. (Y.C.) sheep

30. (Y.C.) pines

31. (Y.C.) colder.

33. (Y.C.) smoulder

A Portrait (p. 32)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 86), M.H. (p. 60)

1. (TS.) set

2. (TS.) coronet

3. (TS.) brow

5. (TS.) drawn

7. (TS.) eyes

11. (TS.) stain

13. (TS.) sun

17. (TS.) cookcoo

18. (TS.) flight

19. (TS.) there

21. (TS.) speaks

25. (TS.) . . . sings . . . clear

26. (TS.) sheer

27. (TS.) magical

30. Israfel: properly Isrāfīl; in Islamic mythology, an archangel. Scott may have derived the name from Edgar Allan Poe's "Israfel," first published in Poems (1831). Poe, in turn, discovered the association of Israfel with singing in George Sale's Preliminary Discourse to his edition of the Koran (1764): "the angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." See The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe, ed. Floyd Stovall, p. 213.

33. (TS.) even

34. (TS.) heaven.

35. (TS.) charmed

At the Lattice (p. 33)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 81), Scribner's Magazine, May 1891 (p. 562), M.H. (p. 63)

Title. (TS. & S.) From the Hungarian

Scott did not know Hungarian nor is it likely that the poem, in fact, has anything to do with Hungarian literature. A check of one of the few, if not the only, nineteenth-century anthologies of Hungarian poems in English translation, John Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars (1830) reveals nothing quite like "At the Lattice." (Of course it is possible that the "Hungarian" refers to the speaker of the poem who is thus characterized as being of that nationality.) In any case the original title may have been a stratagem of the author to save himself from any embarrassment over the poem's contents. Consider, for instance, A.J.M. Smith's analysis: ". . . the 'ugliness' is in the subconsciousness of the protagonist. To drag it forcibly out from there into the realm of consciousness is the real object of the poem, however deceptively it may pretend to be only a pretty compliment" ("Duncan Campbell Scott," Canadian Literature, 1 [1959], 18).

The First Snow (p. 33)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 91), M.H. (p. 64), P. (p. 224).

In the TS. there is no indentation of lines nor are the two sonnets--marked I and II--divided into octet and sestet.

1. (TS.) lace,

3. (TS.) muskrat

4. (TS.) space,

6. (TS.) . . . alders . . . ranks

7. (TS.) banks

9-14. (TS.)

> Along the horizon's faded shrunken hills,
> Hung the great snow clouds, heavy, grey like stone,
> Or with dead purple draped, or ashy white,
> Like masked invaders waiting for the night,
> Full of black rage and weary baleful ills,
> While all below them lies the land alone.

16. (TS.) broke

20. (TS.) fled

21. (TS.) . . . snow flakes . . . spread

27. Orion: a constellation of seven stars in the northern sky.

morning star: the planet Venus.

In November (p. 34)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 125), Scribner's Magazine, Nov. 1891 (p. 562), M.H. (p. 66), V.A. (p. 670), P. (p. 262)

The M.H. text is dedicated: "To J.A.R." The initials probably refer to John Almon Ritchie (1863-1935), an Ottawa lawyer and playwright, and close friend of Archibald Lampman. See Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, passim, and Morgan, Canadian Men and Women of the Time, p. 944. Scott refers to Ritchie in a letter to E. K. Brown (July 24, 1947, E.K.B.P.): "I made a one-act play out of it ["The Return"] with the help of Lampman's old friend J. A. Ritchie."

2. (TS. & S.) west,

6. (TS. & S.) cold

7. (TS. & S.) pools

11. (S.) God

13. (TS. & S.) horde

14. (TS. & S.) revel

15. (TS. & S.) cord

serge and cord: the clothing of monks.

The Sleeper (p. 35)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 96), The Independent, June 15, 1893 (p. 835), M.H. (p. 68)

In a letter to A.J.M. Smith (Nov. 21, 1942, A.J.M. Smith papers, University of Toronto) Scott informed Smith that he did not want "The Sleeper" to be included in the forthcoming B.C.P.

2. (I.) Isabel

6. (I.) cheeks

9. (TS.) shew [sic]

A Night in June (p. 35)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 98), The Cosmopolitan, July 1892 (p. 313), M.H. (p. 70), P. (p. 259)

The Cosmopolitan text was reprinted, without variation, in Current Literature, Aug. 1892 (p. 606), where it is, however, erroneously attributed to Scribner's Magazine.

2. (Cos.) lawn-

3. This line is not indented in P. We emend an obvious typographical error.

7. (TS.) syringas

8. (Cos.) retreat-

11. (Cos.) . . . then, . . . dense,

14. (Cos.) air-

15. (TS.) shews

21. (TS. orig.) glow. (TS. alt.) gold.
(Cos.) gold.

22. (Cos.) sound.

25. (Cos.) A fountain, . . . dark,

26. (TS. & Cos.) strain.

27. (Cos.) God!

Memory (p. 36)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 100), M.H. (p. 72), T.Ca.V. (p. 327), P. (p. 243)

2. (TS. canc.) with (TS. alt.) into
(TS.) foam,

6. (TS.) glen,

7. (T.Ca.V.) One day it falls and . . .

9. (TS.) stay,

Youth and Time (p. 36)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 106), Scribner's Magazine, Sept. 1889 (p. 298), M.H. (p. 73), P. (p. 121)

12. sorrage: Joseph E. Worcester's A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language defines "sorrage" (which is not listed in the O.E.D.) as "blades of green wheat or barley" (p. 679).

16. (TS. & S.) But oh, the touch of spring, the charm of youth!

A Memory of the 'Inferno' (p. 37)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 104), M.H. (p. 74)

In a letter to A.J.M. Smith (Dec. 10, 1942, A.J.M. Smith papers, University of Toronto), Scott informed Smith, regarding the possible inclusion of "A Memory of the 'Inferno'" in the forthcoming B.C.P., that he did not want "to see [it] in print again."

Title. Inferno: the first book of Dante Alighieri's mediaeval, allegorical poem, The Divine Comedy.

5. Francesca: a character who appears in canto V of the Inferno. Francesca da Polenta was married to Giovanni Malatesta. His younger brother, Paolo, became Francesca's lover. Her husband, taking them by surprise, killed both together. Paolo and Francesca were condemned to hell as carnal sinners who had subjected reason to desire.

6. (TS.) So lovely at Revenna [sic], until time
Ravenna: Francesca da Polenta was from this town in northern Italy.

8. (TS.) hue.

11. Paolo: see note to l. 5.

La Belle Feronière (p. 37)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 105), M.H. (p. 75)

Title. The title refers to a painting attributed to Leonardo da Vinci or to one of his students. The archaic French words mean "the beautiful iron-worker (feminine)." According to Kenneth Clark's Leonardo Da Vinci: An Account of His Development as an Artist, "This title, the nickname of one of Henry II's mistresses, is due solely to a confusion in an early inventory, and the sitter's identity has never been established. The portrait has been frequently claimed as the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, who in 1495 succeeded Cecilia Gallerani as the mistress of Ludovico il Moro" (p. 50). In writing this poem, Scott may have been inspired by Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sonnets on famous paintings, e.g. "For the Holy Family, By Michelangelo" and "For Spring, By Sandro Botticelli."

1. (TS.) Lionardo (sic)

Leonardo: Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Italian artist of the Florentine school.

2. (TS.) dreams

3. (TS.) Lady;

5. Milan: important city in the north of Italy.

A November Day (p. 38)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 107), The Week, Nov. 14, 1890 (p. 794), M.H. (p. 76)

1. (W.) world

4. (TS. & W.) day

6. (TS. & W.) ground

9. (TS. & W.) shore

13. (W.) link

14. In the TS. the accent on "moorèd" and the comma at the end of the line have been added in ink.

    (W.) . . . mooréd there

16. (TS. & W.) low

18. (TS. & W.) sea plants

Ottawa (p. 38)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 109), M.H. (p. 78), L.C.P. (p. 127), V.A. (p. 669), P. (p. 136)

In a letter to J. E. Wetherell (Nov. 13, 1892, W. P. [M.L., p. 68]) Scott told him that "The sonnet Ottawa is not the one you know ["Ottawa: Before Dawn"] which was about the first piece of verse I ever wrote but a new and I hope a better one." The date of this letter becomes, therefore, a terminus ad quem for the date of composition of the poem.

The V.A. text is not indented.

3. Troy: in antiquity a city near the Bosphorus, made famous in Homer's Iliad.

4. (TS., L.C.P., V.A.) . . . they but . . .

6. Lamia: in Greek mythology, a figure who devours children; the main character of a poem of that name by John Keats. Keats derived his character from Robert Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (Part. 3, Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subs. 1) where she is described as "a serpent, a lamia . . . all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions" (p. 533). In using the word Scott is probably alluding not to the creature's moral qualities but to her gorgeous appearance, as described in Keats's "Lamia":

> She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
> Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
> Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
> Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
> And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
> Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
> Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries -
> (11. 47-53)

northern star: the polestar or North Star--the star which is closest to the north celestial pole.

10. (TS. & L.C.P.) time

Song (p. 39)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 110), Scribner's Magazine, Jan. 1892 (p. 25), L.C.P. (p. 134), M.H. (p. 79), P. (p. 299)

In the L.C.P. version every even-numbered line is indented.

This poem lost its original title and became the tenth in a series of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

3. (L.C.P.) gone,

6. (L.C.P.) Golden West,

Night and the Pines (p. 39)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 111), M.H. (p. 80), P. (p. 256)

3. (TS.) flight;

8. (TS.) . . . the thunder . . .

9. (TS.) eirie

19. (TS.) . . . wind slumbrous . . .

titan: in Greek mythology one of a race of earth giants whose power was destroyed by the Olympian gods and who are associated with gigantic size and immense strength

20. (TS.) power,

23. (TS. orig.) creeps (TS. alt.) sweeps

(TS. orig.) sigh (TS. alt.) cry

24. (TS.) sibyl

Sibyl: in the Greco-Roman world a renowned female prophet.

29. (TS.) deep

34. (TS.) things;

(M.H. & P.) things

The syntactical structure of ll. 33-36--the catalogue of objects of the preposition "Of" in l. 33--demands some punctuation between "things" and "Traces." Therefore we assume there was a typographical error and prefer the TS. variant. Cf. lines 16 and 22.

35. (TS.) night

36. (TS.) passion sadness

A Night in March (p. 40)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 129), M.H. (p. 82), P. (p. 314)

1-2. (TS.) The reeking sunset reeled to rest
And dabbled all the clouds with blood,

3. (TS.) west

21. (TS.) "Used thou to mock the rest of kings,

35. (TS.) brought,

39. (TS.) ages

44. marish: marshy (archaic).

45. (TS.) die,

46. (TS.) unsaid;

47. (TS.) ministry,

51. (TS. canc.) windows (TS. alt.) window

rood: a cross.

52. After l. 52, TS. has this stanza:

Beneath my lids I felt the tears,
My diverse griefs were rolled in one,
And all the throbbing starry years
Leaped to an undivided sun.

59. (TS. canc.) Yet (TS. alt.) It

60. (TS.) fall.

61. (TS.) close;

62. wold: an unwooded, hilly region.

64. (TS.) lemon gold

September (p. 42)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 137), The Cosmopolitan, Sept. 1892 (p. 526), L.C.P. (p. 126), M.H. (p. 86), The Kamloops Standard, Sept. 15, 1892 (p. 2), P. (p. 85)

The Kamloops Standard version appeared with the following note: "The above verses are by D. C. Scott, deputy superintendent general of Indian affairs, who accompanied Hon. Chas. Stewart, minister of the interior on his recent visit to Kamloops.-Ed." Regarding Scott's travels in 1922, see the note to "Lines on the Peace Arch."

The Kamloops Standard version has no indentation of lines. The Cosmopolitan text was reprinted, without variation, in Current Literature, Oct. 1892 (p. 206).

Title. (K.S.) Cats!

The change of title is a little strange. Perhaps it was a private joke of the author. In an article on Scott (TS. c. 1904, P.E.P.) Pelham Edgar wrote: "He is passionately devoted to children and to cats. 'I love animals and cats' [Scott] once wrote. 'Much of my best work has been written with a cat on my knee or within touch. Cats appreciate me and understand me' . . . 'Skookum' (a word in the Chinook jargon meaning 'strong') a Tom of great size and now somewhat descended in the vale of years, has for long governed the destinies of 108 Lisgar Street" (p. 17).

1. (Cos.) gray

2. (Cos., L.C.P., K.S.) red,

3. (TS.) overhead

4. Orion: see note to "The First Snow," l. 27.

7. (TS., L.C.P., K.S.) bells

9. (TS., Cos., L.C.P., K.S.) night gloom

10. (TS. & L.C.P.) comrad [sic]
(Cos.) sink;

By the Willow Spring (p. 42)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 140), M.H. (p. 87), P. (p. 162)

The M.H. text is dedicated: "To E.W." The initials possibly refer to (Agnes) Ethelwyn Wetherald (1857-1940), a minor Canadian poet and journalist. That Scott was acquainted with Miss Wetherald is suggested by the fact that he asked his publishers (Scott to McClelland and Stewart, Nov. 30, 1926, A.P.) to send her a circular advertising the publication of P.

According to Pelham Edgar (TS., c. 1924, P.E.P.), "'By the Willow Spring,' an early piece, was influenced by the 'Lamia' of Keats" (p. 18). However the relationship between the two works is not obvious. In both poems, to be sure, there is an element of frustrated love but the plots are quite different as is the characterization. Most importantly, Scott's "fragile daughter of the earth" (l. 26) is not a radically ambiguous creature, as is Lamia. For an explicit allusion to Lamia in Scott's poetry, see "Ottawa," l. 6.

3. (TS. canc.) sun, (TS. alt.) glow,

4. (TS. canc.) . . . apples hide the horizon,

(TS. alt.) . . . poppies in the garden blow,

12. (TS. canc.) warm (TS. alt.) wan

14. (TS.) bird;

After l. 14, TS. reads:

> A lithe green frog stares with his golden eyes,
> Recalling far forgotten destinies.

19. (TS.) with

20. (TS.) wellhead

21. (TS.) More often, for she cometh here sometime

23. (TS.) And haunts . . .

28. (TS.) . . . scarcely shy,

29. (TS.) . . . coming destiny,

34. (TS. canc.) Which (TS. alt.) But

35. (TS.) Not restful or . . .

36. (TS.) cruise

cruse: a small vessel for holding liquids.

42. rag: consisting or made of rags, as in rag-doll; the metaphor conveys suggestions of something small and worthless.

47. (TS.) tree;

pine linnet: a variety of finch.

48. (TS.) thought,

50. (TS.) love

54. (TS.) firs

wimples: meanders, winds, ripples.

58. (TS.) rain

62. (TS.) alas,

64. In the TS. text a new stanza begins here.

66. (TS.) search

kinglet: a bird resembling the warbler.

67. (TS.) timourous

71. (TS.) waters'

75. mere: a pool.

77. (TS.) waters

85. (TS.) tell

(M.H. & P.) tell,

Although the syntax requires no punctuation between "tell" and "What," a comma is not obviously out of place: Scott may have desired a pause at the end of the line.

86. The TS. originally had a period at the end of the line; this period was altered to a comma.

90. (TS.) . . . were heavy, they could only see,

91. (TS.) Who . . . perpetually,

94-95. Possibly an allusion to the myth of Narcissus; in Greek mythology Narcissus was condemned to contemplate his beauty in a pool on Mount Helicon until he so fell in love with himself that he could not move from the spot, wasted away and died; his fate, though not, apparently, the reason behind it (self-love), resembles that of the maiden in "By the Willow Spring."

95. (TS.) pass.

99. (TS.) still;

101. (TS.) window pane,

103. (TS.) sleep;

107. (TS.) . . . the sweet soft . . .

117. (TS.) . . . summertime . . . passed

118. (TS.) stainèd

125. (TS.) As smooth as ether and . . .

127. (TS.) luscious sweet

130. (TS.) I cannot tell you how she . . .

132-141. In place of these lines there are in the TS.-text only four, as follows:

> Or how she tried with words that would express
> Something of all her spirit's loneliness;
> And formed an airy jargon, such as heard
> Over the flying of a little bird,

146. (TS.) ethereal,

150. (TS.) charmèd

153. (TS.) hearkened sadly

154-155. (TS.)

> Between the clearer heaven of the plain
> Where frozen clouds were parted on the pane,

158. (TS.) And making a light silver steam or smoke,

160. (TS.) For . . . sleep

161. (TS.) deep

169. (TS.) . . . she did not . . .

171. wildwood: a wood uncultivated or unfrequented by man.

175. (TS. canc.) It (TS. alt.) That

(TS.) . . . the sweet bird . . .

184. (TS.) . . . or trenched . . .

189. (TS.) bands

191. (TS.) . . . dapple . . . fair

193. (TS. canc.) covered (TS. alt.) covert

195. rised: having the colours of the rainbow.

Dedication of "In the Village of Viger," 1896 (p. 47)

V. (recto of leaf following title-page), P. (p. 177)

A letter, dated March 31, 1896, from Scott to Copeland and Day (Lorne Pierce papers, Queen's University Archives) reveals that V.--Scott's first collection of short stories--was published shortly before that date. His daughter, to whom the book is dedicated, was born on July 22, 1895.

Title. (V.) TO MY DAUGHTER

ELIZABETH DUNCAN SCOTT

11. (V.) bell-

13. The V. text bears the date, "1896," below l. 13.

When the Cows Come Home (p. 47)

St. Nicholas, June 1896 (p. 648)

A Song for Winter (p. 48)

Truth, Dec. 26, 1896 (p. 9), Acta Victoriana, Dec. 1899 (p. 154)

In the Truth version, the first two stanzas (ll. 1-16) of the Acta Victoriana version are absent. In the Truth version the fourth and eighth lines of each stanza are not indented.

3. sherris: sherry (archaic).

6. crimple: crease or fold.

11. sun's settle: poetic license for "sun has settled."

14. brangle: quarrel vociferously, squabble loudly.

15. aspangle: glittering

21. tabors: small drums (archaic).

21-23. With . . . labors: intermingle music with their work.

22. (Truth) neighbors

Great Bran: according to Gertrude Jobes' Dictionary of Mythology Folklore and Symbols, Bran is "In Welsh mythology son of Llyr, sea deity, and Iweridd (Ireland) . . . a fertility god [and] . . . Also a god of war, he delighted in battle and carnage, i.e. each winter he laid waste the earth. He was a patron of bards, minstrels and musicians" (I, 241). Bran also appears in George Meredith's poem, "The Head of Bran" (Modern Love [1862]).

26. (Truth) dapple

28. (Truth) corn;

(Acta) corn,

We prefer the Truth variant because it clarifies the sense of the stanza. Note also that every other stanza has a full stop--either a semi-colon or period--at the end of the fourth line.

In cider . . .: i.e. "drinking cider, they (or we) sing 'Let Boreas' etc."

29. (Truth) mellow,

30. Boreas: the north-wind.

33. (Truth) kirtle

35. (Truth) hurtle

36. yule: i.e. the yule-log, burnt on the hearth at Christmas.

38. (Truth) discover

44. (Truth) moor;

46. trolls: songs, the parts of which are sung in succession.

catches: synonymous with "trolls" (see above).

47. (Truth) latches

Bran: see the note to l. 22.

49. shoulder: push with the shoulder.

50. (Truth) . . . fool and . . .

51. (Truth) fires

55. (Truth) winter,

Labor and the Angel

L.A.--Scott's second book of verse--was published late in the year 1898. It carried the following title-page:

LABOR AND / THE ANGEL / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / BOSTON / COPELAND AND DAY / M DCCC XCVIII

The printers of the book are identified on p.[61]:

THIS BOOK IS PRINTED DURING OCTOBER / 1898 BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS CAM- / BRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

Scott's connection with Boston can be explained by two biographical facts: his marriage, in 1894, to Belle Warner Botsford of Greenfield, Massachusetts, and, secondly, his friendship with E. W. Thomson, who was based in Boston during the years (from 1891 to 1901) when he was an editor of the American magazine, Youth's Companion. A letter, dated April 22, 1894 (L.T.L., pp 17-18), reveals that Thomson was aware of the presence of Scott in Boston at that time.

Three years prior to the publication of L.A. the small Boston firm of Copeland and Day had been responsible for issuing the American "edition" of Scott's first book of verse, The Magic House. The following year, in 1896, the same firm published Scott's first book of short stories, In the Village of Viger. That same year E. W. Thomson had tried--unsuccessfully--to interest the Toronto publisher, Wray and Williams, in a second book of verse by Scott (as well as by Lampman) while keeping Copeland and Day "on a string" (see L.T.L., p. 20).

On March 29, 1898 Lampman informed Thomson that "Duncan has a book with Copeland and Day which is in press" (Archibald Lampman: Selected Prose, ed. Barrie Davies, p. 127). This letter suggests that Thomson was not involved in finally getting Scott's second book of verse published. Later that year, in August, Scott was in Greenfield, Massachusetts, no doubt not only to holiday with his wife's family but also to oversee the publication of his book (see the letters, dated August 2 and 30, 1898, from Scott to Lampman in the S.P./T.).

L.A. was the only book of Scott to be published solely in the United States. Scott had tried, however, to have the book published in Canada as well. On March 4, 1899 he wrote to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.): "I tried to get my Boston publisher Messrs Copeland and Day to offer him [George N. Morang of the Toronto firm, Morang & Co.] an edition of my new book for Canada. They are very unbusiness-like and I don't believe they did so. Would you find out for me if you can without trouble. Morang might perhaps have declined to take it up but I would like to know whether the offer was made. The book Labor & the Angel has hardly penetrated this wilderness."

L.A. was dedicated to Scott's wife (see "Dedication of Labour and the Angel, 1898, to my Wife").

Dedication of Labour and the Angel, 1898, to My Wife (p. 51)

L.A. (recto of leaf following title-page), P. (p. 287)

This poem serves as the dedication of L.A. to Belle Warner Botsford (1869-1929) whom Scott married on Oct. 3, 1894. For a description of Belle, see S.P., pp. xvii - xviii.

Title. (L.A.) To My Wife

Labour and the Angel (p. 51)

L.A. (p. 1), P. (p. 100)

The ideas of this poem are possibly informed by George Meredith's doctrine of work, a doctrine expressed in such poems as "The Woods of Westermain," "Earth and Man" (Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth

[1883]) and "Seed-Time" (A Reading of Earth [1888]), the first and third of which "Labour and the Angel" resembles stylistically. In his discussion of Meredith's doctrine of work (A Troubled Eden, pp. 120-28), Norman Kelvin summarizes it as follows: "Earth, according to Meredith, both teaches the fundamental secret that work for its own sake is good and retains, in her wisdom, secrets about her own purposes. Man cannot know the latter, but he can extrapolate from what he does know of Earth to the confident conclusion that her purposes are beneficent. Thus he can and should come to the further conclusion that life is indeed a gift that Earth gives him in order that he may have the privilege of serving as her instrument. In this highly anthropomorphic scheme, work thus finally becomes something more than activity for its own sake, though it retains that meaning. It becomes a fulfillment of the obligation to Earth that man incurs simply by being born" (p. 121). See also Jack Lindsay, George Meredith, pp. 258-59.

Title. (L.A.) Labor and the Angel

3. dervish: a member of a Moslem sect noted for its practice of devotional exercises.

27. In L.A. a new stanza begins here.

34. (L.A.) colored

48. (L.A.) labor

53. ditching: the digging of a ditch.

60. (L.A.) labor

63. (L.A.) mien

(P.) mien;

The earlier variant is preferred on the grounds that it makes more sense for "thought" to have its "passionate birth" in the girl's "mien" than in her "smile." As well, the separation of the clause beginning "Where" from "mien" results in a tortured syntax for 11. 64-65.

66. (L.A.) derring-do,

70. cicatrized: marked by the scar of a wound which has healed.

71. avatar: a complete manifestation or embodiment.

76. emprise: enterprise

79-81. The social criticism implicit in these lines may owe something to Scott's interest during the 1890's in radical social thought--possibly of the Fabian variety. See Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, pp. 83-84. See also "The Harvest."

94. tantalus-cup: in Greek mythology, Tantalus was the son of Zeus and the Titaness Pluto; having offended the gods, he was punished by being kept in a state of perpetual starvation and at the same time surrounded with food and drink which he could not reach.

96. lethe: see note to "In an Old Quarry," 1. 11.

105. (L.A.) succor

107. leaguer: the intended sense of this word is most likely that of a "seige," as in the related word "beleaguered."

134. (L.A.) labor

134-36. Cf. George Meredith's "The Thrush in February" (A Reading of Earth [1888]): "Love born of knowledge, love that gains / Vitality as Earth it mates, / The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains, / The Life, the Death, illuminates." (ll. 149-52).

149. antres: caves, caverns.

The Harvest (p. 55)

Scribner's Magazine, Sept. 1893 (p. 370), The Globe, Sept. 2, 1893 (p. 9), L.A. (p. 5), P. (p. 106)

The Globe text announces itself as a reprint of that in Scribner's, though there are minor differences between the two versions.

This poem reflects Scott's interest during the 1890's in radical social thought--possibly of the Fabian variety. (See Carl Y. Connor's Archibald Lampman, pp. 83-84.)

7. (G.) wheat fields,

9. (G.) full headed,

13. (G.) wheat fields

18. (G.) sunset

26. (S., G., L.A.) hill-top,

30. (G.) wheat field

38. mere: a pool

42. (G.) wheat field,

44. (G.) sickle time,

45. (S. & L.A.) threshing-floors

48. (S. & G.) waggons

65. This line is not italicized in G. (similarly, ll. 71, 76, 82).

75. (G.) cry-

85. (G.) question.

94. (S. & G.) hammers,

(L.A. & P.) hammers

The sense of lines 94-95 demands some punctuation between "hammers" and "blood"; we assume that the comma was inadvertently omitted in L.A. and the error carried over into P.

98. (S. & G.) tears);

106. (G.) Him

107. (G.) . . . Him . . . Hin [sic]

108. (S. & G.) hunger

111. (G.) Judas'

Judas's: the allusion is to Judas Iscariot, in the New Testament one of Jesus Christ's disciples and his betrayer.

112-13. In the New Testament this sentiment is attributed to Jesus Christ. After a woman has anointed him with precious oil and his disciples, including Judas, have protested at what they consider to be an act of wastefulness, Jesus rebukes them: "For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always" (Matthew 26:11). Cf. also Mark 14:7 ("For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always") and John 12:8 ("For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always").

116. (S., G., L.A.) labor

125. (G.) wheat fields

129. (G.) fresh air

132. teen: probably intended in the obsolete sense of "anger."

134. Idea: "The conception of anything in its highest perfection or supreme development; a standard of perfection; an ideal . . . obs. or arch." (O.E.D.). In this case, the conception is, broadly speaking, that of social justice, and more specifically, possibly that of socialism. Cf. the following excerpt from an essay by Lampman on socialism: ". . . who are the men who are leading the Socialist movement in England today . . . They have been seized by a great and beneficient idea and in order that the idea may prosper for the benefit of this race they . . . " (Barrie Davies, "A Lampman Manuscript," Journal of Canadian Fiction, 1[1972], 57).

137. (G.) Ground bass

141. (G.) featureless

145. (S. & G.) shoulders); [S. has square instead of round brackets]

153. Clouted: either a corruption of "clotted" (though the lack of variant readings makes this unlikely) or an intentional variation of "clotted" (though the closest that the O.E.D. comes to this latter meaning for "clouted" is: "Said of the cream obtained by 'scalding' or heating milk, which makes it thick or clotted").

160. (G.) wheat fields,

165. fluctuant: moving in a wave-like motion.

177. (S., G., L.A.) . . . of a people

180. (G.) wheat fields,

When Spring Goes By (p. 59)

L.A. (p. 11), P. (p. 222)

March (p. 59)

Massey's Magazine, March 1896 (p. 151), L.A. (p. 12), Acta Victoriana, March 1902 (p. 316), P. (p. 138)

In both periodical texts, but not in the book texts, ll. 2-3, 6-7, and 10-13 are indented.

1. coign: "In the Shaksperian [sic] phrase Coign of vantage: a position (properly a projecting corner) affording facility for observation or action. (The currency of the phrase is app. [apparently] due to Sir Walter Scott.)" (O.E.D.).

6. brangle: see the note to "A Song for Winter," l. 14.

13. (Massey's & Acta) . . . pleiads bend and blow:
(L.A. & P.) . . . Pleiads bend and blow;

The colon makes more sense insofar as it makes clearer the fact that l. 14 is an implied simile: bend and blow like a rosy banner, etc. That the colon was the author's intended punctuation is suggested by the fact that the second periodical text, intervening between L.A. and P., restores the reading of the first published text. The colon is, therefore, preferred to

the semi-colon.

13. Pleiads: see the note to "Off the Isle Aux Coudres," l. 1.

In May (p. 59)

The Week, May 31, 1895 (p. 640), L.A. (p. 12), P. (p. 254)

In the periodical text, though not in the book texts, the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented.

3. (Week) grey,

6. (Week) vapour

7. (Week) lull

14. (Week) wet

19. (Week) . . . to golded-throat, [sic]

On the Mountain (p. 60)

Youth's Companion, June 13, 1895 (p. 290), L.A. (p. 13), P. (p. 253)

In the periodical text the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout.

9. (Y.C.) And the rain . . .

12. (Y.C.) . . . and the tumult . . .

13. detoning: an abbreviated form of "detonating."

15. gonfalons: see note to "To Winter," l. 7.

37. (Y.C.) thrushes,

The Onondaga Madonna (p. 61)

Atlantic Monthly, Sept. 1894 (p. 325), L.A. (p. 15), P. (p. 230)

The Onondagas are the central tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy. There is a large Onondaga reservation near Brantford, Ontario. Perhaps it was here that Scott encountered the Indians who inspired this poem (if indeed the poem reflects a specific experience of its author).

In the periodical text, lines 2-3, 6-7 and 9-13 are indented.

Title. (A.M.) An Onondaga Mother and Child

4. (A.M.) glows.

5. foes: the Iroquois were continually feuding with other Indian tribes, especially the Hurons, whom they almost drove into extinction in the seventeenth century.

6-8. thrills . . . forays: the Iroquois were notorious for their war-like nature, manifested in their bloody raids on the settlements of New France.

9. In the periodical text there is no stanza division between lines 8 and 9, or the octave and sestet of the sonnet.

(A.M.) And, hidden in . . .

11. (A.M.) . . . she, her . . .

13. (A.M.) . . . and, burdened . . . gleom, [sic]

14. (A.M.) . . . brows, and . . .

Watkwenies (p. 62)

L.A. (p. 15), P. (p. 230), A.C.P. (p. 37)

The title bears a footnote in L.A. (p. 15): "The Woman who Conquers." David Zeisberger's Indian Dictionary lists only the related Onondaga words, "watquènia: to conquer" and "ne watquènnia: conquest" (p. 44).

1. Vengeance . . . law: Implacable vengefulness was a quality with which the Indian was, in the white man's mind, often associated. Cf. Robert Rogers' observation in A Concise Account of North America that the aboriginal inhabitants of North America were "possessed of a surprising patience and equaninimity of mind, and a command of every passion, except revenge" (p. 212). Because of the experience of their ancestors with the depredations of the Iroquois, French-Canadian poets were particularly fascinated by the stereotype of the vengeful Indian. In Pamphile Le May's "La Descente des Iroquois dans l'île d' Orléans" (Essais poétiques [1865]), for instance, the warriors boast that "La vengeance nous guide. / La vengeance, guerriers, c'est le plus cher des droits" (ll. 15-16), and the vengeful Indian makes an even more elaborate appearance in Le May's Les Vengeances (1875), a novel in verse which treats of the ostensible contrast between Christian forgiveness and Indian/pagan implacability.

2-8. When . . . Iroquois: see the note to "The Onondaga Madonna," ll. 6-8.

11. interest-money: the reference may be to interest-money earned from capital obtained by the sale of land, in which case the reference adds to the depiction of the Indian's degradation: the land no longer belongs to her; cf. the following excerpt from the report of M. Millar, Indian Agent at Crooked Lake, Saskatchewan in 1911-12: "Interest Payments.--Three out of the four bands in this agency have a land fund from which interest payments were made in March. . . . While some of this money is foolishly expended, still on the whole it does much good, especially for the old and helpless people, and the system of holding the capital intact and distributing the interest is a good one " (Sessional Papers of the Dominion of Canada, 46, No. 20 [1912], p. 137).
12. Agent: the Indian Agent, i.e. the representative of the federal Department of Indian Affairs.
14. snow-snake: a children's game in which the participants form a twisting line and stamp their feet; it (ironically) resembles an Indian war-dance.

Avis (p. 62)

L.A. (p. 16), P. (p. 204)

Title. Avis: the Latin word for "bird."

3. aery: a room or dwelling placed high up.
9. cote: a structure built for pigeons.
10. almonry: an ecclesiastical building set aside for the distribution of alms.

23. Weltered: writhed or tossed.

41. mandragora: a herb, also called the mandrake, whose large forked root has been credited with soporific qualities.

47. mavis bird: a kind of thrush.

48. (L.A.) Calling, calling lonelily

68. Nod: according to Genesis 4:16 ("And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden "), the land where Cain took up residence after being banished from Eden for the murder of his brother, Abel. The choice of name is doubly determined; first, by the connotations of remoteness and mystery of the Biblical Nod and, secondly, by the similarity of the name to the English word "nod" with its connotations of sleep and dreaminess. "Land of Nod," therefore, constitutes an interesting linguistic device--in effect, a bilingual pun.

84. undern: the time from noon to sundown, i.e. the afternoon.

87. clarid: clear (a neologism); in a letter, dated March 7, 1899, to Edwin Doak Mead, Scott wrote: "I might draw your attention to the word 'clarid' wh. appears in one of my own poems, 'Avis' included in 'Labour & the Angel' lately published by Copeland and Day of Boston--'Clarid' meaning clear formed in the same way as 'fervid'" (L.T.L., p. 40).

The Violet Pressed in a Copy of Shakespeare (p. 64)

L.A. (p. 19), P. (p. 233)

10. lucent: clear, translucent.

11. pulvil: a cosmetic, perfumed powder (archaic).

12. alula: the false wing of a bird.

15. Desdemona: one of the principal characters in Shakespeare's tragedy, Othello.

Angelus (p. 65)

L.A. (p. 21), P. (p. 201)

The title refers to a ritual in the Roman Catholic Church: a bell rung at morning, noon and night as a call to recite a prayer which commemorates the Annunciation.

9-10. In the L.A. text a line reading:

(Bim-bim-bim.)-

is to be found between lines 9 and 10, and, similarly, 16 and 17.

23. Fulvous: brownish yellow, tawny.

24-26. (L.A.)

Dreamy, dim,
Deep in amber hyaline:
(Bim-bim-bim.)

26. hyaline: something transparent.

Adagio (p. 66)

L.A. (p. 21), P. (p. 214)

The title refers to a musical composition in "adagio," i.e. gracefully slow, tempo.

5. glaucous: bluish-white

7. evangel: harbingers of good news.

13. moraine: a geological term meaning "an accumulation of earth and stones deposited by a glacier."

14. bines: twining stems.

32. In the L.A. version this line is not indented.

37. parterre: a formal, ornamental garden in which flowers are cultivated.

43. barberry: any shrub of the genus Berberis.

48. Mnemosyne: in Greek mythology, the goddess of memory and mother of the nine Muses. See Hesiod's Theogony, 135 and Ovid's Metamorphoses, vi. Mnemosyne also appears in Keats' "Hyperion" and "The Fall of Hyperion."

49. Truant: probably an allusion to Cupid, the god of love, who is usually represented as an infantile figure, but note that Shakespeare's Sonnet ci begins: "O truant muse . . .".

Dirge for a Violet (p. 67)

L.A. (p. 23), P. (p. 157)

This poem seems to have been written in imitation of Shakespeare's elegiac poem, "The Phoenix and the Turtle."

11. vervain: a plant of the genus Verbena, once valued for its medicinal properties.

13. yarrow: a strong-scented herb with finely divided leaves.

19. exequy: a funeral rite.

Equation (p. 67)

L.A. (p. 24), P. (p. 214)

This poem appears to have been written in imitation of Shakespeare's Sonnets, especially those dealing with time and mutability (cf. Sonnets 12--"When I do count the clock that tells the time"--and 15--"When I consider everything that grows"). The form of Scott's poem, however, is not that of the Shakesperian sonnet which typically concludes with a rhyming couplet.

3. (L.A.) color

5. feof: a term from mediaeval, feudal law, meaning "held on condition of homage and service to a superior lord."

A Little While (p. 68)

L.A. (p. 24), P. (p. 235)

This poem seems to have been written in imitation of Wordsworth's "Lucy" poems ("Three years she grew in sun and shower," "A slumber did my spirit seal;" "Strange fits of passion have I known:" "She dwelt among the untrodden ways") which appeared in Lyrical Ballads, with Other Poems (1800). The imitation appears, in retrospect, ironic, in view of the death ten years after the publication of L.A. of Scott's daughter, Elizabeth--a death which Scott was to elegize in several poems. (The "Lucy" poems concern Wordsworth's bereavement at the death of a young girl.)

8. Empyrean: in ancient and mediaeval cosmology, the highest heavenly sphere.

Stone Breaking (p. 68)

Acta Victoriana, Dec. 1898 (p. 126), L.A. (p. 25)

The Acta Victoriana text is dated: "November, '98."

6. (Acta) slow,

11. (Acta) sang

13. (Acta) Father-land

14. Syenite: a variety of granite which in antiquity was quarried at Syene in Upper Egypt.

22. (Acta) leaps,

(L.A.) leaps

Since the comma better conveys the fact that l. 23 is in apposition to, rather than the subject of, l. 22--and therefore makes better sense of the passage--we follow the reading of the periodical text.

23. Toise: an old French lineal measure, equal to 1.949 metres.

28. (Acta) rest:

The Lesson (p. 69)

L.A. (p. 26), P. (p. 178)

The references to the infancy of Elizabeth, the poet's daughter, born on July 22, 1895, suggest that the poem was written within a year or two of that date.

In a letter to Pelham Edgar (March 5, 1905, P.E.P.) Scott said of this poem: "I think the Lesson is one of my best things. I remember Lampman praising it in almost the words you have used,

and saying I ought to have a place in the ranks if I had done nothing else."

11. cark: burden or care, condition of anxiety (archaic).

17. mead: meadow

33. shadow: the shadow of death.

38. sage: possibly the English novelist and poet, George Meredith (1828-1909) in whose work Scott was greatly interested during the later 1890's--what he called, in a letter to E. K. Brown (May 1, 1946, E.K.B.P.) "my Meredith period." John Lucas in Meredith Now, ed. Ian Fletcher, points out that "Meredith at the end of the nineteenth century was seen as a truth-teller, a sage" (p. 7).

39. lore: lesson, wisdom gained through experience.

acid . . . heart: the life of George Meredith was marked by some painful experiences, among them his first wife's desertion and the death of his second wife from cancer. (For biographical information on Meredith, see Lionel Stevenson's The Ordeal of George Meredith.) John Lucas in Meredith Now, ed. Ian Fletcher, points out that Meredith suffered "for his art, he was unjustly and even outrageously neglected for many years, he was treated with brutish stupidity by critics and readers" (p. 10). A contemporary viewpoint is to be found in Edward Dowden's article, "Mr. Meredith in His Poems," which appeared in the Fortnightly Review in 1892: "Is it not enough that we should learn the lesson of our Earth—how through strife and anguish

the flesh grows up into the spirit? . . . If it be alleged that such cheerful optimism as this is a matter of temperament Mr. Meredith answers 'No; it is a truth of Reason, tested by the text of experience bitter to the flesh, and not found wanting' [italics the editor's]" (pp. 348-49). A clipping of Dowden's article is to be found in "D. C. Scott's Fortnightly Review Extracts" (Carleton University Library)--proof that Scott had read it.

40. I . . . smart: J. B. Priestley in George Meredith describes Meredith as "a born optimist, epicurean in temperament, who holds what is at bottom a stoical creed [italics the editor's]" (p. 68). Meredith's stoicism is most explicitly, perhaps, expressed in his late poem, "The Test of Manhood" (A Reading of Life [1901]): "Throughout his mind the Master Mind being there, / While he rejects the suicide despair; / Accepts the spur of explicable pains / Obedient to Nature, not her slave:" (11. 134-37).

41. down, not up: in Meredith's poetry a dichotomy is established between heaven and earth, and the latter is positively valued. Cf., for instance, "Earth and Man" (Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth [1883]): "If he aloft for aid / Imploring storms, her [Earth's] essence is the spur. / His cry to heaven is a cry to her / He would evade." (11. 113-16).

44. answered . . . child: cf. Meredith's "Earth and Man" (see note to l. 41): "Then shall the horrid pall / Be lifted, and

a spirit nigh divine, / 'Live in thy offspring as I live in mine,' / Will hear her [Earth's] call." (11. 149-52).

From Shadow (p. 70)

L.A. (p. 27)

21. moil: drudgery, turbulence.

23. cark: see note to "The Lesson," l. 11.

57. lambent: flickering

The Piper of Arll (p. 71)

Truth (New York), Dec. 14, 1895 (p. 8), L.A. (p. 29), S.G. (p. 29), P. (p. 35), B.C.P.V. (p. 47), O.C.L. (p. 129), B.C.P. (p. 214)

A possible source of influence on this poem is a sonnet, "When to your playing I myself give over," by the Victorian poet, Philip Bourke Marston (1850-1887). The sonnet is quoted in a biographical article on Scott written by Pelham Edgar (TS. c. 1924, P.E.P.): "Among the admirer's of her art in London [the reference is to Belle Warner Botsford, Scott's first wife] was the poet, Philip Bourke Marston who expressed his enthusiasm in the following sonnet:

> When to your playing I myself give over
> And feel the magic of it through me float,
> I am like one who in a fairy boat
> Sets forth enchanted islands to discover
> Whence sirens sing to some sea-roaming lover,
> Their song - now near, now dreamy and remote,-
> Now swift as lightning, now one long low note
> Sweetly delaying where the echoes hover:

I sail past mystic isles and lustrous caves
And know what perils lurk beneath the tides
Yet have no fear on those enchanted waves,
Knowing whose hand it is directs and guides:
You cease; again on life's dull shores I stand
But with what memories of that sea, - that strand!

(p. 10)."

Marston's sonnet was, so far as we know, never published by its author.

In the Truth version the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout.

Title. Arll: this name is probably fictitious, formed by analogy with such Scottish place-names as "Ayr," "Airlie" and "Argyll."

1. (Truth) cove,

2. (Truth & B.C.P.V.) free;

6. (Truth) bay,

9. (S.G.) comb.

comb: the crest or ridge of a mountain (dialect).

11. (S.G.) reiving

reaving: plundering, carrying off (archaic).

15. (Truth) love

16. (Truth) ocean,

20. prore: prow (archaic).

22. (S.G.) spars,

25. outland: foreign (archaic; cf. "outlandish").

27. (Truth) hung

28. (S.G.) all.

31. hark: listen to (archaic).

33. (Truth) away

36. (S.G.) longed for

37. (Truth) lull

38. (Truth) fire-flies

(S.G.) fire flies

40. (S.G.) . . . eerie song . . .

41. (S.G.) deck,

42. (Truth) thrill.

43. (Truth) beck

beck: a brook or stream, especially one with a stony bed.

44. braird: "the first shoots of grass" (O.E.D.).

51. (Truth & S.G.) streamlet

55. (Truth) dales;

58. Limned: painted or portrayed.

61. (Truth) beach;

62. (Truth) distraught;

67. (Truth & S.G.) meed,

mead: an obsolete form of "meed" ("one's merited portion of" [O.E.D.]).

69. flue: flue-pipe, i.e. an organ-pipe with a "flue" or fissure characteristic of mouth-pipes as opposed to reed-pipes.

70. (Truth) stops,

(S.G.) . . . its various . . .

71. (S.G.) . . . answered tight . . .

73. (Truth) drip,

75. (Truth) vision spirit

78. (Truth) power,

80. (Truth) . . . an happy . . .

85. (Truth) even

86. (Truth) desire,

89. (Truth) boat

93. (Truth) sent

95. (Truth) When, . . . blent,

beck: see note to l. 43.

blent: an obsolete variant of "blended."

96. outland: see note to l. 25.

97. (Truth) drip

98. exequy: see note to "Dirge for a Violet," l. 19.

100. (Truth) sky;

103. (Truth) clear

106. (Truth) seas.

107. (Truth) west-line

115. (Truth) love,

117. (Truth) trim

118. list: a tilt or deviation from the vertical.

119. (Truth) . . . sea-plain lift and . . .

122. (Truth) plank,

126. (Truth) . . . crept, ere . . . ware;

(S.G.) . . . crept ere . . .

ware: cognizant or conscious (archaic; cf. "aware").

134. (Truth) shimmering,

137. (S.G.) sank,

138. (Truth) safely,

(L.A., S.G., P.) safely

The comma after "safely" clarifies the sense of the line; therefore we follow the reading of the Truth version.

(B.C.P.V.) true.

139. (Truth) upward-gazing

141. (S.G.) there

(O.C.L.) . . . unmarked by any . . .

144. (Truth) sea,

146. (Truth) rays;

147. (Truth) . . . upward, . . . sheen,

149. (S.G.) creep

or: the heraldic colour gold.

azure: the heraldic colour blue.

150. (Truth) rolled;

153. (Truth) . . . sometimes, . . . night,

154. (Truth) gem

155. (Truth) soft,

158. (Truth) weaves,

159. (S.G.) timbers,

The Lower St. Lawrence (p. 75)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 69), C.C. (1890), L.A. (p. 35), S.G. (p. 7), P. (p. 251)

For a biographical note on this poem, see "Above St. Irénée."

The second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout in the TS., C.C. and S.G. texts.

Title. (TS. & C.C.) From Les Eboulements

(L.A. & S.G.) At Les Éboulements

3. (TS. & C.C.) Grey

5. (S.G.) hamlets

6. (S.G.) island-bars,

The Wolf (p. 76)

L.A. (p. 35), P. (p. 218)

3. (L.A.) gray

13. trice: instant

Rain and the Robin (p. 77)

St. Nicholas, June 1894 (p. 747), L.A. (p. 37), P. (p. 187)

3. (St. N.) warning-

4. (St.N.) . . . rain! . . . rain!"

8. (St.N.) rain!"

10. (St.N.) down-

12. (St.N.) orchard-

17. (St.N.) robin,

A new stanza begins here in the St.N. version.

18. (St.N.) crab-tree,

19. (St.N.) farmer:

20. (St.N.) . . . so! . . . so!"

This line is italicized in the St. N. version; likewise, lines 25 and 26.

24. (St.N.) louder-

25. (St.N.) . . . so! . . . so!

26. (St.N.) so!"

The Dame Regnant (p. 77)

L.A. (p. 37), P. (p. 113)

According to Pelham Edgar, this poem is "definitely allied to [George] Meredith's thought and manner" (Across My Path, p. 73). Cf., for instance, the style of Meredith's "The Woods of Westermain" and "The Day of the Daughter of Hades" (both in Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth [1883]).

The French title of the poem means "the reigning (or dominant) lady."

5. (L.A.) rumor

11. (L.A.) Rumor's

36. calcined: to heat to a high temperature but without fusing.

47. elate: proud or exalted (archaic).

48. (L.A.) splendor

52. lieges: vassals bound to feudal service and allegiance.

57. ventral: of or related to the belly.

72. Stereoed: an abbreviation of "stereotyped" which in its figurative sense means "fixed or perpetuated in an unchanging form.

(Most commonly of phrases or formulas of speech, or the like; rarely of persons " (O.E.D.).

78. dulse: any of several coarse red seaweeds.

90. (L.A.) Gives

(P.) Give

Since the subject of the verb--"Dull Saint Virgin"--is singular, the L.A. variant, which we prefer, is the correct one.

93. bale: great evil, harm, torment.

94. trull: prostitute, strumpet.

104. Crescive: increasing, growing.

122. (L.A.) rumor's

139. eld: old age (archaic).

144. (L.A.) honor

149. (L.A.) that

(P.) the

The demonstrative adjective--"that"--which we prefer, is more fitting in the context: the reader is being asked to "contemplate" the "Dame." The P. variant--"the"--is probably the result of a typographical error.

177. shags: rough matted hair or wool (archaic; cf. "shaggy").

184. Oes: i.e. large, round shadows which are the result of light "Rayed from pin-points" (l. 185) in a tin-can.

234. beck: see note to "The Piper of Arll," l. 43.

244. blent: see note to "The Piper of Arll," l. 95.

The Cup (p. 82)

C.C. (n.d.), L.A. (p. 45), P. (p. 234)

1. (C.C.) down,

2. (C.C.) dry,

3. (C.C.) why;

4. (C.C.) goes,

6. (C.C.) is,

8. (L.A.) lord.

12. (C.C.) just,"

13. (C.C.) life,

14. (C.C.) must,

17. (C.C.) blood;

The Happy Fatalist (p. 83)

C.C. (1896), L.A. (p. 45), P. (p. 231)

Title. The C.C. text is untitled.

3. (C.C.) seed,

(L.A. & P.) seed.

Not only does l. 4 make better sense as an adverbial phrase if there is a comma at the end of l. 3, but the C.C. variant--which we prefer--conforms to the pattern of ll. 7-8 and 10-11. The later variant is likely the result of a typographical error.

14. (L.A.) labor

15. (C.C.) learns,

(L.A. & P.) learns

We prefer the C.C. variant for the same reasons as in the case of 1. 3.

16. (C.C.) round;

22. (C.C.) . . . for gain,

23. acerb: acid, sour.

32. quern: a mill, consisting of two round stones, for grinding grain.

Song. (p. 84)

Truth, April 4, 1896 (p. 6), L.A. (p. 46), P. (p. 296)

In the Truth text all four stanzas are indented as follows:

When . . .
  And . . .
And . . .
  Dales . . .
    The . . .
  And . . .

In L.A. this poem and the twelve poems which follow are gathered in the table of contents as "A Group of Songs," and are numbered in the table in Roman numerals.

Title. (Truth) Spring Song.

(L.A.) Song.

(P.) This poem lost its original titles and became the sixth in a gathering of "Thirteen Songs."

1. (Truth) . . . ash tree buds, and the maples

5. (Truth) Spring

6. (Truth) And Winter's dead.

7. (Truth) blood-root

9. (Truth) gleam,

11. (Truth) sunlight;

13. (Truth & L.A.) color

21. (Truth) a quiver,

24. (Truth) spring time!

A Song (p. 84)

L.A. (p. 47), P. (p. 292)

The L.A. text is dedicated: "To B.W.B." The initials obviously refer to Belle Warner Botsford (d. 1929), the American concert violinist who became Scott's first wife. The fact that Belle's maiden name is used suggests that the poem was written before her marriage, which took place on Oct. 3, 1894.

This poem lost its original title and became the first in a series of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

3. (L.A.) Oh,

5. Dear One: probably the person to whom the poem is dedicated (see above).

Song. (p. 85)

L.A. (p. 48), P. (p. 293)

This poem lost its original title and became the second in a series of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

6. (L.A.) And he . . .

A Song. (p. 86)

L.A. (p. 49), P. (p. 294)

This poem lost its original title and became the third in a series of "Thirteen Poems" in P.

11. covert: shelter, refuge.

Song. (p. 86)

L.A. (p. 50), P. (p. 295)

This poem lost its original title and became the fourth in a series of "Thirteen Poems" in P.

The L.A. text is dated: "October 3rd, 1893."

2. Winging him up: probably meant in the reflexive sense of "winging himself up."

18. (L.A.) oh

A Song. (p. 87)

C.C. (1895), L.A. (p. 51), P. (p. 296)

This poem lost its original title (found in both the C.C. and L.A. texts) and became the fifth in a series of "Thirteen Poems" in P.

In the C.C. text, the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout.

1. (C.C.) Autumn

4. (C.C.) Winter

12. (C.C.) Winter

13. (C.C.) cloud,

20. (C.C.) Winter

Spring Song (p. 87)

Scribner's Magazine, April 1894 (p. 476), L.A. (p. 52), P. (p. 289)

This poem became in P. the first of four "Songs of Four Seasons."

In the periodical version the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout.

Sub-title. (P.) Spring

7. (S.) Of the violets swinging their golden bells

19. Armitage: according to the O.E.D., the word of which this name is composed consists of the obsolete form of "Hermit-Age."

Summer Song (p. 88)

Scribner's Magazine, Aug. 1895 (p. 194), L.A. (p. 53), P. (p. 290)

This poem became in P. the second of four "Songs of Four Seasons."

In the periodical text the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented throughout.

Sub-title. (P.) Summer

1. (S.) summer-time

2. (S.) Of the fire in the sorrel and ruby clover,

sorrel: any of various plants with sour juice.

3. (S.) chime,

6. black-cap: a black-fruited raspberry native to eastern North America.

7. (S.) milk-weed

9. (S.) spring-head

spring head: fountainhead

14. (S.) in

buried wain: the wain (wagon or cart) is "buried" under the "scented hay"; this sense of the line is obscured by the copy-text variant: "and."

17. gage: an abbreviated form of "greengage" (a variety of plum).

19. Armitage: see note to "Spring," l. 19.

21. (S.) slow,

23. (S.) glow,

24. (S.) harvest-moon.

Autumn Song (p. 89)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 122), Scribner's Magazine, Oct. 1890 (p. 436), L.C.P. (p. 132), L.A. (p. 54), O.B.C.V. (p. 223), P. (p. 291)

This poem became in P. the third of four "Songs of Four Seasons."

In the TS., S., L.C.P. and O.B.C.V. versions, the second and four lines of each stanza are indented.

Sub-title. (P.) Autumn

1. (L.C.P. & O.B.C.V.) Autumn

5. (S.) apple-bowers,

10. (O.B.C.V.) odour

pomace: the residue of grapes which remains after pressing or, more generally, the substance of a fruit which has been crushed by grinding.

12. (S.) garden-beds.

15. (TS.) apple trees,

(L.C.P. & O.B.C.V.) apple-trees

18. (TS.) grey,

(L.C.P. & O.B.C.V.) . . . sweet marjoram . . . grey

19. Armitage: see note to "Spring," l. 19.

23. (L.C.P.) sleep,

Winter Song (p. 90)

Scribner's Magazine, Dec. 1893 (p. 748), L.A. (p. 55), P. (p. 291)

This poem became in P. the fourth of four "Songs of Four Seasons."

In the periodical text the second and fourth lines of each stanza are indented.

Sub-title. (P.) Winter

10. (S. & L.A.) makes,

19. Armitage: see note to "Spring," l. 19.

The Canadian's Home-Song (p. 90)

C.C. (1897), L.A. (p. 56), T.Ca.V. (p. 328), P. (p. 288)

Title. (C.C.) The Canadian's Home Song From Abroad

(T.Ca.V.) Home Song

4. (C.C.) free;

7. (T.Ca.V.) whitethroat

9. (C.C.) hollows,

10. (C.C., L.A., T.Ca.V.) sparrows

11. (C.C.) blood-root

13. (C.C.) reed-beds

14. (T.Ca.V.) solitude:

15. (L.A. & T.Ca.V.) snowshoes

16. (C.C.) blood,

18. (C.C.) From the . . .

20. (C.C. & T.Ca.V.) break;

21. (C.C.) portage,

23. En roulant ma boulé: the title (and refrain) of a popular French-Canadian folk-song, a favourite paddling song of the voyageurs and other woodsmen. J. Murray Gibbon in Canadian Folk Songs (Old and New) translates the words as "On, roll on, my Ball" (p. 62). The song is mentioned in Carl Y. Connor's Archibald Lampman, p. 179. It also appears in William Henry Drummond's poem, "Ole Tam On Bord-A Plouffe" ("The Habitant" and Other French-Canadian Poems [1897]). "Boulé" is properly spelled "Boule."

25. (T.Ca.V.) O!

28. (C.C.) snow;

29. (C.C.) old-folk

32. (C.C. & T.Ca.V.) maple tree

Madrigal (p. 91)

Truth, April 22, 1897 (p. 7), L.A. (p. 57), P. (p. 285)

The periodical text is indented as follows:

We . . .
  Crocuses . . .
Gentle . . .
  Nurtured . . .
All . . .
  Falls . . .
Ring . . .
    Spring . . .
And . . .
With . . .
And . . .
    Sing . . .

Title. Madrigal: a lyrical poem of amorous character, which is often adapted to a musical setting.

1. (Truth) We find snowdrops in the snows,

3. (Truth) blows,

5. (Truth) . . . about like . . . bells

9. (Truth) O.

10. ren: a nonsense word, similarly "fen" (l. 10) and "den" (l. 11).

33. (Truth) And, maidens, . . .

Words After Music (p. 92)

L.A. (p. 58), P. (p. 232)

17. feof: see note to "Equation," l. 5.

Canada to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (p. 93) Montreal Star (Special Welcome no.) Sept. 1901

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall toured Canada extensively from Sept. 16, 1901 (they arrived in Montreal on Sept. 17) until Oct. 19, 1901. The Duke of Cornwall (1865-1936) was the son of King Edward VII and himself ascended the throne as King George V in 1910.

9. Ophir: the name of the vessel on which the royal entourage arrived at Quebec City.

   shoulder . . . world: the visit to Canada was part of a world-wide tour by the royal couple of the British Dominions (India, Australia, etc.)

13. Cartier: Jacque Cartier (1491-1557), French navigator who discovered the St. Lawrence River.

14. Champlain: see note to "At William MacLennan's Grave," l. 26.

   Frontenac: Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluan et de Frontenac (c. 1622-1698), Governor of New France, 1672-82 and 1689-98.

15. Lasalle: see note to "At William MacLennan's Grave," l. 26. The name is correctly spelled "La Salle." We assume that the wrong spelling is a typographical error because Scott does spell the name correctly in the TS. of "At William MacLennan's Grave" (though that TS. does, to be sure, postdate the composition of this poem).

16. Wolfe victorious . . .: James Wolfe (1727-1759) was leader of the British forces at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham which gained Canada for Britain.

The Coming of Winter (p. 93)

Munsey's Magazine, Dec. 1901 (p. 362)

14. east and norther: wind from the north-east.

Heine (p. 94)

The Reader, Dec. 1902 (p. 166)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) was a German poet and prose-writer, whose verse--both lyrical and satirical--is noted for its unique blend of sweetness and astringency. An essay on Heine, probably by Scott--the manuscript is without title and is neither dated nor signed—is to be found in the Archibald Lampman papers, National Archives (MG29, D59, vol. 5). The essay was written for oral delivery, possibly to the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society of which Scott was a member during the 1890's. In the essay Heine is described as "the greatest [German poet] since Goethe" (p. 1). There is also a reference in the essay (p. 1) to Matthew Arnold. This suggests that Scott's interest in Heine was sparked by Arnold's essay, "Heinrich Heine," first published in the Cornhill Magazine, June 1863 and collected in Essays in Criticism (1865). Arnold also wrote an elegiac poem, "Heine's Grave," first published in New Poems (1867).

The Home Comers (p. 94)

1899-1914 Notebook (64^{v}-66^{r}), The Mail and Empire, May 28, 1903 (p. 7)

The text of this poem in the Toronto Mail and Empire is accompanied by a note informing the reader that "The Home Comers" had won first prize ($100) in a competition "for the best poems on the Old Home sentiment," sponsored by the Old Home Committee of the Toronto Board of Trade. One of the judges, according to the note, was Professor Pelham Edgar (a close friend of Scott).

6. (Notebook canc.) wealth (Notebook alt.) fortune

9. (Mail) . . . fathers mocked . . .

The lack of a comma after "fathers" was probably the result of a typographical error (cf. l. 17).

9-12. The "fathers' referred to are the United Empire Loyalists, who left the newly-independent United States of America rather than give up allegiance to Great Britain.

15. Province: Ontario presumably, though many United Empire Loyalists also settled in the Maritime provinces.

19. Emerald headlands: an allusion to Ireland, the "Emerald Isle."

20. heather: an allusion to Scotland.

34. fain: glad, content.

54. (Mail) diadem.

The period in the Mail text is probably the result of a typographical error: the adjectival phrase in l. 55 modifies "diadem" and would not normally separated from it by a full stop.

New World Lyrics and Ballads

Scott had tried--unsuccessfully--to convince the Toronto publishing firm of George N. Morang to bring out a Canadian edition of his second book of verse (see headnote to L.A.). Perhaps it was the fact that in 1903 he became joint editor (with Pelham Edgar) of Morang's The Makers of Canada series, which led that firm to undertake the publication of his third book of verse. This appeared in November 1905. It bore the following title-page:

New World Lyrics / and Ballads / BY / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / TORONTO / MORANG & CO., LIMITED / 1905

Ten years after the publication of N.W. Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar (July 29, 1915, P. E. P.): "Morang made me a present of the plates of 'New World Lyrics and Ballads'!!! and I am thinking of having a few copies struck off." Scott did not, to the best of our knowledge, proceed with this plan; nor have the plates been located.

N.W. bears the dedication: "TO E. A. B." These initials probably refer to Elizabeth Ann Botsford, the mother of Belle Warner Scott and the poet's mother-in-law.

The Sea by the Wood (p. 98)

1899-1914 Notebook (18^{v}-19^{r}), Canadian Magazine, Dec. 1901 (p. 142), N.W. (p. 1). C.P. (p. 139), P. (p. 209)

The Notebook is dated: "29.4.1900".

The entire text of this poem, like that of its companion-piece, "The Wood by the Sea," is italicized in N.W.

1. (C.) . . . in a sea . . .

2. (Notebook orig. & C.) And afar . . .

13. laving: washing

14. (Notebook orig. & C.) passion-prayer

20. (C.P.) sway

24. (Notebook canc.) cloud (Notebook alt.) mist

25. (C.) deep,

28. (Notebook orig.) Like a cloud upon the hill.

On the Way to the Mission (p. 98)

1899-1914 Notebook (40^{v}-42^{r}), N.W. (p. 3), P. (p. 25), O.C.L. (p. 128)

The Notebook is dated: "15.9.01".

In his "Foreword" to P. John Masefield points out, with reference to this poem, that "Parkman quotes a fragment of a play upon such a theme." It is not clear whether Masefield is here alluding to the source of "On the Way to the Mission" (which he must have learned of from Scott) or whether he is simply making a comparison. Much more likely is the former possibility.

At any rate the play that Masefield refers to is Ponteach: or the Savages of America, written by Major Robert Rogers and published in London in 1766. Act 1, Scenes i and ii of this play are quoted in Francis Parkman's The Conspiracy of Pontiac. (Scott probably used the Morang edition of 1900, where the quotation is to be found in vol. 2, pp. 343-51.) Though the entire act is illustrative of atrocities perpetrated by white men upon Indians, it is the action

of Scene ii with which Scott's narrative has obvious affinities. In this scene, set in "A Desart," two English hunters treacherously shoot a "couple" of Indians, then proceed to scalp them (since "their Scalps will sell for ready cash" [p. 349]) and rob them of their cargo of furs. The sentiments of these white men towards the Indians can be summed up by the following words of one of them:

> 'Twere to be wish'd not one of them survived,
> Thus to infest the World, and plague Mankind.
> Curs'd Heathen Infidels!.. mere savage Beasts!
> They don't deserve to breathe in Christian Air,
> And should be hunted down like other Brutes.
>
> (p. 348)

We should note that in Rogers' play, both of the murdered Indians are men: the situation of Scott's narrative--a husband bearing his dead wife, etc.--has far greater pathos.

The following, cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, written at right angles to the page ([40^{v}]):

> The thongs of [her brade?] were
> Bound upon his forehead
> He voyaged into the light
> With his burden
> Like a symbol of the human race

22. (O.C.L.) side;

23. The following, cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 23:

> The moon went in to the westward
> And covered them with shadow

26. In both the N.W. and P. texts l. 26 is at the top of a page; therefore, it is difficult to tell whether or not it is a continuation of the preceding stanza. That it is a continuation is

suggested by the comma at the end of l. 25. This conclusion is strengthened by the evidence of the Notebook MS (p. [41^{r}]): there is no gap between l. 26 and the preceding lines.

37. (Notebook canc.) [flew?] (Notebook alt.) passed

40. (Notebook canc.) . . . they clung to each other

(Notebook alt.) . . . off into the shadows

42. (Notebook canc.) Stillness followed them

The following, cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 42:

> The shadows moved in their appointed places
> Like [damned?] ships in the moonlit snow
> Their prows played in a fairy light
> That broke like foam as they
> Swam in the silver ocean

47. Montagnais: the name (the French word for "mountaineers") of an Algonkian-speaking Indian tribe.

48. (Notebook canc.) Her hair neat & decent

49. (Notebook orig.) Between (Notebook alt.) Under

51. (Notebook canc.) taking (Notebook alt.) drawing

Twin-Flowers on the Portage (p. 100)

1899-1914 Notebook (16^{r}, 17^{r}), Atlantic Monthly, July 1901 (p. 137), N.W. (p. 6), P. (p. 18)

In the Notebook the stanzas appear in the following order-- 1, 2, 5, 3, 4, 6--which is their order of composition.

Title. (Notebook orig.) Twin-flowers

(A.M.) Twin Flowers on the Portage

2. (A.M.) yellow;

3. Titania's: Titania is the Queen of the Fairies in Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream.

4. lovely fellow: on one level the other half of the twin-flower, but possibly also an ironic allusion to the ass-headed Bottom with whom Titania (see note to l. 3) fell in love.

6. (A.M.) wander;

7. loop in loop: possibly the loops created by the slender, creeping stems of the twin-flower.

9. (Notebook orig. & A.M.) . . . could wake . . .
cones: the corrola of the twin-flower is bell-like or cone-shaped.

11. (A.M.) taut,

12. (Notebook canc.) And (Notebook alt.) The
(A.M.) And

13. (A.M.) odors

16. (Notebook canc.) sea (Notebook alt.) flood
(A.M.) Beneath a sea . . .

17. (A.M.) If flowers could form in thought, these lights

20. (A.M.) a-dreaming

22. (A.M.) odor

The Mission of the Trees (p. 100)

1899-1914 Notebook (5^{v}-13^{r}), N.W. (p. 7), P. (p. 309)

The Notebook is dated: "19.11.99".

3. (Notebook orig.) . . . Ojjibway lodgers
(N.W.) . . . Ojibeway lodges

Ojibeway: an Algonkian-speaking Indian Tribe (the name is derived from the word "Otchibway" which means "those whose moccasins have puckered").

4. Negodina: this place is several times referred to in Scott's short story, "Labrie's Wife" (The Witching of Elspie [1923]) which is set in the Lake Nipigon region; whether or not the place-name is fictitious remains uncertain.

5ff. The following uncancelled stanzas are numbered "2" and "4" respectively in the Notebook, the one following directly after the other:

Empty were the nets of whitefish
  Empty were the rabbit snares
The shy moose roamed far & farther
  Lean and angry were the bears

There the wild uncouth Ojjibbeway
  Heard [untruth?] without regard
For their ways were [queer?] & [desperate?]
  Their hearts were fierce & hard

13-16. (Notebook orig.)

Those who follow in his footsteps
  Bring our hunger & our woe
Let us kill them & their spirit
  They are turning Weh-tig-o-;

13-14. (N.W.)

Then the pagans cried in anger,
  These two Christians bring our woe,

16. Wendigo: "In the Ojibeway tongue 'Wendigo' signifies an insane person with a homicidal mania and sometimes with a tendency to cannibalism." [Author's note in N.W.]

18. (Notebook orig.) clamour (Notebook alt.) babble

23. (Notebook orig. & N.W.) . . . will not . . .

25-28. (Notebook orig.)

> And the voice of Father Dugas
> At the Mission of the Trees"
> Then brave Mizigun was thoughtful
> Then he bent his mighty knees

(N.W.)

> And the voice of Father Fafard
> At the Mission of the Trees."
> Then brave Mizigun was thoughtful,
> Then he bent his mighty knees,

Scott may have taken the name of "Father Fafard" from someone he met on his 1905 journey to James Bay. The entries for Aug. 5 and Aug. 6 in the Journal (1905) mention a "Father Fafard" or "Pere Fafard" at Fort Albany on James Bay. (We identify the place as Fort Albany on the basis of Scott's statement in "The Last of the Indian Treaties": "The Hudson's Bay Company's property at Fort Albany separates the buildings of the Roman Catholic mission from those of the Anglican mission.") What is probably the Anglican mission is briefly described in the Journal (1905) entry for Aug. 9: "Inspected Mission property. Hospital--Bishop's House w. with few alterations will make suitable boarding schools . . . ."

29. (Notebook & N.W.) . . . in his . . .

30. (N.W.) Filled a sack with shredded meat, [The Notebook line is identical except for "his" instead of "a".]

31. capôt: a coat with a hood.

35. (N.W.) Bore him softly down the lakeshore,

41. (N.W.) Then the snow was flung and hurtled,

52. The following, uncancelled stanzas are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 52:

So that Matenack might waken
When the Mission was well won
So for many hours of midnight
He fought on without the sun.

Tramped in many a wrong circle
Like a blind man in a wood
Hunted by the mighty storm wind
Through the howling solitude

60. (Notebook orig. & N.W.) . . . in the . . .

64. The following stanza is to be found in N.W., after l. 64:

No more would he snare the rabbits,
Nor for whitefish float the net,
Never would he see the chapel,
In the birchen hollow set.

66. (N.W.) Down the shifting, hopeless track,

71-72. (N.W.)

Once, before his heart was silent
And sore-straightened grew his knees;

77. (Notebook orig. & N.W.) Mizigun paused [Notebook alt.: staggered], chill and weary.

79. (Notebook orig.) His tired heart was glad & silent

81. (Notebook orig.) And he dreamed he saw [alt.: knew] the [alt.: Yes he saw the little] Chapel

89-90. (N.W.) Matenack he took up gently
And he closed him to his breast,

93. (N.W.) Then we'll go to Father Fafard."

95. (N.W.) And he saw the shining chapel;

117. Toma's: see the note to "Roses on the Portage," l. 7.

125. (Notebook canc.) Like a crowd of raucous blackbirds

133. (N.W.) On clear eves in mid December,

136. (Notebook canc.) That the red sun-shadow fills

139. (N.W.) . . . as clear as . . .

142. (Notebook orig.) Like a shadow [alt.: figure] made [alt.: cut] in frost

148. The following, concluding stanza is to be found after l. 148 in N.W.:

So forever lives the legend
Moulded as a people wills;
The wraith chapel in the hollow
Is as real as the hills.

Peace (p. 104)

1899-1914 Notebook (61^{v}), N.W. (p. 14)

The Notebook is dated: "15.11.02".

2. (Notebook canc.) By (Notebook alt.) On

9. (Notebook orig.) I dwell . . .

10. (Notebook orig.) I keep . . .

The Forsaken (p. 105)

1899-1914 Notebook (56^{v}-59^{r}), Outlook, April 25, 1903 (p. 960), N.W. (p. 15), O.B.C.V. (p. 224), P. (p. 28), O.C.L. (p. 134), M.M. (p. 214), T.C.V. (p. 372)

According to Pelham Edgar, this poem "was written in 1902" (Leading Canadian Poets, p. 216).

In a letter to a correspondent, Florence Leslie Jones (Oct. 20, 1946, A.P.) Scott wrote that "In The Forsaken the first part is

factual the second is true to Indian character."

The following note to the poem is to be found in N.W. "This story is true. The fact may be of interest and value, perhaps, as proof of a well-known Indian characteristic, although the incident, as material for poetry, gains nothing in value from its truth. It was told me by the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Nepigon House." Scott probably visited Nepigon House in the summer of 1899 since one of the poems written after that summer's journey is entitled "Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon" (see the headnote to that poem).

1. (Outlook, N.W., O.B.C.V.) winter,

4. (O.B.C.V.) fort

6. (Outlook) woman,

   Chippewa: another name (more American than Canadian) for the Ojibwa tribe.

8. (Notebook canc.) Sat

10. (O.B.C.V.) hungry

13. (T.C.V.) cedar

14. (Notebook orig.) & a well-polished hook

19. (Notebook canc.) sick babe (Notebook alt.) young chieftain

22. (O.B.C.V.) tickanegan (not italicized)

   tikanagan: "'Tikanagan' is the Ojibeway word for the Indian cradle, about the construction and uses of which a little chapter might be written" (Author's Note in N.W.). According to the Rev. Edwin Arthur Watkins' A Dictionary of the Cree Language, "tikanagan" is "a Cree word, properly tikina´kun--an Indian cradle" (p. 471).

23. (O.B.C.V.) . . . lake surface

25. (Outlook & O.B.C.V.) ice-flakes,

35. (O.B.C.V. & O.C.L.) grey-trout

36. (Notebook orig., Outlook, N.W., O.B.C.V.) fellow

43. (Outlook, N.W., O.B.C.V.) one;

45. (Outlook) morning

(O.B.C.V.) On the third morning,

46. (Notebook orig.) Saw the huts

47. (Notebook canc.) Companies (Notebook alt.) fort by the river

51. (Notebook orig.) 'huskies'

(Outlook) 'huskies

huskies: "Huskies are sledge dogs, a corruption of Eskimo" (Author's Note in N.W.).

57. (Outlook) vigor,

58. (Outlook) winter

61. (Outlook, O.C.L., T.C.V.) birch-bark,

64. (Notebook canc.) Left her there in the Island

(O.B.C.V.) for ever.

74. (Notebook orig.) Folded them across her breasts flattened with age

79. (O.C.L.) . . . came throng and in thronging

91. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 91:

While in that peace there was born a deeper silence than silence
And the whole earth seemed to [reach?] God's breast
Then when the evening star flashed in the [west?]
And the peace of God rolled [deeper?] on the earth
She came to her rest.

92. (Outlook) his

In the O.B.C.V. version "Hid in His breast" comprises a separate line.

94. (Notebook orig.) Then she earned [alt.: had] rest.

Roses on the Portage (p. 107)

1899-1914 Notebook (4^{v}-5^{r}), Acta Victoriana, Dec. 1903 (p. 223), N.W. (p. 19), P. (p. 17)

1. (Notebook) Roses, roses, roses,

(Acta) Roses--roses--roses,

5. (Notebook canc.) They (Notebook alt.) You

6. (Notebook canc.) them (Notebook alt.) you

7. (Notebook canc.) clumsy (Notebook alt.) ancient

Toma: this name also occurs in Scott's short story, "Labrie's Wife" (The Witching of Elspie [1923]).

9. (Notebook canc.) They (Notebook alt.) You

10. (Notebook canc.) All drenched with acrid

(Notebook alt.) Wed with odour of

11. (Acta) And your dew would . . .

12. (Notebook canc.) The (Notebook alt.) Your

13. (Notebook canc.) Before in (Notebook alt.) Even then

14. (Notebook canc.) Arcange (Notebook alt.) They

(Acta) whit

15. (Notebook canc.) Or pause in < > of your streaming

19. (Notebook canc.) beauty (Notebook alt.) meaning

(Acta) . . . of your meaning,

21. (Acta) . . . you and hold you . . .

23. (Notebook orig.) . . . awestruck and silent

Dominique de Gourgues (p. 107)

1899-1914 Notebook (33^{v}-40^{r}, 42^{v}-54^{r}), N.W. (p. 21), P. (p. 321)

The composition of this poem is well documented in a series of letters from Scott to Pelham Edgar, all of which are in the P.E.P. Sept. 27, 1901: "Two Sundays ago I did about 60 lines of a ballad on De Gourgues but I have not looked at it since." Oct. 9, 1901: "I am sorry you did not care for the ballad but we can talk that over when we meet." Oct. 17, 1901: "I am ashamed to mention that De G. ballad again--today I shall try and get one of my typists to copy what I have done and you can then say whether you want me to go on. When I come to the fight I intend to put up a great one, probably in the Gothic-two-handed-sword-metre." Nov. 4, 1901: "Thanks for your opinion of De G.--it was encouraging. I shall try to finish it before long." Feb. 11, 1902: "By all means let me have any criticisms upon lines but accompany them with suggestions so that I may see your point of view. It is only puzzling to hear 'such and such a line is off colour.' I mean when one has worked a thing over many times nothing new comes to the mind. . . . Tell me definitely also what you don't like about the opening of [section] V. I wish we had a chance to go over it together. Please keep on liking it." March 3, 1902 (this letter is taken up with detailed revision of the poem): "It would be better to say, perhaps, (pt. V) 'The points of their partizans flashed

back with many a star.' i.e. the sleeves and crests glowed, the partizans flashed. Hows [sic] that? [the line in question does not appear in the final version] . . . I intend to cut off the word 'Christ!' in the V part, in Dominique's speech. In reading it I don't care for the effect. What say you?" Dec. 20,1906: " . . . the ballad is done except external polishing that goes on in the workshop--I may bring it up with me as by that time it should be in shape. In many respects it is the best thing I've done in verse I think but - - ? It is surely the longest and I've been hugely taken up with it. If it be a success your incentive must bear the palm." (We assume that the unnamed "ballad" referred to above is "Dominique de Gourgues." The only other candidate might be "The Battle of Lundy's Lane" but a finished TS. of that poem is dated "Jan. 1902." There are, moreover, substantive variants between the N.W. and P. versions [see the note to l. 366] which could have been the result of revision performed between the original publication of the poem in 1905 and the date of the letter--1906.)

In a note to the poem in N.W. Scott said: "My attention was drawn to this story by my friend Dr. Pelham Edgar who was then working on 'The Romance of Canadian History.' He thought it a good subject for a ballad. Anyone so minded may compare the incidents given by Parkman with their development in the poem. But I read widely the noble books of the old navigators when I was writing it, and pored over many forgotten sailing charts and ancient maps. I conveyed one line from John Hawkin's account of his second voyage [see note to l. 68], but I will not say which as someone may be led thereby to read that

and other publications of the Hakluyt Society, a very diverting business."

The book by Pelham Edgar to which Scott refers is The Romance of Canadian History: Edited from the Writings of Francis Parkman (1902). The story of Dominique de Gourgues, however, is not to be found in that book but rather in the tenth chapter (volume one) of Parkman's Pioneers of France in the New World (henceforth abbreviated as Pioneers). Scott may have found the story in a Canadian edition of Parkman's classic work, published by Morang in 1900. (This "edition" was really a reprint of an American text, published by Little, Brown in 1897.)

13. Siena: a city in northern Italy.

28. (Notebook orig.) hunt (Notebook alt.) fight
Benin: a region in western Africa.

32. According to Pioneers, De Gourgues' "faith sat lightly upon him; and, Catholic or heretic, he hated the Spaniards with a mortal hate" (p. 158).

37. Finisterre: Cape Finisterre, on the northwest coast of Spain.

42. "Parkman specifically says the boats were fitted for sails and oars" (Scott to Pelham Edgar, Nov. 4, 1901, P.E.P.).

47ff. "I have always felt that the IV [section] was too long and heavy with detail. Theoretically it is only the intinerary section, to get the crew from France to Florida and as such should have no definite action like the 'shark' episode and no archaeological matter like the Montezuma lines. My idea therefore has been to leave out the ten lines from 'Of the pomp of Montezuma etc.' to

Like the glimmer of the etc.' [sic] and probably the whole of the shark episode. In the latter case you would skip from 'with many a marvel-tale of hazard and of war'--to 'Often were they pestered etc. [sic] What do you think of that?" (Scott to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 11,1902, P.E.P.). The "shark episode" referred to must have been between lines 65 and 68 of the finished poem.

68. The Notebook MS (p. [43^{v}]) has a note to this line: "John Hawkins 2nd Voyage."

The phrase, "lingering little gales," is taken from the last paragraph of Hakluyt's account of John Hawkins' second voyage: " . . . the next day we departed, and had lingering little gales for the space of four or five days" (Edward John Payne, ed., Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America, p. 68.)

66. There is no mention in Pioneers of the ships having been becalmed off the coast of Cuba.

80. (N.W.) spring

(P.) spring.

The period, omitted in this edition, is clearly the result of a typographical error.

87. San Antonio: Cape San Antonio, at the western end of Cuba.

95. (Notebook orig.) The sunlight flashed from his corslet and casque

casque: helmet

98ff. The speech of De Gourgues to his men occupies one short paragraph in Pioneers (pp. 161-62).

101. (Notebook orig.) . . . Negro slaves . . .

116. Host: an Ecclesiastical term for the wafer used in celebrating Mass; here an ironic reference to the Spaniards' devoutly Catholic rites.

136-137. According to Pioneers, De Gourgues "sailed to Cape Blanco where the jealous Portuguese, who had a fort in the neighbourhood, set upon him three negro chiefs" (p. 161).

142. In both the N.W. and P. texts l. 142 is found at the top of a page; it is, therefore, not clear whether a new stanza is intended at this point. We assume that a new stanza is intended from the evidence of the Notebook MS (p. [37^{r}]): there is a gap between l. 142 and the preceding lines.

155. Menendez: Pedro Menendez de Avilés, conqueror of Florida for Spain.

167. (N.W.) . . . --Spain.'"

172. (Notebook orig.)

> Some face well loved that was lost to fame.
> But each man thought of a different name.

245. (Notebook orig.) As if the giants . . .

246. ambuscade: ambush.

248. (Notebook orig.) Charge down the margent of sand

margent: margin

249. (N.W.) . . . poinards and pikes

poniards: daggers.

251. partizan: a long-handled spear used as a military weapon in the 16th and 17th centuries.

glave: a lance or spear or broadsword.

262. (Notebook canc.) And long after (Notebook alt.) Deep in the

272. River of May: the St. Johns River, in north-eastern Florida.

281. (N.W.) . . . trap,where . . .

295. (Notebook orig.) & saved a Spaniard . . .

298. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, following l. 298:

> When the [Spaniards] fell & [started] to crawl away
> Then Indians leaped & stabbed them where they lay

306. ravening: devouring voraciously.

310. Toledo: a city in central Spain, renowned for its tempered steel.

317. Santiago: Saint James of Compostela; the traditional battle-cry of the Spaniards.

330. Cordova: Cordoba, a city in southern Spain

337. vauntbrace: defensive armour for the fore-arm.

340. (Notebook orig.) . . . old lion rolled . . .

350. grieves: armour for the legs.

morion: a kind of helmet without a visor, worn by soldiers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

356. Oleron: a kind of coarse fabric; the name is derived from Oléron, a town on the western coast of France.

360. (Notebook orig.) . . . murderers robbers & rogues'

Cf. the inscription in Pioneers: "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers" (p. 176).

361. (Notebook orig.) they nailed it above the man who had met in the trees

363. disembogues: empties, discharges its waters.

366. (Notebook orig.) But one eve they sank in the sea

(N.W.) But once before they sank in the sea

367. (N.W.) faery

faëry: enchantment or dream.

373. (Notebook orig.) broken (Notebook alt.) battered

Indian Place-Names (p. 116)

1899-1914 Notebook (24^{r}-25^{r}), N.W. (p. 36), P. (p. 22)

The Notebook is dated: "16.3.02".

Title (Notebook) Indian Place names [sic]

2. (Notebook canc.) dusk (Notebook alt.) world

15. Toronto: the name is probably of Mohawk or Huron origin but its meaning is not known for certain; "place of meeting" is commonly given, but also possible are the Mohawk "deondo" ("trees in water") and the Huron "Kanitareonto" ("a bay in the lake").
Winnipeg: the name is derived from the Cree word "winnipiy" which means "body of muddy water" and also "sea."

16. Quebec: the name is derived from an Algonkian word which means "where the river narrows."

18. (N.W.) sea
Restigouche: the name is from the Micmac "lustagooch" and probably means "good river" for canoeing.

19. Meductic: a town in New Brunswick on the Saint John River; the name is derived from a Micmac word meaning "the end."
Mirimichi: the Miramichi River in New Brunswick; the name is probably from the Montagnais "Maissimeu Assi" ("Micmac land");

it was a form adopted by Jacques Cartier in 1535, and is therefore among the oldest names of native origin in Canada.

20. Kiskisink: the name (now spelled Kiskissink) of both a lake and a town in northern Quebec; the name is from an Algonkian word meaning "Little Cedar Lake."

22. Manitowapah: probably Lake Manitouwaba in northern Ontario; the Ojibway word means "strait of the spirit."

24. (Notebook orig.) liquid (Notebook alt.) loon-haunted

Waymoucheeching: probably Weymontachingue--an Indian reserve (and name of a county) in Quebec; the name may be derived from an Indian word meaning "crop of a bird."

Manowan: the Manouane River or the town of Manouane--both in northern Quebec; the name is derived from a Montagnais word meaning "where they gather eggs."

25. Mistassini: the name of a town, a lake, a river, and also Mistassini Post--all in northern Quebec, the name is derived from a Cree word meaning "big stone."

26. Wayagamac: a lake in northern Quebec; the name is derived from a Cree or Algonkian word meaning "round lake."

27. (N.W.) Metepedia

Metapedia: the name (now properly spelled "Matepedia") of a town and a river in the Gaspé; the name is derived from a Micmac word meaning "branching river."

Kamouraska: a village in Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence; the name is derived from a Cree word meaning "where

there are rushes on the side of the river."

28. Metlakahtla: a town in the Alaskan "panhandle," near the British Columbia border; the name (now properly spelled "Metlakatla") is derived from a Tsimpsean word meaning "passage joining two bodies of water."

Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon (p. 117)

1899-1914 Notebook (2^{v}-4^{r}), Atlantic Monthly, Aug. 1900 (p. 179), N.W. (p. 38), P. (p. 23), M.M. (p. 213)

The Notebook is dated: "13-9.99" i.e. Sept. 13, 1899. E. K. Brown states in his "Memoir" that one of Scott's "journeys of inspection [as "secretary of the department of Indian Affairs"] . . . taken in the summer of 1899, led to the writing on his return to Ottawa of those extraordinary pieces, 'Rapids at Night' and 'Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon'" (p. xx). On Sept. 7, 1899, Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.): "You may not know that for the greater part of the summer I have been away among the Indians and only reached home the other day."

The stanzas appear--numbered--in the Notebook in the following order:

Notebook	A.M. and other texts
[unnumbered]	8
7	7
8 [cancelled]	-
9	9
10	10
6	6
4	4
5	5
1	1
2	2
3	3

Lake Nipigon is a large body of water located in north-western Ontario.

Title. (Notebook orig.) Sapphics

The Notebook title refers to the metre of the poem, named after its master, the Greek poet, Sappho (seventh or sixth centuries, B.C.). Various nineteenth-century English poets, including Tennyson and Swinburne, attempted poems in sapphics. These commonly take the following pattern in English verse; three lines with rhythm (a), followed by one line with rhythm (b):

(a) / ∪ / ∪ / ∪∪ / ∪ / ∪

(b) / ∪∪ / ∪

The pattern is exemplified by Lampman's "Sapphics" (The Poems of Archibald Lampman [1900]), a poem which was certainly written before "Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon":

> Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and silent,
> Comes the autumn over the woods and highlands,
> Golden, rose-red, full of divine rememberance,
> Full of foreboding.
> (ll. 1-4)

Scott's poem maintains only loosely rhythm (a) but holds, with the exception of l. 32, fairly strictly to rhythm (b).

(A.M. & N.W.) Night Hymns on Lake Nepigon

5. (Notebook canc.) after (Notebook alt.) on the path of

8. (Notebook orig.) Then they are gathered

12. (A.M.) blackness,

13. (A.M.) . . . sacred, ancient . . .

15. (Notebook, A.M., N.W.) Nepigon

18. (Notebook, A.M., N.W.) Nepigon

20. Adeste Fideles: a hymn used in Roman Catholic liturgical rites during the Christmas season; the hymn urges the faithful to approach the crib of the Word made Flesh, in the company of shepherds, magi, and angels.

23. (Notebook & N.W.) Ojibeway

(A.M.) Ojibewa

Ojibwa: see note to "The Mission of the Trees," l. 3.

24. (A.M.) mournful;

27. (Notebook, A.M., N.W., M.M.) where

(P) were

The P. variant is an obvious typographical error. We restore the original word, "where".

28. (Notebook canc.) Back (Notebook alt.) Down

(A.M.) darkness.

32. (M.M.) To meet in the silence.

A Nest of Hepaticas (p. 118)

N.W. (p. 40), F.C.G. (p. 87), P. (p. 229)

1. spring: Hepaticas are regarded as harbingers of spring because the flowers appear as early as March or April.

6. (F.C.G.) forget:

12. (F.C.G.) grey

18. (F.C.G.) galaxy;

silken: a reference to the hairy stems of the hepatica.

21. (F.C.G.) fair,

Catnip Jack (p. 118)

1899-1914 Notebook (28^{v}-33^{r}), N.W. (p. 41), P. (p. 317)

The Notebook is dated: "1.9.01" i.e. probably Sept. 1, 1901.

"The incidents in this ballad are imaginary; but a friend of mine once met two men drawing a dead body in the way described and shouting 'Picotte' (smallpox) to warn the unsuspecting traveller. The ballad grew up around that fact and the psychology is natural enough, I think" (Author's Note in N.W.).

1. (Notebook orig.) You heard the boys call Catnip Jack

Herbe-à-chat: the French word for "catnip."

37. Picotte: see headnote above.

108. (Notebook orig.) fire (Notebook alt.) death

112. The following stanza is to be found in N.W., after l. 112:

What is to be must be, they say,
What is past is past,
So I work hard and sleep like the dead,-
I love on to the last.

The Notebook MS reads "live on" instead of "love on".

115. (Notebook orig.) Tis good to work & keep drunk

The Wood Peewee (p. 121)

1899-1914 Notebook (59^{v}-61^{r}), N.W. (p. 46), P. (p. 139)

The Notebook is dated: "20.6.02".

9. (Notebook canc.) When all the world is cool at dawn

(Notebook alt.) At dawn when all the grey world floats

Life and a Soul (p. 122)

N.W. (p. 48), P. (p. 140)

16. vaunt: a boast, vainglorious display.

Dulse Gathering (p. 122)

1899-1914 Notebook (61^{r}-61^{v}, 62^{v}), N.W. (p. 50), P. (p. 250)

The Notebook is dated: "15.11.02".

Title. (Notebook orig.) Gathering dulse

(N.W.) Dulce Gathering

Dulse: any of several coarse red seaweeds; the word is also used in "The Dame Regnant," l. 78.

5. (N.W.) dulce

10. (Notebook orig.) When it gathered the salt of ages

14. (N.W.) dulce

19. (Notebook orig.) . . . young in the world

The Forgers (p. 123)

N.W. (p. 51), C.P. (but not C.P. [rev.]) (p. 137), P. (p. 207)

Title. The Forgers: in the most obvious sense, those who forge (metal) or work at a forge; more generally, makers or creators, but the pejorative meaning of "fabricators" (those who create something false) may also be relevant to the meaning of the poem.

20. (C.P.) is't

41. (C.P.) . . . it--all . . .

43. (C.P.) . . . dimming choir,

Rapids at Night (p. 124)

1899-1914 Notebook (14^{v}-15^{v}, 54^{v}-56^{r}), Atlantic Monthly, Aug. 1902 (p. 259), N.W. (p. 53), O.C.L.(W.) (p. 74), P. (p. 19), O.C.L. (p. 127)

For the dating of this poem, see the note to "Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon."

Title. (O.C.L.[W.]) Rapids at Night

4. (O.C.L.[W.]) . . . light . . . starlight

5. (O.C.L.[W.]) birches;

8. (O.C.L.[W.]) darkness,

9. (Notebook canc.) ranks (Notebook alt.) the limitless lines

13. (A.M.) clamor

14-15. In the A.M. text, these lines are not set off as a separate stanza. Instead, the two lines are bracketed, from "(O" to "sadness!)."

16. (O.C.L.[W.]) silence.

17. (A.M.) . . . plays in various cadence,

22. (O.C.L.[W.]) . . . sways and . . .

23. (O.C.L.[W.]) . . . voice deep . . .

25. In both the Notebook and A.M. texts a new stanza begins at l. 25. In the N.W. text, l. 25 is at the top of a page, obscuring the fact that it is at the head of a new stanza and resulting, therefore, in the omission of the stanza gap in P. We restore the stanza form.

27. (O.C.L.[W.]) . . . southern ice-fields,

28. (O.C.L.[W.]) sunlight

31. (O.C.L.[W.]) planets

32. (O.C.L.[W.]) God.

33. (Notebook canc.) Lined (Notebook alt.) Veined

34. (Notebook canc.) Over (Notebook alt.) Holding

(O.C.L.[W.]) sleeps

35. (O.C.L.[W.]) Wild with the rushing . . . sadness

At the End (p. 125)

N.W. (p. 55), P. (p. 21)

17. varlet: person of low or mean disposition; knave, rogue, rascal.

The Builder (p. 126)

N.W. (p. 56), C.P. (p. 141), P. (p. 133)

2. minster: a monastery or church of a monastery; more generally, any large church.

9. chantry: a chapel or altar endowed for the maintenance of priests to sing masses, usually for the soul of the founder.

32. (C.P.) . . . well My thought, My chart,

(C.P.[rev.]) . . . well My chart,

33. (C.P.) heart;

34. (C.P.) . . . virtues true!

The House of the Broken-Hearted (p. 127)

N.W. (p. 58), O.B.C.V. (p. 228), P. (p. 252)

23. (O.B.C.V.) broken-hearted,

(N.W. & P.) broken-hearted

We restore the comma, the omission of which in the two book

versions, would seem to have been the result of a typographical error (cf. line 14).

25. jeopard: put in jeopardy, expose to loss.

28. (O.B.C.V.) keep;

29. (O.B.C.V.) . . . belovèd sheep

(N.W. & P.) sleep,

The O.B.C.V. variant, "sheep," which we prefer, makes much more sense in the context.

30. (O.B.C.V.) . . . fold, when . . .

31. (O.B.C.V.) sorrow,

(N.W. & P.) sorrow

We restore the comma, the omission of which in the two book versions would seem to have been the result of a typographical error (cf. line 7).

The Wood by the Sea (p. 127)

Canadian Magazine, Dec. 1901 (p. 143), N.W. (p. 60), C.P. (p. 140), P. (p. 210)

See note to "The Sea by the Wood."

4. (C.) And the marching of the rain.

5. palmer's: a pilgrim, specifically one who had returned from the Holy Land, in token of which he carried a palm-branch.

6. (A.M.) bland;

20. (A.M. & C.P.) all.

22. (A.M.) . . . God, why then

(C.P.) . . . God, - oh, then

28. (A.M.) And the marching of the rain.

Via Borealis

The earliest reference to the publication of V.B. is to be found in an undated fragment of correspondence from Scott to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.): ". . . which has no name as yet[.] Cannot you suggest something. The Night Burial would go in I suppose and I shall send you a copy tomorrow. If I cant [sic] use the Girl why I shall have to give another song or two. I should prefer to leave the mechanical part of the thing to you the designs &c dont [sic] bother to send them down, but I should want to see proofs of the letter press. Has Mr T[yrrell] made an estimate of the whole cost?"

The next reference to V.B. is in a letter, dated Oct. 26, 1906, from Scott to Edgar (P.E.P.): "I have sent the verses to Tyrrell . . . I see that Tyrrell wants to print 1500 copies of the booklet which seems to me rather rash. You might talk it over with him, but do not let your sanguine disposition influence him." The following month Scott wrote to Edgar (Nov. 3, 1906, P.E.P.): "I am sending my proofs to you so that you may see what I have done . . . I want some of the announcements as I can send them to some people who would not otherwise see them." The book was printed shortly afterwards for on Nov. 17, 1906 Scott wrote to

Edgar (P.E.P.): "The first copy of the book came this morning. I like it very much indeed. The notices you wrote ought to sell it and they will help me too, because the public must be hit hard before it will pay any attention." Two days later Scott wrote to Edgar (Nov. 19, 1906, P.E.P.): "As I said in my last I like the book. Why did the printer change vails into veils in Dream Voyageurs? It was right in my proof. The thing otherwise seems perfect."

V.B. appeared with the following title-page: VIA BOREALIS / BY · DUNCAN · CAMPBELL · SCOTT / WITH · DECORATIONS · BY · A· H· HOWARD · R · C · A · / TORONTO · W.M TYRRELL & C.O

The book was dedicated "To / Pelham Edgar", whom the correspondence quoted above reveals to have been closely involved with the publication of V.B.

Pelham Edgar (1871-1948), scholar and teacher, was not only a life-long friend of Scott but also, in E. K. Brown's words, his "confident for . . . many decades" (Brown to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 20, 1948, P.E.P.). Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that Edgar--to whom Scott would send drafts of his poems for opinion and criticism--was, like Archibald Lampman, a major influence on Scott's career as a poet. This influence was, it would seem (judging from the correspondence between Scott and Edgar in the P.E.P.), particularly strong in the period from the mid-1890's to about 1920.

Pelham Edgar was born in Toronto. He was educated at Upper

Canada College, the University of Toronto (B.A., 1892) and Johns Hopkins University (Ph.D., 1897). In 1897 he joined the staff of the Department of French, Victoria College, University of Toronto. In 1902 he moved to the English Department and was its head from 1913 until his retirement in 1938. Further information may be found in his autobiographical work, Across My Path, posthumously published in 1952.

In a letter to A.J.M. Smith (Aug. 19, 1942, A.J.M. Smith papers, University of Toronto), Scott informed Smith that "nearly all" the poems in V.B., except for "Night Burial in the Forest," were written "on that trip." As the title of the booklet suggests ("via borealis" means "northern journey" in Latin) the "trip" referred to was an expedition which Scott, in his capacity as Treaty Commissioner, made in the summer of 1906 through northern Ontario. The purpose of the expedition was to continue and bring to a conclusion the signing of treaties with Indian tribes in the area. (The process had been begun in an expedition, also led by Scott, the summer before [1905] but had not been brought to a close.)

The best sources of information for the 1905 and 1906 expeditions are: for the earlier journey, Scott's diary, here referred to as Journal (1905), as well as his article, "The Last of the Indian Treaties," Scribner's, 40 (1906), 573-83, rpt. in C.A., pp. 109-22, as well as E. K. Brown's "Memoir," p. xxiii; for the later expedition, Pelham Edgar's diary, here called

Journal (1906), as well as Edgar's series of articles, "Twelve Hundred Miles by Canoe," Canada (London), 4 (1906-07), 255, 436, 515-16 and 5 (1907), 61-62, 156-57, 245-46, 331-32, 412-13, and Edgar's account in Across My Path, pp. 58-67. Scott's and Edgar's diaries, the Journal (1905) and Journal (1906) respectively, are bound in one volume and are located in the Records of the Indian Affairs Branch (R.G. 10, vol. 1028), National Archives, Ottawa. Excerpts from the two journals have been published as "Extracts from D. C. Scott's Own Journal of 1905 & 1906," Copperfield, 5 (1974), 37-45. (The fact that the 1906 entries were written by Pelham Edgar rather than by Scott is not indicated by the anonymous editor of the "Extracts.")

Because the poems in V.B. are so closely related to the 1906 expedition through northern Ontario, we present here an itinerary of that journey (our sources of information are primarily Pelham Edgar's articles in Canada magazine):

May 22--left Ottawa

May 22--disembarked at Mattawa at 8 p.m.

May 23--departed for North Temiskaming

May 23--spent that night in New Liskeard

May 24--arrived in North Temiskaming

May 27-28--at Douglas Farm, Quinze Lake

June 1--paddled through Island Lake

June 4--arrived at Hudson's Bay Company post on Lake Abitibi

June 13--in Haileybury, after having returned to North Temiskaming

June 14--in Latchford

June 29--in Temagami, spent that night in North Bay

July 20--in Biscotasing, entrained for Chapleau

Aug. 1--in Heron Bay, started for Long Lake

Aug. 14--returned to Heron Lake

Aug. 15--left by train

Aug. 16--arrived in Ottawa

We note here that all of the poems in V.B. were reprinted, as a group and without any variation, in Scott's next book of verse--L.L.

Spring on Mattagami (p. 130)

1899-1914 Notebook (82^{r}-86^{v}, 87^{r}[?], 94^{r}), MS., V.B. (p. 1), L.L.(p. 25), P. (p. 41)

The Notebook (p. [85^{v}]) is dated: "Lake [Matagami?]/June 1-2-3-1906".

The other MS.--a fair copy on seven leaves--is in the P.E.P. The first leaf is inscribed, in Scott's hand: "To Pelham Edgar June 1906."

In a letter dated March 1943 (E.K.B.P.) Scott wrote to E. K. Brown: "A note on Spring on Mattagami. The provenance of this piece was my having taken a copy of the Oxford Book with me on that Indian trip; Pelham [Edgar] and I sitting side by side in our thirty-foot canoe had been reading 'Love in a Valley". I said to myself (or out loud) I will write a love poem in the same

form in these surroundings. That great poem was of the English country-side, this will be of the wilderness; I did not think to rival it and I added to the technical problem by using an additional rhyme; and so I did it in three days." The "Oxford Book" referred to was The Oxford Book of English Verse 1250-1900, ed Arthur T. Quiller-Couch (1900). "Love in a Valley" is a poem by George Meredith which appears in Quiller-Couch's anthology. It should be noted that Scott's poem actually employs two more rhymes than does Meredith's: "Spring on Mattagami" rhymes a-b-a-b-c-d-c-d wheras "Love in the Valley" rhymes a-b-c-b-d-e-f-e.

Pelham Edgar also refers to the genesis of the poem in Across My Path: "My memories of the Mattagami trip are particularly cordial. Reason number one, that Duncan here began and presently finished the major poem of Via Borealis and named it 'Spring on Mattagami.' The rhythm of George Meredith's fine pastoral 'Love in the Valley' was humming in his mind. A stanza or two would be jotted down as he sat beside me in the canoe. Lunch was always a risky meal, for I would find the poet a hundred yards off the trail scribbling another stanza" (p. 64).

According to E. K. Brown, "Spring on Mattagami" "is the only one of his longer poems with which I ever heard Duncan Scott say he was dissatisfied. It was undertaken to comply with a suggestion of Pelham Edgar, who accompanied the Commissioners and was then under the spell of Meredith's poetry. . . . To the end of his life [Scott] was gnawed by a wish to recast it" ("Memoir," p. xxiv).

The "Mattagami" referred to in the title is a lake in northern Ontario, south of Timmins and north of Sudbury. According to the Journal (1906) Mattagami was not reached by the Scott party until July 7: "Reach Matagami [sic] at ten. Charmingly situated [canc.: with?] on a point with arms of the lake flowing north and south." During the first three days of June (the dates of composition in the Notebook [see above]), the party was working its way through the Island Lake chain to Lake Abitibi. The entry in the Journal (1906) for June 3 reads: "A peaceful day in the woods."

2. (MS.) . . . hills formless and low;

4. (Notebook orig. & MS. orig.) Piled cloud and . . .

The MS. contains an alternative reading, "gray", for "cloud".

(MS.) snow:

6. (MS.) Storm smites . . .

9. (MS.) Through the lake-furrow, . . . bright'ning,

11. (MS. & V.B.) potan

Potàn: see the note to "The Height of Land," l. 8.

12. (MS.) hush

14. (MS. & V.B.) Potan

Potàn: see the note to l. 11.

15. (MS.) dry-wood

16. (Notebook orig.) . . . murky air

(MS.) . . . dusky air.

19. (Notebook orig.) . . . starshine fall . . .

20. (MS.) . . . dear [alt.: towered] city . . . content:

21. (MS.) God

24. (MS.) longing,

25. (MS.) Here in the wilderness, less . . .

(V.B.) Here in the wilderness less . . .

26. (MS. canc.) semblance (MS. alt.) lingering

27. (MS.) All the dusky spruces [canc.: balsam] shadow her dark tresses,

28. (MS.) The dim, slow fireflies the jewels in her hair;

eyen: eyes (archaic).

29. The MS. contains an alternative reading for "days": "years".

31. (MS. & V.B.) Potan

Potàn: see note to l. 11.

32. (Notebook orig.) . . . fastnesses and fasten on my sight

33. (MS.) Lido

Lido: a famous island on the outskirts of Venice.

34. (Notebook orig.) blood (Notebook alt.) flame

(MS.) sword

35. (MS.) credo

36. (Notebook orig.) Lay like a beryl [alt.: ruby] in the gate of heaven

(MS.) Lord

gorget: an ornament for the neck.

37. (MS.) . . . foredoomed & passion . . .

38. (MS.) . . . to my side

39. (Notebook orig.) But when I spoke the current was shattered

(MS.) flattered

42. (MS.) rose,-

43. (MS.) But, . . . glance [alt.: sigh] for pardon,

45. (MS.) . . . meaning? . . . it;

(V.B.) . . . meaning? - . . . it

47. (MS.) . . . thought that . . . it

48. (Notebook canc.) thought (Notebook alt.) soul

(MS.) heaven-

51. (MS.) . . . not take [alt.: keep] . . . her,

(V.B. & L.L.) . . . her,

(P.) her.

The period in the P. text is obviously the result of a typographical error. We restore the comma.

52. (MS.) Proud,

54. (MS. canc.) Knew (MS. alt.) Saw

55. (MS.) . . . my worth, . . . atremble

64. (MS. orig.) comes (MS. alt.) wells

67. (MS.) persistence,

68. Reel: whirling or moving round and round; having a rapid, quavering motion.

ululating: wailing or lamenting.

70. (MS.) Deep in a cool pool where the birches meet;

71. (MS. canc.) Rest in a pine grove where the arbutus smother,

72. (MS.) . . . Orient . . . heat.

74. (MS.) color

77-78. (MS.)

She would see the first stars like fireflies drop & spangle
On the misty [alt: heavenly] meadows of the violet
[alt: thick with growing] dusk,

80. (MS.) musk.

85. (MS.) O she would [canc: must] . . . elation;

87. (Notebook canc.) all (Notebook alt.) love

(Ms. canc.) leave (MS. alt.) keep

88. (MS.) fate.

92. (MS. canc.) And (MS. alt.) Let

93. (MS. orig.) . . . kept wistful, . . . (MS. alt.) . . . were watchful . . .

95. (MS.) wonder,

96. (MS.) night.

97. (MS.) . . . steal, not consenting nor denying,

99. (MS.) . . . nor complying,

100. (MS.) breast,

101. (MS. orig.) a (MS. alt.) the

103. (MS.) forever & forever,

107. (MS.) vision-

108. (MS.) pain;

110. (MS.) . . . forever more,

111. (Notebook canc.) heart (Notebook alt.) life

(MS.) unravel

112. (MS.) . . . passion-dream deep at its red core.

113. (MS.) first,

Venus: the planet Venus, but perhaps, and not unappropriately, also an allusion to the Roman mythological figure famed for her beauty.

114. (MS. orig.) Young stars tremble in the violet night

(MS. alt.) . . . like marigolds grow golden in the night

115. (MS.) . . . above in a space [alt.: void] . . .

116. (Notebook canc.) slender (Notebook alt.) growing

(MS.) . . . moon, . . . light;

119-120. The ideas expressed in these lines appear to be derived from George Meredith, in whose thought the concept of a supreme "Law" occupies a central place. Cf. Meredith's "A Thrush in February":

> And why the sons of Strength have been
> Her cherished offspring ever; how
> The Spirit served by her is seen
> Through Law; perusing love will show.
>
> (11. 145-48.)

Norman Kelvin interprets these lines as follows: "They tell us that our love of Earth will lead us to understand that the "Spirit" Earth serves, God, can be perceived only through grasp of the laws governing nature's processes. Here, as in so much traditional religious thought, love is the key to an understanding of God, though Meredith has added an idea that sounds as if it were inspired half by nineteenth-century science and half by Dante. 'Perusing love' will enable man not only to comprehend the laws governing the universe but

to see that those laws are of divine origin" (A Troubled Eden, pp. 155-56). See Kelvin's discussion of Meredith's concept of "Triumphant and Immutable Law" in A Troubled Eden, pp. 154-61.

119. (MS.) . . . law that . . .

120. (Notebook orig.) shines (Notebook alt.) burns
(MS.) . . . light that . . .

An Impromptu (p. 132)

1899-1914 Notebook (88^{v}), V.B. (p. 9), L.L. (p. 36), P. (p. 135)

The Notebook is dated: "June 19.06 Montreal River." The Montreal River flows into the south-eastern end of Lake Superior.

Title. Impromptu: in music, a piece composed or played extemporaneously; more generally, an extemporaneous composition, address or remark.

4. vireo: an American bird noted for its melodious song.

14. (Notebook orig.) Then afar . . .

15. (Notebook canc.) grow (Notebook alt.) go

The Half-Breed Girl (p. 133)

1899-1914 Notebook (91^{v}-92^{r}, 93^{r}-93^{v}), V.B. (p. 12), Smart Set, Dec. 1906 (p. 84), O.B.C.V. (p. 229), L.L. (p. 38), C.P. (p. 142), P. (p. 55), G.T.C.V. (p. 51), O.C.L. (p. 136), A.C.P. (p. 38)

The Notebook is dated: "July 26.06 New Brunswick House". New Brunswick House was a fur-trading post near the southern end of the Missinaibi River. Part of the entry for July 25 and the

entry for July 26 in the Journal (1906) read as follows: "Mr. Christie in charge of the post, which we find very poorly stocked. We all spend a [stiffly?] musical evening under his roof--[tree?]--the Bishop & his "formidable [canc:?] party" of [females?] likewise present . . . Thursday-July 26[.] The Band is paid in the morning--the Bishop remaining to obtain his tithe. Heavy rain in afternoon."

1. (Notebook orig.) . . . is strong with the trap . . .

6. (S.S.) breast;

9. (S.S.) Winter

   (O.B.C.V.) winter

10. (G.T.C.V.) rabbit-snares,

13. (S.S.) Summer

20. (S.S.) roll;

   (O.B.C.V.) roll.

21. (Notebook orig.) . . . evenbuilt cities

   (S.S.) cities

23. loch: lake or bay (Scottish dialect).

   shealing: a pasture on which cattle graze (Scottish dialect)

24. (S.S.) The mists on the moor;

   (C.P.) moor.

30. (S.S.) wild;

31. (Notebook canc.) yearns (Notebook alt.) fears

32. (Notebook canc.) As the [root?] may yearn for the rose

38. (Notebook canc.) dead (Notebook alt.) still

   (O.B.C.V.) . . . strange still . . .

40. (Notebook orig.) . . . hushed tears

42. (S.S.) free -

(O.B.C.V.) . . . careless, and . . .

47. (Notebook canc.) Then she . . .

48. (S.S.) . . . life - or . . .

Night Burial in the Forest (p. 134)

1899-1914 Notebook (80^{V}-81^{V}), V.B. (p. 16), L.L. (p. 41), P. (p. 57), C.P. (rev.)(p. 109), B.C.P. (p. 221)

The Notebook is dated: "May 9 '06".

According to E. K. Brown, "Night Burial in the Forest" was "the first of the poems" to be composed on the 1906 journey and was a "reconstruction of an incident that had occurred long before the [1906] journey at a stop the travellers passed. When the story was told him Scott left the encampment alone, and paddled to the site of the quarrel over a woman which had ended in one man's death and another's flight into the wilderness" ("Memoir," pp. xxiii, xxiv). Elsewhere, in On Canadian Poetry, Brown noted that the poem concerns (not Indians, as Brown had mistakenly thought but) "an expedition of lumberjacks along the Nipigon" (p. 132).

If Scott did indeed, as Brown claims, write "Night Burial in the Forest" during the 1906 expedition, then the Notebook date of composition--cited above--is wrong. For according to the Journal (1906) the expedition did not get started (i.e. leave Ottawa) until May 22. There is, moreover, no mention in either the

Journal (1905) or the Journal (1906) of the telling of the story to Scott. (This latter fact, however, means little since neither journal makes any reference whatsoever to Scott's writing poetry.) Possibly Scott dated the poem long after the event and his memory, in this case, did not serve him well.

2. Fain: eager.

6. (C.P. [rev.]) ring,

12. (Notebook orig.) . . . for ever gained . . .

13. (Notebook orig.) caused it [add.: all][an alternative to "it"--"his death"--is cancelled]

17. (Notebook orig.) Where [add.: the stroke of] his [add.: coward] [canc.: guilty?]

32. (B.C.P.) . . . ought never,

33. (C.P. [rev.]) forest,

34. (Notebook canc.) find (Notebook alt.) fare on

35. (Notebook canc.) Even (Notebook alt.) Sudden

36. (Notebook canc.) Sudden (Notebook alt.) For

39. (Notebook canc.) fringes (Notebook alt.) wastes

Dream Voyageurs (p. 135)

1899-1914 Notebook (92^{r}-92^{v}), V.B. (p. 19), L.L. (p. 44), P. (p. 223)

The Notebook is dated: "Crawfish Lake July 18.06". The Crawfish Lakes are located south-west of Cochrane, Ontario.

Title. (Notebook orig.) Voyaging Voyageurs

4. (Notebook orig.) . . . wild wood things . . .

12. (Notebook orig.) . . . vails of angelhood.

(V.B. & L.L.) . . . veils of angelhood,

In a letter to Pelham Edgar (Nov. 19, 1906, P.E.P.), Scott registered his reaction to the corruption of "vails" (an archaic word meaning "advantages" or "profits") to "veils": "Why did the printer change vails into veils in Dream Voyageurs? It was right in my proof."

Song (p. 136)

1899-1914 Notebook (80^{r}), V.B. (p. 20), F.C.G. (p. 89), L.L. (p. 45), P. (p. 287)

2. (Notebook canc.) mire (Notebook alt.) fret

(F.C.G.) . . . toil, and . . .

3. (F.C.G.) for ever

5. (F.C.G.) heart,)

6. (Notebook orig.) . . . flowers never wilt . . .

(F.C.G.) . . . wilt, but . . .

8. (Notebook canc.) the air (Notebook alt.) morn

10. (Notebook orig.) And the . . .

Ecstasy (p. 136)

1899-1914 Notebook (96^{v}), The Smart Set, Nov. 1906 (p. 160), V.B. (p. 21), L.L. (p. 46), O.C.L.(W.)(p. 21), P. (p. 179), O.C.L. (p. 138)

The Notebook is dated: "Split Rock Portage 12.8.06". Split Rock Portage is located south of Lake Nipigon, on the Nipigon River.

2. (S.S.) springs;

3. (S.S.) light -

(O.C.L.[W.] & O.C.L.) . . . in light,

6. (Notebook orig.) . . . light of the air,

(S.S.) air;

(O.C.L.) air.

7. (Notebook orig.) . . . by day or by night

(S.S.) . . . night, in the light,

8. (Notebook orig. & S.S.) Sing there - sing there.

On a Portrait of Judge Haliburton (p. 137)

Canadian Magazine, Dec. 1909 (p. 187)

Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865), a lawyer and judge by profession, was a Nova Scotia writer, best known for his satirical sketches, The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville (1836), a book which was reprinted in many editions and which was followed by a second and third series of Clockmaker books, in 1838 and 1840 respectively.

After holding rather liberal views in his youth, Haliburton became, on his appointment to the bench, increasingly tory, eventually propagandizing in favour of an Imperial federation of Great Britain and her colonies. Scott's epigraph is taken from Haliburton's two-volume work, Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or, What He Said, Did or Invented (London, 1853).

The full text reads: "It shouldn't be England and her colonies,

but they should be integral parts of one great whole--all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market, from Hong-Kong to Labrador" (II, 222).

4. thills: shafts, long pieces of wood between which a horse is hitched to a vehicle.

10. darkness . . .: the idea of Imperial federation was advocated by Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia around the time of the publication of Sam Slick's Wise Saws (1853); the idea was later revived towards the end of the century and was dropped a few years before the publication of Scott's poem on Haliburton.

12-14. Cf. Scott's earlier poem, "Canada to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall," 11. 22-24.

Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris (p. 139)

1911-1916 Notebook (34^{v}-40^{v}, 44^{r}-47^{v}, 49^{v}, 53^{r}-53^{v}), L.E.M., L.L. (p. 179), C.P. (p. 143), C.S.S. (p. 125), P. (p. 141)

The Notebook MS is not dated. However, a reference to the early composition of the poem can be found in a letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar (Dec. 7, 1913, P.E.P.): "I'm putting together some lines of reminiscence of Eddie Morris which so far as they have gone interest me and are curious in a way. When I get them done you shall see them to disapprove perhaps?" The

composition of the "Lines" must have taken a while - according to E. K. Brown, it was "written in the winter of 1913-1914" ("Memoir," p. xxvi) - for the poem which follows it in the Notebook ("Louvain") is dated Aug. 23, 1914.

"Lines" made its first appearance as a sixteen-page pamphlet (L.E.M.), privately printed by Scott in July 1915. The month of publication can be ascertained from three letters (all in the P.E.P.). On June 29, 1915, Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar: "I am sending you a proof in page form of the lines [sic] in memory of Edmund Morris. The printer offered to do this for me, and I thought I might as well print it for private circulation, but I will hold it back until you have an opportunity of reading it at the Arts and Letters Club. . . . Will you look through it for me, particularly the punctuation, and I would value your suggestions. You will notice that I mended some of the places you draw my attention to, and I have added some lines at the first which makes [sic] the trend of the poem clearer."

Edgar's reply must have been prompt for on July 10 Scott wrote to him: "I am greatly indebted for your letter of the 4th. [sic] July with your careful criticism of the 'Lines.' I immediately sat down and gave attention to your suggestions and send the results in a fresh proof . . . Would you let me have the proof back again as soon as possible as I do not want to keep the printer waiting."

The pamphlet was printed before the month was over, for on July 29 Scott wrote to Edgar: "I am sending you a dozen copies of the booklet. . . . There was some delay in finally printing them; this is the earliest moment that I could send them to you."

Edmund Morris (1871-1913) was a Canadian painter, noted for his portraits of Indians. He was also author of Portraits of the Aborigines of Canada and Notes on the Tribes (1909) and Art in Canada: The Early Painters (1911?). It is possible that the friendship between Morris and Scott began in the year 1906 when Morris accompanied the Scott treaty expedition for part of its journey through northern Ontario. According to Pelham Edgar, also a member of that expedition, "We returned to Biscotasing on Friday, July 20th, and entrained the same afternoon for Chapleau. Here we were joined by Mr. Edward [sic] Morris, who remained with us through the rest of the trip, and whom we left behind at Long Lake when we set out for home. For two months he lived constantly among the Indians, and the result is the most faithful and artistic collection which exists of Indian heads and typical scenes of their daily life" ("Twelve Hundred Miles by Canoe," Canada [London], 5 [1907], 331).

The earliest correspondence between Scott and Morris, which we have been able to uncover, dates from the year following the 1906 expedition. This correspondence (three letters in the Edmund Morris Letter Books, vol. 2, pp. 29-31, Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto) is evidence of the warm friendship which had

developed between the two artists. One of these letters, from Scott to Morris and dated April 6, 1907, is interesting enough to warrant partial quotation: "I repaired my lapse of memory by sending you a copy of the Magic House last week. (I did not notice how dirty the paper was until I trimmed the pages evidently it is a [piece?] that went thro the trip last summer!) I am highly delighted to hear that you have sold the Inds & I hope you got a good price for them. I wish we could have had them. If you ever get time to make one for me let it be Moonias [an Indian Chief at Fort Hope] or Old Betsy. I think the former [?] of the most impression but old Betsy is marvellous. . . . I am going abroad with my wife. Our present plan is to sail on Apl 18 from N.Y. . . . we have no definite plan except that we shall probably go to Spain for awhile - I wish you were coming too!"

In 1909 Morris was commissioned by the Saskatchewan and Alberta governments to do portraits of Indians in those provinces. It is quite possible that Scott was involved in arranging Morris' itinerary and in introducing him to Indians on the western Canadian reserves. (This is suggested in a letter, dated Jan. 22, 1965, from G. H. Gooderham to Morris' niece, Miss M. L. Cochrane; the letter [a copy?] is in the Gooderham papers, Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary.) If Scott did indeed introduce Morris to the Indians, he would probably have done so, in part at least, during the summer of 1910 when he and his wife are known to have taken their holiday in western Canada.

Since it is almost certainly this trip to which Scott alludes in "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" (see, for instance, ll. 98ff.), further information about it is in order. On May 22, 1910, Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.): "We have some thought of going west this summer. I can go if I want to, planning my own itinerary - either through to the coast or about the Alberta and Sask. [Indian] agencies - my wife has continued rather unwell and we are a little in doubt whether she could stand the trip and we are so very comfortable here in the summer that it seems a great exertion voyaging forth on the prairies. But it would make my work much more interesting to have some experience of western conditions." On Oct. 6, 1910 Scott wrote to Edgar from Ottawa (P.E.P.) that he had been "In Winnipeg on Sat. morning last" and that "Your last letter reached me in Sask. - I was on the wing from the fifteenth July into the other day." (A letter, dated Dec. 7, 1910, from Scott to W. D. Lighthall [W. D. Lighthall papers, McGill U.] also mentions the fact that Scott and his wife spent the summer of 1910 in "the West and British Columbia.") Confirmation of Scott's 1910 trip to western Canada is to be found in an unsigned letter, dated Sept. 7, 1910, from the Blackfoot Indian Agency, Gleichen, Alberta to the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa (the letter can be found in the Records of the Indian Affairs Branch, RG 10, Vol. 1155, National Archives, Ottawa). The letter reports that Scott arrived at Gleichen on the 24th of August and "left for the East" on the 27th.

For evidence of Morris' presence in western Canada during

the summer of 1910, see the Regina Morning Leader, July 15, 1910, p. 1. The news item in question, dispatched from Brandon, Manitoba on July 14, reported that Edmund Morris would be in Regina "during fair week to get some of the true types of Sioux." If Morris was, then, in Saskatchewan in the latter half of July, it is probable that he met Scott at about that time and/or shortly afterwards--in early August.

The encounters between Morris and Scott in the summers of 1906 and 1910 (there may have been others of which we are unaware) cemented a friendship which was largely based, we can assume, on their common interest in the Indians and, as well, on Scott's interest in painting. (It appears that among Scott's collection of art-works were some paintings by Morris; see the reference to the latter's "Monias" in the letter, cited above, from Gooderham to Cochrane.) However, the immediate cause behind the composition of "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" was Morris' sudden and untimely death (by drowning, off Portneuf, Quebec) on Aug. 21, 1913.

After its initial appearance in pamphlet form in 1915, "Lines" was included in its entirety the following year in L.L. A fragment--ll. 80-87--was later published as a separate poem in C.S.S. (p. 125). The text consists of a reproduction of a holograph MS, untitled and dated: "Apl 18-'18". The MS itself is, to the best of our knowledge, no longer extant. The C.P. text is fragmentary, containing only ll. 224 to the end.

1-2. (Notebook canc.)

Dear M - how shall I answer
Your letter seems [?] & ghostly

5. I went away: a letter, dated Oct. 6, 1913, from Scott to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.) reveals that Scott had left Nantucket on Sept. 9; he was probably, therefore, in the Massachusetts town at the time of Morris' death on Aug. 21.

6. Isle of Orleans: an island in the St. Lawrence River, above Quebec City, in the vicinity of which Morris drowned.

15. (Notebook canc.) Dots and dashes

(Notebook alt.) Cuniform

Cuneiform: the wedge-shaped writing of ancient Mesapotamia.

Chaldaic: of an ancient Mesapotamian tribe.

18. inditing: composing (a letter or poem).

22. Touchwood Hills: a group of hills in central Saskatchewan.

25. Phimister Proctor: A. Phimister Proctor (1862-1950) was an Ontario-born American sculptor who became a member of the Canadian Art Club, of which Morris was a founder (see Newton MacTavish, The Fine Arts in Canada, p. 71, and Melvin O. Hammond, Painting and Sculpture in Canada, p. 36.).

34. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 34:

That usually ends in finding
< >
Our moments were always fine
[Captured?] suddenly from life on the [wing?]

39. (Notebook orig.) But how long ago it seems

49. The following, cancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after l. 49:

When you and I are forgotten

53. The asterisks after l. 53 (and similarly after lines 87, 130, 193, 223 and 263) are part of the copy-text and do not signify editorial emendations.

59. (L.E.M.) dawn

64-65. There is no stanza division here in the L.E.M. and L.L. texts.

70. (L.E.M.) tremour

72. (Notebook orig.) The very [canc.: earliest] moment preconscious: in a letter to Pelham Edgar (July 10, 1915, P.E.P.), Scott wrote: "'The preconcious [sic] moment'. This is exactly what I mean. As a matter of fact these two lines are doubtful, but I think I will let them stand."

76. Titian: an Italian Renaissance painter (c. 1477-1576) whose works are famous for their splendid colours.

80. (C.S.S.) thing

81. (C.S.S.) light

82. (C.S.S.) . . . in venturing

83. (C.S.S.) night

84. (C.S.S.) afar

85. (C.S.S.) astray

86. (Notebook orig.) And God gave her [alt.: commanded] a silver star

(C.S.S.) star

87. (C.S.S.) way

91. Crowfoot's grave: on July 10, 1915 Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar (P.E.P.): "Crowfoot was a celebrated Blackfoot Chief and was buried on the top of a hill in sight of the Blackfoot Crossing at his last camping place, which Morris marked with a circle of stones." In his memoir, "I Remember - Artists, Writers and Others" (TS., 1971, Gooderham papers, Glenbow-Alberta Institute, Calgary), G. H. Gooderham remarks that "on one of [Scott's] visits to the Blackfoot Reserve I took him to see land marks which Morris had made when he was doing portraits of Indians in 1909. The Indians had shown him the spot where Chief Crowfoot had died and he had marked it with a ring of large stones. The Chief had passed away in his tepee which had been set up on the edge of the high east bank of the Bow River at his request. He could look across the river to the site of the signing of Treaty 7"(p. 15). Though Gooderham was not appointed Indian Agent on the Blackfoot Reserve until 1920, his father held the same position in the summer of 1910 when Scott is known to have visited the Reserve and when Gooderham himself was at home "due to ill health" (TS., p. 1). It is interesting that Crowfoot's grave had been marked with stones--probably by his fellow Indians--many years before Morris' arrival: "From each of the four corners of the enclosure was a string of stones extending a considerable distance down the hill. Probably

these strings of stones pointed to the four points of the compass" ("Crowfoot's Grave," The Canadian Indian [Owen Sound, Ont.], 1[1891], 294).

96. Napiw: a mythological figure of the Blackfoot Indians; Melvin H. Dagg points out that "To the Blackfoot . . . [Napiw] is 'Old Man,' the creator of life" and that he "marked out his being in the precise manner in which Morris, and poetically, Scott, encircled Crowfoot's tepee, with stones" ("Scott and the Indians," The Humanities Association Bulletin, 23 (1972), 5, 6); the name occurs in Amelia M. Paget's The People of the Plains ("The Blackfeet know him as Napiw, or Old Man" [p. 165]), a book to which Scott contributed an introduction; for an extended discussion of Napiw (or Napi), see George Bird Grinnel, Blackfoot Lodge Tales: The Story of a Prairie People, pp. 256ff.

98. (Notebook canc.) joy (Notebook alt.) weirdness
well I recall: the "evening" recalled here (assuming that the event really took place) was probably in late July or early August of 1910.

99. (Notebook canc.) day (Notebook alt.) evening
Qu'Appelle: a town in south-central Saskatchewan, to the west of Sakimay's Reserve (see note to l. 100).

100. Sakimay: then chief of the Sakimay Indian Reserve (no. 74), located at the western end of Crooked Lake, Saskatchewan, about seventy-eight miles east of Regina; for an official

reference see the Description and Plans of Certain Indian Reserves in the Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories (1889): "Name of Chief 'Sakimay' (Mosquito)" (p. 26).

102. kinnikinick: according to the Handbook of American Indians North of Superior, ed. F. W. Hodge, kinnikinick is an "Indian preparation of tobacco, sumac leaves, and the inner bark of a species of dogwood, used for smoking by the Indians. . . .The word . . . is derived from one of the Cree or Chippewa dialects of Algonquian. The literal signification is, 'what is mixed'" (p. 692).

112-20. This narrative of the raid and stealing of horses appears to be based, albeit loosely, upon a tale in Amelia M. Paget's The People of the Plains. In the latter version, the warriors, far from being lured to their destruction, are rescued by the leader of the raid; Paget's version, moreover, contains no element of the fantastic, e.g. ghosts. If the tale was indeed a "legend" ("Lines," l. 109), it is possible, though extremely coincidental, that Scott heard one version from Sakimay after having read a different version in Paget's book (published in 1909).

119. (Notebook orig.) He drove the wildest stallion

134. Ne-Pah-Pee-Ness: there is a reproduction of Morris' portrait of Ne-Pah-Pee-Ness, a Saulteaux Indian, in Morris' Portraits

of the Aborigines of Canada and Notes on the Tribes (portrait no. 12). The reproduction is accompanied by the following note: "Night Bird, Nepahpenais - Cowesis Band, Saskatchewan, some time chief, now seventy-four, was formerly employed by the Hudson Bay Company, journeying many miles with freight. At eighteen he went on the warpath and was afterwards in seven battles; once, fighting the Sioux in Dakota, his party of forty-six were surrounded by about seven hundred of the enemy, for two days they held out and managed to escape. Another time the Sioux descended on his tribe and stole two hundred horses." Morris says in Portraits of the Aborigines that "the portraits of this tribe [the Saulteaux, among whom was Nepahpenais] were painted in 1908" (p. 8). The pamphlet itself, moreover, was published in 1909. It would appear, therefore, that the event recalled by Scott ("I remember well a day . . .") took place in 1908. However, we have no evidence of a meeting between Scott and Morris in the year 1908. It is possible, though unlikely, that the "Nepahpenais" whose portrait appears in Portraits of the Aborigines is not the "Ne-Pah-Pee-Ness" referred to in "Lines"; unlikely because the portrait does fit the description in "Lines": the subject's coat does appear to be beaded and his head is bare (the "mottled fan," however, is not visible, nor, for that matter, are the subject's hands in which the fan would have been held).

145. (L.E.M.) go'".

147. (Notebook canc.) your (Notebook alt.) the

179. (Notebook orig.) unruly (Notebook alt.) tranquil

189. (Notebook orig.) A light star was born in the chalet

199. (Notebook canc.) rendered (Notebook alt.) sullied

201. (Notebook canc.) . . . that unity (Notebook alt.) . . . the power

208. (L.E.M.) floresence

217. (Notebook orig.) While the Life rhythm [canc.: the work] goes on. Where is the end

225. Akoose: Edmund Morris painted a portrait of Akoose; a reproduction can be seen in Morris' Portraits of the Aborigines (portrait no. 13). The reproduction is accompanied by the following note: "Man Standing Above Ground, Acoose [sic]--Sakimay Band, Saskatchewan. He is now [1908] sixty-one. His father, who is part French, lives at the age of one hundred and three, kept by the priests. Acoose used to be the fleetest of the Saulteaux. Once at Moose Mountain he fell in with nine deer, his bullets had slipped from his pocket, so he ran them down the first day and drove them sixty miles to his camp at Goose Lake, then killed them: this gave him renown in his tribe. He also used to compete with the whites in races, always outrunning them, and his son lately ran in Winnipeg" (p. 9). There is also a reference to Akoose and to his legendary hunting of the

antelope in Amelia M. Paget's The People of the Plains: "There is at the present time an Indian, Akoose, at the Crooked Lakes Agency in Saskatchewan, on Sakimay's (Mosquito) Reserve, who in the year 1884 ran after seven jumping deer from Moose Mountain to a point where the present agency buildings at Crooked Lakes stand. He had exhausted his ammunition at Moose Mountain, and the only place where he could obtain a further supply was at the Hudson's Bay Company's post on the reserve. Here he got more powder and ball for an old-fashioned but highly prized muzzle-loading gun, and killed all the deer, after a run of nearly a hundred miles. This Indian comes of a well known family of runners and hunters; his father being one of the very oldest Indians alive, at this time (1907) aged 102" (p. 87).

230ff. There are letters which make reference to Akoose in the Records of the Indian Affairs Branch (RG10, Black Series, vol. 3573, file 136G and vol. 3939, file 121, 698-8), National Archives, Ottawa. However these letters do not go beyond the year 1911. Therefore it is probable that Akoose died sometime between this date and 1913 when "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" was begun. Whether or not his actual death was in the manner described in "Lines" remains uncertain. On the one hand, Scott's description mentions no witnesses (so how could anyone have known how he died?); on the other hand, the fact that so many allusions in the

poem are factual makes us hesitate to call Scott's description of Akoose' death fictional. Perhaps his death became legendary and Scott somehow learned of it.

231. (L.E.M.) teepees

232. (L.E.M., L.L., C.P.) great grandchildren

237. (C.P.) prowess,

239. Last Mountain Lake: a lake about 25 miles north-west of Regina.

242. (Notebook canc.) thought (Notebook alt.) fancy

257. (Notebook orig.) . . . from the far barren lands

Red Deer: a river in southern Alberta; also a river in east-central Saskatchewan.

264. (Notebook orig.) . . . must think . . .

278. (Notebook orig.) . . . essence of it all

281. (C.P. [rev]) . . . fire, and . . .

282. (Notebook orig.) . . . flame with promise . . .

Threnody (p. 146)

B.P. (p. [1])

A threnody is a dirge or elegy, a song of lamentation.

4. they: the soldiers who fought on the Allied side during the First World War.

13. St. Julien: see headnote to "To the Canadian Mothers 1914-1918".

14. Flanders: an area in southern Belgium where heavy fighting took place during the First World War.

Lundy's Lane and Other Poems

The earliest reference to the publication of L.L. is in a letter, dated Jan. 22, 1916 (B.P./O.) from the Toronto publishing firm of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart to Scott: "We agree . . . to bring out the volume of the new Poems at our own expense and to pay you a royalty of 10% on the published price."

The background of this offer to publish L.L. is to be found in a letter, dated Jan. 24, 1916 (P.E.P.) from Scott to Pelham Edgar: "Messrs. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart still continue to bother me about the volume of poems . . . they say they are willing to bring out a volume of work not before published in book form, to secure English and United States publishers.

If I made a selection it would be a small one and you would have to help me do it. They want it early in February as Mr. McClelland of the firm is going to England. . . . You were not very enthusiastic about this firm, but they have followed the thing up and seem to be determined to do it."

The following letter, from Scott to Edgar, Feb. 11, 1916, (P.E.P.), implies that Edgar suggested the title of the new book and that he had a say in the selection of the poems: "I would have no objection to calling the book 'The Battle of Lundy's Lane and Other Poems'. I really think the commercial standpoint should be considered. This would involve rearranging the poems, would it not? I do not think I would name any special section 'The Closed Door', but just let the poems you mentioned stand in any order

we decide upon. I will keep the general dedication, but I want your name to be associated with Via Borealis [V.B. was included in its entirety in L.L.]. I will certainly adopt your suggestions. Surely you are not going to let me off so easily? I thought you would throw out some of the lyrics. I will try to get better lines for those that you have designated."

In another letter to Edgar, May 1, 1916, (P.E.P.), Scott enclosed the draft of a contract between himself and his publisher: "You will remember our conversation in their office when they agree [sic] to give me 10% on the first 2,000, and 15% on any number sold over 2,000 . . . of course, it is understood that I am to be supplied with proofs for correction." Scott's publisher, McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, acceded to his wish in this matter, informing Scott on June 29, 1916 (B.P./O.) that "We sent you the other day, galley proofs and proofs of the pages of 'Lundy's Lane' and other poems for your final reading. . . . We shall be glad to have you pass the proofs and advise if there is any further material you wish to add to the volume."

Although McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart had promised, as Scott's letter of Jan. 24 (see above) indicates, "to secure English and United States publishers" for L.L., they only secured the latter. This was the New York firm of George H. Doran, which had the book printed in the United States and simultaneously distributed, in September 1916, under two different imprints in the United States and Canada. (Collation of the Canadian and

American issues of L.L. reveals that the texts are, save for the title-pages, identical.)

The fact that the American publisher was Doran can perhaps be best understood in view of the fact that George Doran, head of the firm, was a native-born Canadian who had originally established his business in Toronto (see George H. Doran, Chronicles of Barabbas, pp. 35 and 283). (Doran was later to co-publish, in association with McClelland and Stewart, Scott's second collection of short stories, The Witching of Elspie [1923].)

The title-pages of the Canadian and American issues of L.L. read, respectively, as follows:

Lundy's Lane / and Other Poems / By / Duncan Campbell Scott / Author of "The Magic House," "In the Village / of Viger," etc., / McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart / Publishers :: :: :: :: Toronto

Lundy's Lane / and Other Poems / By / Duncan Campbell Scott / Author of "The Magic House," "In the Village / of Viger," etc., etc. / [device] / New York / George H. Doran Company

The verso of the title-page (in both the Canadian and American issues) reads:

Copyright, 1916, / By GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY / Printed in the United States of America

The Battle of Lundy's Lane (p. 148)

1899-1914 Notebook (103^{v}-110^{r}), TS., The Christmas Globe, Dec. 1908, p. 21, H.G. (p. 7), L.L. (p. 13), P. (p. 336)

The TS. consists of four leaves, located in the W. D. Lighthall Papers, McGill University Library. At the top of the first leaf is the hand-written notation: "Given me by D. C. / Scott, Jany 1909. / W.D.L." (The initials refer to William Douw Lighthall.)

The Christmas Globe was a magazine published by The Globe newspaper of Toronto for the Christmas season. In 1908 the magazine held a poetry competition which was won by Scott for his poem, "The Battle of Lundy's Lane." Information about this event is contained in a letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar (July 19, 1908, P.E.P.): "I hesitated long before sending in the ballad, it was not until the time was nearly up that I decided to let it go. but [sic] I wanted the $100 that was the truth of it. After you left I had a complete new roof put on my house and that cost $250 and I had to make the money somehow so to adventure with the ballad on the uncertain seas of a competition seemed one way of chance that might produce a moiety. I hesitated particularly as I thought you might perchance be one of the judges and I did not want to place you and myself in that position as you had heard the thing, but in reflection I thought you would not likely be bothered by the Globe in such a way. For that kind of a piece I think pretty well of it but there are places which are bad and must be improved before the end comes for improving.

When I publish it in a book I shall have added a few lines which will make the development more natural and logical." (Note: The Christmas Globe text differs only in a few insignificant details from later published versions of the poem.)

The H.G. text bears the following note at the end of the poem: "Lundy's Lane was a historic battle of the campaign of 1814. It was fought on July 25 on a road now in the City of Niagara Falls, Ont., between an American force under first General Scott and then General Jacob Brown, and a British and Canadian force under General Riall. The fight continued into the night and resulted with little gain to either side. The British, however, took the ground upon which the fight took place."

Evidence that Scott was unsure as to when to set the time of narration can be found in the variants for the character heading: the Notebook reads: "1813-37" ("40" is cancelled) and the TS. reads: "1862". H.G. has the character heading: "1852.- Rufus Gale speaks:".

The L.L. and P. texts are dated "1908" at the end.

1. (TS.) . . . In the Lincoln . . .
2. (TS.) . . . Its many the year . . . delve,
3. (TS. orig.) But I haven't forgotten the charge that we made at Street's Creek,

   (TS. alt.) But those are the years I remember as the brightest years of all

4. (TS. orig.) Or how we turned out once more when we'd hardly been home a week;

   (TS. alt.) When we left the plough in the farrow to follow the bugles [sic] call.

5. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 5:

   There were more of us killed right there at the [?]
   Than the Charge of the Light Brigade

   (TS.) Why . . . boy Abner . . . men:-

6. (TS.) . . . Sir"; . . . then;

10. (TS.) . . . ready at . . .

    (H.G.) . . . hill of Lundy's . . .

11. (TS.) Two to one they were and we . . .

14. (TS.) Eighty Ninth

15. (TS., Christmas Globe, L.L.) flag;-

    This line is omitted in H.G.

17. A new stanza begins here in the TS., Christmas Globe and L.L. texts. The presence of a new stanza at l. 17 is obscured in P. by the fact that l. 17 is at the top of the page.

19. (TS., Christmas Globe, H.G.) eyes,

20. (TS.) . . . fire; - - groans and cheers

    (H.G.) . . . fire-groans . . .

21. (TS.) And then in the sound and fury . . .

23. (TS.) free,

26. (TS.) . . . as if there by my side

    (H.G.) vein

27. (TS.) Valour

30. (TS.) . . . strange swift . . .

31. (TS.) thunder.

32. (TS.) The long slow roar of Niagara; . . .

(Christmas Globe & H.G.) Niagara;

34. (TS.) us,

(H.G.) . . . us desperately stroke . . .

35. (Notebook canc.) victor (Notebook alt.) master

38. (TS.) Mills

41. (Notebook canc.) dawn was red

42. (Notebook orig.) . . . place where we . . .

(TS.) there

44. (TS.) fight;

47. (TS.) . . . there, there . . .

49. (TS.) . . . I'm as solid . . .

A new stanza begins here in the TS. and H.G. versions.

50. (TS.) shock.

52. (H.G.) brow.

53. (TS.) That

(Christmas Globe) him:

56. (TS.) your

57. (TS.) night,

59. (TS.) . . . got to go

(Christmas Globe) go,

(H.G.) . . . he . . . go,

(L.L. & P.) go;

We prefer the punctuation of the Christmas Globe and H.G. versions at 11. 59-60 because it best corresponds to the sense of the passage: "I've got to go" is obviously addressed to "Mother."

60. (Christmas Globe & H.G.) Mother;

(TS., L.L., P.) Mother

See the note to 1. 59.

61. (TS.) Oh,

62. In the Notebook the following uncancelled line is to be found after 1. 62:

> With a mad look in her eyes she'd sit as still as stone
> & again she would talk by the hour whether with me or
> alone

(TS.) . . . this . . . knew . . .

63. (TS.) joy

64. (TS.) boy!

65. (H.G.) . . . hands - her . . .

69. (TS.) way: - -

71. (TS.) . . . thank you . . . 'twas you . . . obeyed,

(H.G.) . . . You, kindly . . . obeyed:

72. (TS.) afraid,

(H.G.) . . . fight, and . . .

73. (TS.) . . . battle, you . . . Lane

(H.G.) Lane.

74. (TS.) well!

(H.G.) . . . would only answer . . .

(L.L.) well!"

76. In the H.G. version there is a stanza division between lines 75 and 76.

78. (TS.) wind.

(H.G.) drip - dropped

79. (TS.) flower

80. (TS.) right

81. (TS.) then

82. (H.G.) There - it's . . .

83. (TS.) life

The TS., Christmas Globe, H.G. and L.L. versions all have a stanza division between lines 82 and 83. P. does not--as a result, we believe, of a typographical error. A new stanza is very appropriate at this point in the poem: the dialogue has come to an end and the speaker reflects on the battle.

84. (TS.) strife:

85. (H.G.) . . . flashes by fire . . .

88. (TS., Christmas Globe, H.G.) part.

89. (TS. & H.G.) white;

90. (TS.) . . . it we thought from . . .

91. (TS.) do,

92. (TS.) . . . hundred, hundred lads . . .

94. (TS., Christmas Globe, H.G.) day;

95. (TS.) . . . haggard wrack,

96. (TS.) Jack,

97. (TS.) WHY tell them a hundred, thousand . . .

(H.G.) Why, tell . . .

Meditation at Perugia (p. 150)

1899-1914 Notebook (70^{v}-72^{v}), University Magazine, April 1907 (p. 152), L.L. (p. 49), P. (p. 131)

The composition of this poem is referred to in a letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar (Feb. 4, 1905, P.E.P.): "I wrote a sonnet the other day - and a piece of eight stanzas called Meditation at Perugia which I think is pretty good."

In another letter to Edgar (Feb. 23, 1905, P.E.P.), Scott discussed the meaning of the poem: "At the root of everything is mystery. Science explains but leaves the root-mystery untouched. Poetry illuminates this mass of knowledge and by inspiration will eventually reach the core of the mystery before Science. This is I suppose too visionary. The poem I wrote about is strangely enough along these lines, and I would like to get it into shape to show it to you. I mean the one called Meditation at Perugia."

Perugia is a city in central Italy. According to Pelham Edgar (TS., c. 1924, P.E.P., p. 15) Scott visited England, France and Italy in 1904.

Title. (U.) At Perugia

2. Umbrian: Umbria is the region in which the city of Perugia is located.

3. (Notebook orig.) Spello is touched . . .

Trevi: a town south-east of Perugia.

5. (Notebook canc.) Trevi (Notebook alt.) Spello

Spello: a town south-east of Perugia but north of Trevi.

6. St. Francis: Saint Francis of Assisi (c. 1181-1226), founder of the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church; he was a man famed for his humility, charity, love of poverty and of nature.

7. Assisi: the town, east of Perugia, where St. Francis was born.

8. (U.) . . . many years . . .

10. Wound called life: Saint Francis suffered several long and painful illnesses throughout his life.

13. Sultan: Saint Francis journeyed to Egypt in 1219, during the Fifth Crusade, and preached to the Sultan of Egypt.

Iberian: i.e. Spanish; Saint Francis may have visited Spain in 1213-14.

15-21. Scott's juxtaposition of an untroubled past with an insecure present recalls Matthew Arnold's similar strategy in "The Scholar-Gypsy."

15. (Notebook canc.) Wider

16. (Notebook orig.) Deeper (Notebook alt.) Wider

22. (Notebook orig.) Or full of dreams . . .

28. (Notebook orig.) Till common . . .

30. (Notebook canc.) be itself (Notebook alt.) charm

ether: according to an obsolete theory of physics, a medium which permeates all space; in Aristotle, the rarefied element which makes up the heavenly bodies and fills the upper regions of space; here used in a figurative sense.

44. (U.) quest,

45. (U.) West.

In a letter to Pelham Edgar (April 3, 1907, P.E.P.), Scott made it clear that the U. variants in lines 44 and 45 were incorrect: "Did you see D.C.S.'s lines in the U. Mag. (last verse wrongly punctuated)."

46. The Notebook MS gives "resurgent" as an alternative to "undying."

At William MacLennan's Grave (p. 151)

1899-1914 Notebook (77^{v}-79^{v}), TS., Canadian Magazine, Dec. 1906 (p. 151), L.L. (p. 53), P. (p. 160)

The Notebook is dated: "Mar 11 - [19]06".

The TS., consisting of two leaves, is in the Library of McGill University.

William McLennan (1856-1904) was a Montreal writer who drew for his material upon the history and traditions of Quebec. Among his works are: Songs of Old Canada (1886), As Told to His Grace and Other Short Stories (1891), Spanish John (1898), In Old France and New (1899) and (in collaboration with Jean McIlwraith) The Span o'Life: a Tale of Louisbourg and Quebec (1899).

Scott may have met McLennan through the intercession of E. W. Thomson. See the letter, dated Oct. 3, 1896 (L.T.L., p. 20), in which Thomson urges Archibald Lampman, as well as Scott, to call upon McLennan in Montreal. Both McLennan and Scott were elected in 1899 to the Royal Society of Canada.

In his essay, "Wayfarers," included in C.A., Scott wrote that McLennan's grave ("Mc" is the correct spelling, not "Mac") is in "the new Protestant Cemetery [in Florence] on the Strada Senese not far from the Certosa del Galluzzo" (p. 104) and that his poem was "written to his memory after an earlier visit, many years ago, when I stood by the grave of my friend and remembered him" (p. 105).

According to Pelham Edgar (TS., c. 1924, P.E.P., p. 15) Scott visited England, France and Italy in 1904. Since McLennan died on July 28, 1904 Scott's visit to Florence must have taken place after that date.

The periodical text of the poem has a note appended to the (asterisked) title: "The last days of William MacLennan, poet and novelist, were spent in Italy seeking ease from suffering. Under those sunny skies, far from the Canada he loved, he breathed his last. The magnificent legacy of song and story which he has left us, must be our solace."

In the L.L. version the second line of every stanza is indented.

1. (TS.) Here,

2. This line is indented in C. (and in L.L.--see above).

4. This line is indented in the TS.

5. (TS.) snow,-

7. (TS. & C.) Florence dreaming afar,

9. (TS. & C.) Murmurs

10. (TS. & C.) certosa

Certosa: the Certosa del Galluzzo, a Carthusian monastery to the south-west of Florence.

16. Arno's: the Arno is a river which bisects Florence.

18. (TS. & C.) With blood and tears.

20. (TS.) long

26. (TS.) With LaSalle and Champlain and Duluth,

LaSalle: René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de LaSalle (1643-1687), French explorer of North America.

Champlain: Samuel de Champlain (c. 1570-1635), French explorer of North America.

Duluth: Daniel Greysolon Dulhut (or "Duluth")(c. 1639-1710), French fur-trader and explorer of North America.

27. (TS. orig.) [canc.: And][alt: La] Verandrye

(C.) And La Vèrandrye,-

La Vérandrye: Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérandrye (1685-1749), who with his sons explored the central plains of North America.

30. (Notebook orig.) memories

34. (TS.) Death,- . . . deeds

38. (TS., C., L.L.) Bid the flame . . .

40. (C.) . . . the dust afar,

42. (TS.) behest:"

43. (TS.) names,

(C., L.L., P.) names

We prefer the TS. variant because it clarifies the sense of the passage.

51. (Notebook canc.) lizards sleep [alt.: creep]

(Notebook alt.) roses are

(TS. & C.) are,-

52. (Notebook canc.) . . . his . . . his

In the TS. this line is indented.

The Wood-Spring to the Poet (p. 153)

1899-1914 Notebook (94^{v}-96^{r}, 97^{r}-97^{v}), L.L. (p. 56), P. (p. 127)

Scott refers to the composition of the poem in a letter, dated July 19, 1908 (P.E.P.), to Pelham Edgar: "Hardly had you gone away when I had improved all those things in the poems we discussed but I have been too indifferent since to copy them and send them to you. I think you would see I have bettered them - I have a really good ending now for 'The Wood Spring to the Poet'."

20-21. The water surges up in the spring to form a bevelled, i.e. sloped, surface which appears to "break" at the point where the water runs off.

28. (Notebook canc.) but (Notebook alt.) and

52. (Notebook alt.) Victory

palm green bays: a wreath awarded in antiquity to the victor in war or elsewhere.

64. Prelusive: introductory, of the nature of a prelude.

69-71. (Notebook orig.)

> And when they faint to see the spell
> Clear their wild eyes to see the color
> Fading-fading-fading

74. manna: the food miraculously supplied to the Israelite tribes in their journey through the wilderness (see Exodus, xvi); more generally, divinely supplied nourishment.

75. (Notebook orig.) Gathered from air

The manna (see l. 74) seemed to materialize from nowhere.

82. Helve: to furnish with a helve--the handle of a tool or weapon.

89. (Notebook orig.) . . . of world

93. (Notebook orig.) . . . mantle curled

105. tarn: a small steep-banked mountain lake or pool.

burn: a brook or rivulet (Scottish dialect).

The November Pansy (p. 155)

1911-1916 Notebook (17^{r}-23^{r}), TS., L.L. (p. 63), P. (p. 52)

The Notebook MS, dated "Dec 1 - [19]12" (p. [22^{r}]), consists of a rough draft in which the stanzas appear in the order--9, 10, 3, 4, 5, 8, 1, 2, 6--and a fairer draft in which the stanzas appear in the order--1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 6, 7 and one stanza--

numbered "8"--which was omitted from the final version. Scott was referring to the rough draft when he wrote to Pelham Edgar (Feb. 6, 1913, P.E.P.): "Many thanks for your criticism on the pansy poem--the first verse was written last--the real first verse is in the middle somewhere."

The TS., consisting of one leaf in the P.E.P., is fragmentary, containing only stanzas 6 - 10.

1-7. (Notebook orig.)

One single bloom that the dull light receives
Upon her fragile crest, virginal fair;
Half perished in the chill autumnal air
She will not so be daunted, yet she grieves;
The early frost
Has tried her roots and nipped her tender leaves
[canc.: And] seared her [add.: gold] petals, all
with gold embossed
[alt.: half her charm is lost]

8. (Notebook orig.) Herself the . . .

14. (L.L.) The rain, the starlight . . .

35. (Notebook orig.)

To [canc.: that] herd [canc: feeds; alt:feed] her goats
[alt: kids] around [canc: within, about] her ruined
[canc.: ?] palace

36. (Notebook canc.) autumn's weather

39. (Notebook orig.) . . . prodigals in failure

41. (Notebook orig.) . . . may have . . .

48. (TS.) Even the . . .

50ff. The following stanza, subsequently omitted, is to be found in the Notebook MS:

The hero's thought goes up in stronger [canc.: clearer]
fire
The patriot's [?] takes a loftier plane
The artist's vision mounts without a stain
The martyr's [alt: hero's] faith is touched with holier
fire;
The lover's duty
Controlled & raised to a [canc.:?] supreme desire;
Pansies and poet's dreams grow [canc.: strong] clear
in beauty.

50. (TS.) fieff,

54. lea: pasture, meadow.

55. (TS.) Paradise

56. Islands of the Sea: perhaps a reference to the South Sea Islands which, when first discovered, seemed paradisial.

61. (TS.) mate;

62. (TS.) fills

65. (TS.) thousand-fold,

67. (Notebook canc.) like leaves

(Notebook alt.) tissues

(TS.) expand

70. (TS.) fern

The Height of Land (p. 157)

1911-1916 Notebook (29^{v}, [30^{v}?], 43^{r}-43^{v}, 55^{v}-58^{r}, 60^{r}-61^{v}), L.L. (p. 68), P. (p. 46)

In his essay, "D. C. Scott," Pelham Edgar wrote that "Some of [Scott's] poems have had a long germination in his mind. Two of these, that reveal much to us of his attitude towards life, are

'The Height of Land' and 'Fragment of a Letter.' The suggestion for these poems came during a long summer journey made in 1906 through our remote north country. [Edgar is alluding to the Treaty expedition--see the Introduction--through northern Ontario.] The first was written nine years and the second thirteen years after the prompting occasion" (Dalhousie Review, 7 [1927], 41). Edgar's words are corroborated by E. K. Brown: "The Height of Land" was "written in November, 1915 . . . an outcome of the great northern journeys of 1905 and 1906" ("Memoir," p. xxvi).

The title refers to the ridge which separates the waters flowing north into James Bay from those flowing south into Lake Superior. The Journal (1905) and Journal (1906) contain several references to a "height of land": see the entries for July 10, 1905 and May 31, June 11, July 13, Aug. 7, Aug. 10 and Aug. 11, 1906. Since the "height of land" is not one specific place but a reference to a portion of the topography of northern Ontario and since the poem does not give enough detailed information as to where it is set, it is impossible to identify with any certainty the location of the "height of land." However, if such an identification need be made (the symbolic aspects of the title are more important for an interpretation of the poem), the likeliest candidate would be that referred to in the Journal (1906) entry for Thursday May 31: "Made 28 miles to-day & are now at Height of Land 50 miles from Abitibi post. Water very muddy. Shores like Georgian Bay. Weather growing warmer. Still no flies. Rain at

night." This particular height of land was located about fifty miles south of (the Hudson's Bay trading post at) Lake Abitibi, which lies on the Ontario-Quebec border between latitudes 48 and 49 degrees. (For a map of the heights of land in Ontario, see D. G. Cartwright, "Institutions on the Frontier: French-Canadian Settlement in Eastern Ontario in the Nineteenth Century," The Canadian Geographer, 21 [1977], 6.)

5. The following cancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after 1. 5: The moon walks like a ghost

7. (L.L.) Ojibway

8. Potàn the Wise: the fact that this name also occurs in "Spring On Mattagami," lines 11, 14 and 31, suggests that there was an Indian guide by that name on Scott's 1906 journey through northern Ontario; the name, however, is not to be found in the Journal (1906).

10. Chees-que-ne-ne: there is a photograph of "Indian chief Cheesequini, [taken at] Chapleau [Ontario]" in Pelham Edgar's article on the 1906 journey, "Twelve Hundred Miles by Canoe. Flying Post and New Brunswick House," Canada (London), 5 (1907), 331. See also the entry for June 7 in the Journal (1906): "The Treaty is signed [at the Hudson's Bay Company post, Lake Abitibi] . . . Louis McDougall Jr. was the spokesman for the band & was very rapid. Signs his name in Roman. Also Antoine by dint of heavy sweat. Old Cheese [italics ours] makes his mark & two or three besides."

18. (Notebook canc.) an uncommunicable sense

27. (Notebook canc.) night after night

32. (Notebook canc.) on rocky islands

33. (L.L.) braken

34. (Notebook canc.) On a bare rocky island

(L.L.) blue-berry

41. (Notebook orig.) On my right [alt.: left] hand

43. targe: shield--the approximate shape of Hudson's Bay.

46. (Notebook canc.) left (Notebook alt.) right

(Notebook alt.) on the other hand

52. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 52:

> Is it a rift within the tissue of being
> A spray that lashes

53. (Notebook canc.) soul (Notebook alt.) part

63. (Notebook canc.) The [pool?] of bitter [song?] is troubled ancient . . . solitude: an allusion, perhaps, to a supernatural presence; more particularly, the allusion may be to "Kitche Manitou" (the Great Spirit; in Ojibway religion, the supreme supernatural being) who in the Ojibway cosmogony twice brought an end to the solitude of the "sky woman" or "spirit woman." See Basil Johnston, Ojibway Heritage, p. 13.

65. (Notebook orig.) [canc.: As if][alt.: &] the soul could [alt.: seems to] hear

68. (Notebook orig.) . . . broods in . . .

93. ancient . . . solitude: see the note to l. 63.

94. Stirs . . . potion: on one level, perhaps, a reference to the movement of the waters in the body of water ("water-meadow," l. 21) nearby; see the Notebook variant for l. 63.

114. (Notebook canc.) clear (Notebook alt.) strange

116. (Notebook orig.) And beautifies them with impermanence

121. eft-minded things: efts (small lizard-like animals, more commonly called "newts").

126. (Notebook orig.) . . . in his blanket [?] on . . .

130-31. law . . . atonement: through loving, man atones for the badness of his life; the idea does not seem to be derived from any particular source but seems, rather, to be a very generalized statement of the Christian doctrine of love prevailing, in the speaker's view at that, the "Christ-time" (l. 135).

139. (Notebook canc.) With the law of
(Notebook alt.) With

140. romaunt: romance (in the literary sense of the word).

141. (Notebook canc.) the morning of a day
(Notebook alt.) a morn of storm

143. The following cancelled lines appear in the Notebook, after l. 143: Domed in a silver mist & shot with

146. (Notebook orig.) . . . pulse and action

150. susurrus: a whispering sound.

151. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the

Notebook, after l. 151:

Shall we stand
With deeper joy with more complete emotion
Or with duller senses & < > heart
Filled with [alt.: by] a closer commune with
[canc.: of] divinity

152. The lack of a comma after "Life" slightly obscures the sense of the passage: "Life" is addressed and questioned as to whether "intuition" is the "measure of knowledge."

intuition . . . knowledge: this idea may be derived from the American philosopher, poet and essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Cf., for instance, this passage from Emerson's essay, "Self-Relieance": "The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed" (The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, II, 64). In a letter to E. K. Brown (July 24, 1947, E.K.B.P.) Scott revealed the influence that Emerson's "Self-Reliance" had had upon him: ". . . how much that essay meant to me forty years ago and I reread it with some profit at this date."

New Year's Night, 1916 (p. 160)

1911-1916 Notebook (58^{v}-59^{v}), L.L. (p. 77), P. (p. 304)

The Notebook is dated: "Nov 1915".

4. (Notebook canc.) She (Notebook alt.) Who

10. (L.L.) waters

11. (L.L.) heavens

20. (L.L.) men,

27. cere-cloth: cloth smeared with wax and used as a winding-sheet.

29. (Notebook canc.) dawn (Notebook alt.) ashes of sunlight

Fragment of an Ode to Canada (p. 161)

1911-1916 Notebook (3^{v}-8^{v}), Canada (London), Oct. 28, 1911 (p. 113), L.L. (p. 79), M.F.P., Aug. 9, 1918 (p. 13), and July 1, 1922 (p. 9), P. (p. 11)

The Notebook is dated: "Aug 1-10-[19]11". The L.L. and P. texts are dated: "August, 1911."

Regarding this poem Scott wrote to Pelham Edgar (Sept. 23, 1911, P.E.P.) that "it is far finer to discuss poetry - quite a lift from these dull routines. I am pleased that you thought as well of it and I think some of it is good. I note your feeling re the mixed blank verse and rhyme in the opening[.] I don't believe I can take that out now. I had difficulty with it as I wrote most of it last. (You know my methods of work) - perhaps your objection is to the presence of blank verse or rhyme associated in the poem as a whole. But there is no standard for an ode, is

there? I note the slip in stablishes / stablishest.

I have thought of making these rhymes singular nation) / elation) / obligation) / don't you think it an improvement? Now for Duchess and touches - you are quite right - D. and T. are not true rhymes at all . . . I must try and improve it - but how! The verse has a 'go' that I will probably destroy. Many thanks for your commendation and criticism - by this rule cometh perfection."

The poem was written on the occasion of the imminent arrival in Canada of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. (They disembarked at Quebec City on Oct. 13, 1911 and were in Ottawa the following day.) Sone of Queen Victoria and brother of the then-reigning King Edward VII, the Duke had been appointed Governor-General of Canada--a post which he held from 1911 to 1916.

The 1918 M.F.P. version of the poem contains only lines 1-6 and 55-63. The 1922 M.F.P. version contains only lines 1-6 and 41-54.

Title. (Canada) Ode of Welcome / To the Duke and Duchess of Connaught

1. The Canada version contains two initial stanzas unpublished elsewhere:

> Son of Victoria the well beloved,
> Brother of Edward the Peacemaker,
> Canada rises before thee with acclaim,
> Hails thee as Viceroy of the noble King
> Who in his person sums his forebears up,
> And brings to the test of his Imperial state
> The deep traditions of their polity,
> Their high restraint, their consecrate resolve
> To rule by righteousness.

This is thy land,
Through which from coast to coast a welcome runs,
From the Gulf water laving Natashkwan,
It sweeps with the sunlight
To deep Alberni, glutted by the Pacific;
From the imagined line that guards the South,
To the igloos by Mackenzie River's mouth,
And the far Arctic strand.

(Canada) . . . thy land:

The Canada, L.L. and M.F.P. (1918) versions are sharply indented at this line.

2. (M.F.P. [1918]) out stretched

(M.F.P. [1922]) delight;

5. (M.F.P. [1922) part,

20. In the Canada and L.L. versions a new stanza begins here.

24. (Canada) And, oh! . . .

36. (Canada) tranced

40. The Canada version contains three stanzas, following l. 40, unpublished elsewhere:

This is thy land, and thy loyal people
Toss their acclaim from tower and from steeple,
With the clash of bells and flutter of flags,
The boom of guns,
The roll of the drum,
The sound and movement that never lags,
As ever the sunlight westward runs,
Is Welcome!

There is but one feeling in all our hearts,
In the farms and the mines and the crowded marts,
And one glad word is sweeping and veering;
The roar that stuns,
And the under-hum
Of the shouting and the clamour and the cheering,
As ever the sunlight westward runs,
Is Welcome!

Hail to the Duke and the gracious Duchess,
Canada, hail them with merry touches
Of kindred warmth and the native rigour:
Bid the Royal ones
To their second Home,
With a gust of the true Canadian vigour,
As ever the sunlight westward runs,
Welcome!

41. (M.F.P. [1922]) nation,

42. (M.F.P. [1922]) elation,

44. (M.F.P. [1922]) obligation;

47. (Canada) inherit,

49. (Canada) . . . can strike, too, . . .

50. (M.F.P. [1922]) . . . Pride who . . .

52. (M.F.P. [1922]) mind

55. In the Canada and M.F.P. (1918) versions, a new stanza begins at this line. In the L.L. version this line is at the top of a page. In the P. version there is no stanza division between lines 54 and 55. It seems that the printers of P., using L.L. for their copy-text, did not realize that l. 55, heading a new page, was also at the head of a new stanza. We emend their error and restore the stanza division.

56. (M.F.P. [1918]) . . . out of all the Furies . . .

58. (M.F.P. [1918]) . . . young radiant . . .

Fantasia (p. 163)

1911-1916 Notebook (50^{v}-52^{r}), L.L. (p. 84), P. (p. 211)

The Notebook is variously dated: "Dreamed/April 29/[19]15"

(p. [50^{v}]) and "Apl 24 - [19]15" (p. [52^{r}]). The fair copy (pp. [51^{v}-52^{r}]) is entitled "A dream poem".

1. Samarcand: a city in central Asia which in the Middle Ages was on the trading route between Europe and the Orient.

14. nard: a rare, expensive ointment, more commonly known as "spikenard."

19. (Notebook orig,) In the crabbed [alt.: curst] Persian

26. (Notebook canc.) brazen balance

The Lover to His Lass (p. 163)

1899-1914 Notebook (99^{r}-100^{r}), Canadian Magazine, July 1913 (p. 292), L.L. (p. 86)

The Notebook is dated: "17.10.06 Thanksgiving Evening".

2. (Notebook canc.) Husband all the sunlight [canc: midnight] [alt.: darkness]

5. (C.) away!

6. (C.) voice,

7. (C.) away

8. (C.) old:

9. (C.) Felt

11. (Notebook orig.) Saw the angels [alt.: seraphs] . . .
(C.) Swift the seraphs gathered them,

12. (C.) In the rounds . . . thinned:

17. (C.) . . . it - now . . .

18. (C.) . . . it - now . . .

19. (C.) Nurtured it, and trained it,

21. (C.) . . . see! . . . garden;

22. (C.) Ah,

25. Aldebaran: a red star in the constellation of Taurus.

26. Betelgeux: a red star in the constellation of Orion.

29. (C.) O,

31. (C.) contrition,

The Ghost's Story (p. 164)

1899-1914 Notebook (13^{v}), Acta Victoriana, June 1902 (p. 420), L.L. (p. 90), P. (p. 237)

The Notebook is dated: "2.12.99".

1. (Notebook canc.) foot (Notebook alt.) step

2. (Acta) someone

3. (Acta) days,

5. (Notebook canc.) light (Notebook alt.) brisk

(Acta) . . . brisk, I said, . . .

6. (Acta) clear,

7. (Acta) come

8. (Notebook orig.) I would . . .

(Acta) I might . . .

9. The following cancelled stanza is to be found in the Notebook:

I sought the dark & eerie wood
Because under the shade
Beneath the quiet noise of pines
The footsteps never stayed

(Acta) well

10. (Acta) all;

12. (Acta) footfall

14. (Acta) grope,

15. (Acta) uttermost

17. (Acta) borderland

19. (Acta) . . . footfall was,-

Night (p. 165)

1899-1914 Notebook (74^{r}-75^{r}), Smart Set, Nov. 1905 (p. 128), L.L. (p. 92), P. (p. 255)

The Notebook is dated: "21.4.05 Good Friday".

5. (Notebook orig.) . . . and shine . . .

7. (Notebook orig.) A something

8. (Notebook orig.) It

11. (Notebook orig.) The friction . . .

12. (Notebook orig.) Against

(S.S.) trancèd

13. (S.S.) odor

14. (Notebook orig.) A sweet . . .

The Apparition (p. 165)

1899-1914 Notebook (18^{r}), L.L. (p. 94), M.F.P., July 19, 1922 (p. 13), P. (p. 236)

The Notebook is dated: "29.[?]4.1900."

The M.F.P. version has no indentation of lines.

Title. (M.F.P.) An Apparition

1. (M.F.P.) . . . angel, . . . mantle

5. (Notebook orig.) . . . in the rain-veil

10. (M.F.P.) view;

13. (M.F.P.) warning,

At Sea (p. 166)

1899-1914 Notebook (101^{r}-102^{r}), L.L. (p. 96), P. (p. 236)

The Notebook is dated: "Ste. [Petronille?] April [26?].07". (Regarding the place-name, "Ste. Petronille," see the headnote to "Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon.")

This poem was probably written at the commencement of Scott's voyage to Europe in April 1907 (see S.P., p. xxiv). The concern manifested by the poem with "fate," "the hidden plan" and "the pain and the quest" appears in retrospect ironic when we consider that this trip to Europe was to come to an abrupt and tragic end with the death of the poet's daughter in Paris.

13. (L.L. & P.) water;

The semi-colon fits neither the rhythm nor the syntax of the stanza. We surmise that it was a typographical error in L.L., which was carried over into P.; therefore we change the semi-colon to a comma (cf. l. 17).

Madonna with Two Angels (p. 167)

1899-1914 Notebook (122^{r}-124^{r}), L.L. (p. 98), P. (p. 246)

The Notebook is dated: "15 Mar '14".

20. (Notebook orig.) At the shrine [?] of love < > living power

22. (Notebook canc.) Is the home of love & the love of home

Mid-August (p. 167)

1911-1916 Notebook (31^{r}-34^{r}), L.L. (p. 100), P. (p. 191)

1. The following stanza is to be found in the Notebook, uncancelled and numbered "1"; it was omitted from the final version:

O the quiet rapture
Here to lie and ponder
When the odor yonder
From the balsam comes
O to glance and capture
When the spruces darkle
The rays of ruby sparkle
In the pungent gums.

Mist and Frost (p. 169)

1899-1914 Notebook (102^{r}, 113^{v}), 1911-1916 Notebook (13^{v}, 24^{r}-26^{r}), L.L. (p. 105), P. (p. 194)

The Notebook (p. [26^{r}]) is dated: "Feb. 15.13".

The Beggar and the Angel (p. 171)

University Magazine, Oct. 1915 (p. 346), L.L. (p. 110)

1. (U.) self-pity,

7. (U.) A mongrel-dog to the seat was tied,

8. (U.) Poodle - upon the mother's side.

10. (U.) beggar - man.

12. sciamachy: fighting with shadows, a mock contest.

19. (U.) "To pass beyond the planets seven,

leaven: a nonsense word in this context.

23. pelf: property, belongings, rubbish.

31. (U.) charm.

33. (U.) queer,

39. (U.) angel,

44. The asterisks which follow l. 44 (similarly after lines 68 and 92) are part of the copy-text and do not signify editorial emendations.

51. (U.) whined,

60. hyaline: smooth, glassy.

63. (U.) grin,

65. (U.) "The cripple was by far too sly.

67. (U.) before.

71. (U.) But,

77. (U.) when,

78. (U.) Sirius,

(L.L.) Sirius.

The period is obviously the result of a typographical error.

80. (U.) The charm was potent, and beneath

88. (U.) As I have only . . .

93. (U.) garments'

95. (U.) content,

Improvisation on an Old Song (p. 174)

1899-1914 Notebook (114^{r}-115^{r}), TS., L.L. (p. 117), P. (p. 212)

The Notebook is dated: "7th Novr 1909".

The TS., consisting of one leaf, is in the P.E.P. It bears the notation: "(The refrain is quoted by Edward Fitzgerald (in one of his letters)[sic]".

The refrain of the poem is taken from a letter, dated March 29, 1857, written by the English poet, Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), to the scholar (later, Professor of Saskrit at Cambridge University) E. B. Cowell: " . . . Men come by with great Baskets of Flowers; Primroses, Hepaticas, Crocuses, great Daisies, etc., calling as they go, 'Growing, Growing, Growing! All the Glory going!' So my wife says she has heard them call: some old Street cry, no doubt, of which we have so few now remaining" (Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald, II, 63).

Scott refers to Edward Fitzgerald in a letter (Dec. 11, 1906, P.E.P.) to Pelham Edgar: "I have been reading Fitzgeralds [sic] letters[,] they are fine but slightly depressing - he begins to call himself an old man at 30 and one feels the uselessness of human effort to cope with the eternal seems too everpresent - ".

3. (TS.) dusk.

8. (Notebook canc.) Pass (Notebook alt.) Plot

9. (Notebook canc.) Crouch (Notebook alt.) Bind

12. (Notebook canc.) Burn (Notebook alt.) Rave

15. (TS.) bowl:

21. (Notebook canc.) things are (Notebook alt.) the all

36. (Notebook orig.) With the light of morning on . . .

43. (Notebook canc.) Clearing with [?] Earth-merging with God

O Turn Once More (p. 175)

1916-1920 Notebook (14^{r}-16^{r}), TS., L.L. (p. 121), P. (p. 281), M.M. (p. 218)

The Notebook is variously dated: "July 13 - [19] 12" (p. [14^{r}]) and "July 28 - [19] 12" (p. [15^{r}]).

The TS., consisting of one leaf, is in the P.E.P.

1. The TS. is indented at this line, and similarly at lines 9, 17 and 25.

   (TS.) more [similarly, ll. 8, 9, 16, 17, 24, 25, 32]

3. (TS.) sorrel

4. (TS.) together

6. (TS.) cherry

7. (TS.) merry

10. (TS.) Spring

11. (TS.) hide

14. (TS.) again

15. (TS.) again

19. (Notebook orig.) virgin-snooded

    (TS.) lady-slipper

    (TS. alt.) . . . lady-slippers silver snooded

23. (TS.) passion

24. (L.L.) more.

31. (TS.) . . . be through . . . [sic]

At the Gill-Nets (p. 176)

1899-1914 Notebook (117^{v}-118^{r}), TS., L.L. (p. 124), P. (p. 244)

The TS., consisting of one leaf, is in the P.E.P.

4. (TS.) mist,

The meaning of this line, in conjunction with the two lines that follow, is not clear. The sense is possibly: "to be hidden in the mist and hushed like the winds is my heart's wish" ("whist" is an archaic word which can mean "silent" or "hushed").

9. (Notebook orig.) love (Notebook alt.) home

12. (Notebook canc.) Dead (Notebook alt.) Caught

15. (TS.) get,

16. (Notebook canc.) caught (Notebook alt.) held

23. (Notebook orig.) . . . the dull . . .

A Love Song (p. 177)

Two Poems (C.C., 1898), The Delineator, July 1902 (p. 75), L.L. (p. 126)

2. (D.) . . . and dew;

3. (D.) . . . petal, I said,

5. (D.) rose.

10. (D.) . . . and dew;

11. (D.) . . . petal, she said,

13. (D.) rose.

18. (D.) . . . and dew,

19. (D.) tune;

21. (D.) rose.

23. (C.C.) Mingle and murmur and flow to a close,

Three Songs (p. 177)

1899-1914 Notebook (102^{r}, 103^{r}), L.L. (p. 128), M.F.P., July 18, 1922 (p. 13), P. (p. 297)

The Notebook contains drafts of only the first song. The fair copy (p. [103^{r}]) is dated: "24.2.08", and bears the title: "O provident [?] love".

The "Three Songs" became the seventh, eighth and ninth of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

The M.F.P. text consists of only the second of the "Three Songs". In the M.F.P. text there is no indentation of lines.

3. (M.F.P.) wind;

7. (L.L.) rhyme

(M.F.P.) lightness;

The Sailor's Sweetheart (p. 179)

1899-1914 Notebook (75^{v}-76^{r}), L.L. (p. 131), P. (p. 94), A.C.P. (p. 39)

5. (A.C.P.) grieving,

6. (Notebook orig.) . . . and then by leaving

9. (Notebook orig.) . . . for asking

Feuilles d'Automne (p. 179)

1899-1914 Notebook (98^{r}-98^{v}), L.L. (p. 133)

The Notebook is dated: "9.10.06", i.e. probably Oct. 9, 1906. The French title means "leaves of autumn."

6. ruth: pity, mercy.

8. (Notebook orig.) Like an old man's thoughts of youth

14. (Notebook orig.) With a cry of wild desire

To the Heroic Soul (p. 180)

L.L. (p. 135), L.D., Jan. 25, 1919 (p. 36), P. (p. 225)

The second of the two sonnets which make up this poem was also published separately. It appears in the following sources: A.M., Sept. 1904 (p. 413), C.C. (n.d.), P.C. (p. 15), G.T.C.V. (p. 51). The A.M. text was reprinted, with errors, in Current Literature, Feb. 1905 (p. 140). (Although this latter text has no authority, we have included it in our collation.) Published as an independent poem, the second sonnet is left untitled in the C.C. text, and is entitled "To the Heroic Soul" in the A.M. text ("To the Heroic Son" in C.L.) and "Be Strong" in the P.C. text.

The indentation in the P.C. and G.T.C.V. texts is as follows: lines 1, 4, 5, 8, 9 and 12 are flush with the margin; lines 2, 3, 6, 7, 10 and 13 are indented flush with one another; lines 11 and 14 are further indented flush with each other.

1. (L.D.) soul

2. (L.D. & L.L.) shrine

   (P.) shine

   The P. variant does not make any sense in the context. It is obviously the result of a typographical error. We restore "shrine."

3. (L.D.) murmur -

5. (L.D.) spirit

14. (L.D.) . . . Death . . . not,

18. (A.M. & C.L.) And only that persists which . . .

    (P.C.) truth;

22. (G.T.C.V.) . . . the large dream . . .

23. (C.L.) cave;

    (L.D.) sea-stopt

    (G.T.C.V.) . . . eagle in a . . .

    mewed: enclosed, concealed.

26. (A.M. & C.L.) warder-wave;

    warder-wave: the wave that keeps watch or guard.

27. (A.M., C.L., C.C., G.T.C.V.) Then,

28. (C.L.) . . . morning, free!

    (L.D., P.C., G.T.C.V.) . . . morning-free!

Retrospect (p. 181)

1899-1914 Notebook (115^{v}, 116^{v}-117^{r}), L.L. (p. 138), P. (p. 226)

The Notebook is dated: "June 1.10".

7. (Notebook orig.) . . . Despair not . . .

14. (Notebook orig.) . . . and its nothingness

Frost Magic (p. 181)

L.L. (p. 139), P. (p. 227)

4. charactery: the collective noun for "characters."

13. Oberon: King of the Fairies in Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream; he is alluded to because of his association with enchantment; in Shakespeare's play Oberon does not actually sound any horn.

16. one: probably a reference to the poet's daughter; references to the "angels" (l. 21) and "past" (l. 24) suggest that the poem was written after Elizabeth's death in 1907.

19. God's children: angels

In Snow-Time (p. 182)

1899-1914 Notebook (69^{v}-70^{r}), Scribner's Magazine, April 1907 (p. 496), L.L. (p. 142), P. (p. 235)

The Notebook is dated: "21.1.05".

In the periodical version the poem is not divided into two stanzas.

4. (Notebook orig.) . . . clear snow . . .

5. (Notebook orig.) . . . eagle solitary blest

8. (S.) blest,

9. The following cancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after l. 9: Not troubled by the [shade?] of human stain

10. (S.) hour,

To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War (p. 182)

University Magazine, Oct. 1915 (p. 346), L.L. (p. 143), T.C.M., T.W.P. (p. 394), P. (p. 124)

In the T.W.P. version, lines 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14 are indented.

Title. (T.W.P.) . . . Lad, . . .

13. (T.C.M. & T.W.P.) . . . unwithered wearing

14. (U., T.C.M., T.W.P.) valour

The Closed Door (p. 183)

1899-1914 Notebook (63^{r}), L.L. (p. 145), P. (p. 173)

This poem is in memory of Scott's daughter, Elizabeth, who died in 1907.

The L.L. text is entirely italicized.

4. (Notebook orig.) By the hill or the shore

5. (Notebook orig.) Shall she . . .

By a Child's Bed (p. 183)

1899-1914 Notebook (22^{v}-23^{v}), L.L. (p. 147), P. (p. 188)

The Notebook is dated: "25.6.02".

1. (L.L.) breathèd

She: Elizabeth, the poet's daughter.

Elizabeth Speaks (p. 184)

1899-1914 Notebook (129^{r}-130^{v}), L.L. (p. 149), P. (p. 174)

The title refers to the poet's daughter. The word "Aetat" in the subtitle is the Latin word for "age." If Elizabeth was six years old when the poem was written, then it must have been written in 1901.

36. In the L.L. text, "dear," not "very," is the italicized word.

78. (L.L.) Mother

(P.) mother

Since the word "mother" (as well as the word "father," for that matter) are capitalized everywhere else in the poem, it is likely that the non-capitalization at l. 78 of the P. text was the result of a typographical error. We can see no reason why the word should not be capitalized here.

A Legend of Christ's Nativity (p. 186)

The Independent, Dec. 23, 1897 (p. 1677), L.L. (p. 154), P. (p. 180)

9. (I.) . . . housetops call,

(L.L.) . . . houstops [sic] call

28. (I.) . . . grain flew . . .

37. (I.) days

67. (I.) stared

76. (I.) . . . stranger, with a lamp

98. (I.) Peace child . . .

103. (I.) mother;

148. (I. & L.L.) splendor

165. (I.) comfort,

(L.L. & P.) comfort

The comma, which we retain, clarifies the sense of the line. Its omission in L.L., and subsequently in P., was probably the result of a typographical error which Scott failed to correct.

Willow-Pipes (p. 190)

Canadian Magazine, May 1913 (p. 72), L.L. (p. 163), P. (p. 220)

Title. (C.) Willow Pipes

10. (C.) Gray

11. (C.) row,

Angel (p. 190)

L.L. (p. 164), P. (p. 226)

Christmas Folk-Song (p. 191)

1911-1916 Notebook (12^{v}-13^{r}), C.C. (1910), L.L. (p. 165), P. (p. 286)

17. (C.C.) mighty

From Beyond (p. 191)

1899-1914 Notebook (100^{v}-101^{r}, 102^{v}), L.L. (p. 166)

The Notebook is dated: "Dec. 1 - '07".

Title. (Notebook) Beyond

1-7. (Notebook orig.)

Here there is [rest?] for them who fought and failed
Wounded [canc: by life] in strife
Come where there is a plan [alt.: balm] for any tender heart
Wounded by strife
Come where there is a plan [alt.: balm] for any tender heart
I cannot tell you by my art
When hope is rife

The Leaf (p. 192)

1911-1916 Notebook (9^{r}-9^{v}), L.L. (p. 167), P. (p. 222)

The Notebook is dated: "Aug. 12-[19]11".

2. (Notebook orig.) . . . one child of . . .

3. (Notebook orig.) Whose children are a thousand more

4. (Notebook canc.) Rooted above a little grave

6. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 6:

Are ever quick with constant pain
Lest she might [feel that?] was rain

A Mystery Play (p. 192)

1899-1914 Notebook (26^{v}-27^{r}), L.L. (p. 168), P. (p. 86)

The three--initial, middle and concluding--italicized sections of this poem constitute in the Notebook (see above) a poem entitled "Winter - night and [dawn?]".

A mystery play was a type of drama—dealing with Biblical themes and stories, such as the life of Christ--which flourished in the Middle Ages. Beyond its religious concerns, Scott's poem has

little in common with the mediaeval mystery play.

1. The asterisks preceding l. 1 (and similarly after lines 9, 53 and 117) are part of the copy-text and do not signify editorial emendations.

98. (L.L.) Ah well,

124. (L.L.) color

To the Canadian Mothers and Three Other Poems

T.C.M. was Scott's second pamphlet of verse (after L.E.M.). It consists of eighteen pages containing four poems: "To the Canadian Mothers," "To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country in France," "Somewhere in France" and "To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War." All of these poems except for the last were included in Scott's next book, B.L.

T.C.M. probably appeared sometime between August 1917--when "To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country" was published in Scribner's--and Nov. 18, 1917--the date of a letter (in the S.P./T.) to Scott from Nora Sherwood thanking him for a gift of the pamphlet.

The title-page (i.e. the front cover) reads:
TO THE / CANADIAN / MOTHERS / AND / THREE OTHER / POEMS / BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / 1917 / Sold for the Benefit of the Prisoners of War Fund

Information on the printers is contained in the following note (also on the title-page):

The Mortimer Company Limited have / produced this booklet free of cost and all / the proceeds can therefore be devoted to / the Prisoners of War Fund. I gratefully / acknowledge their generosity. / M. Henri Fabien has contributed the / cover design gratuitously. I have to thank / him; and also Messrs. Charles Scribner / and Sons, of New York, and Messrs. / McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, of / Toronto, who have kindly allowed me / to reprint two of the poems. / D.C.S.

A dedication appears beneath the title:
TO / FLIGHT LT. R. KENNETH SLATER, R.F.C. / AND / FLIGHT LT. ARTHUR S. BOURINOT, R.F.C. / Prisoners of War in Germany

Robert Kenneth Slater (1893-) was a first cousin of Nora Sherwood who was, at the time of T.C.M.'s publication, the fiancée of Arthur S. Bourinot (they were married in 1920). Arthur Stanley Bourinot (1893-1969), lawyer, poet and man of letters, was a close and long-time friend of Scott. Arthur's father, the noted parliamentarian, Sir John George Bourinot (1837-1902), had encouraged Scott in his writing (the Bourinots and Scotts were neighbours in Ottawa) and Scott was later to encourage Arthur in the latter's own career as a poet. Just prior to the outbreak of the First World War Bourinot worked in the Department of Indian Affairs where Scott was Deputy Superintendent-General. The two men became related, if somewhat distantly, by virtue of Scott's marriage in 1931 to Elise Aylen--Bourinot's half-sister. In later years, when Scott fell into comparative neglect, Bourinot became one of his chief

supporters, bringing attention to his work through reviews and publications (especially his editions of Scott's correspondence: S.L. and M.L.) which were a product of his interest and research in late nineteenth-century Canadian verse. (For Bourinot's own account of his friendship with Scott, see his Five Canadian Poets, pp. 1-3; see also the headnote to "Spring Midnight: Deepwood.")

It is clear why Scott dedicated T.C.M.--a group of patriotic poems on the First World War--to Slater and Bourinot. Both men served overseas during that conflict; they were thus symbols of the Allied, and especially the Canadian, war effort. According to the records of the British Ministry of Defence, Robert Kenneth Slater was appointed Temporary Probationary Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service on April 8, 1916, became Flight Lieutenant on Oct. 1, 1916 and was reported missing as a prisoner-of-war on April 5, 1917. Arthur Stanley Bourinot was appointed a Temporary Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps on Sept. 4, 1916 and a Substantive Lieutenant on April 7, 1917. He was reported missing as a prisoner-of-war (held at Karlsruhe) on June 3, 1917. (This last date is a definite terminus a quo for the time of publication of T.C.M.)

Scott's pamphlet appears to have achieved its goal of raising money for the Allied war effort. On Jan. 18, 1918 (the letter is in the S.P./T.) Scott informed Bourinot in Germany that "The little booklet I told you about wh. was dedicated to you was a great success[.] Every copy printed was sold and I am able to send $250.00 to the Prisoners of War Fund."

Somewhere in France (p. 197)

1916-1921 Notebook (10^{r}-11^{v}), T.C.M., B.L. (p. 89), P. (p. 301)

5. (T.C.M.) And touched a . . .

6. (Notebook canc.) fled across the enormous threshold

(T.C.M.) Vanishing through the porch,

9. (T.C.M.) milliard

10. In the T.C.M. text "bénitier" is italicized.

bénitier: basin for holy water (French).

11. (T.C.M.) aisle.

13. (T.C.M.) pray -

15. Verdun: the site, on the Meuse River, of a fierce battle between the French and the German armies in 1916.

17. (Notebook orig.) But the . . .

26. In the T.C.M. and B.L. texts a new stanza begins here.

34. (T.C.M.) love;

36. (T.C.M.) instead.

38. (T.C.M.) abuilding-

39. (T.C.M.) niche-

53. (T.C.M.) together.

55. (T.C.M.) . . . Soul of France.

57. (T.C.M.) . . . silence and . . .

65. (T.C.M.) portal,

67. (T.C.M.) air,

To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country In France (p. 198)

1916-1921 Notebook (12^{v}-15^{r}), Scribner's Magazine, August 1917 (p. 246), T.W.P. (p. 349), T.C.M., B.L. (p. 92), P. (p. 306)

The Notebook is dated (in two places--pp. [12^{v}] and [14^{v}]): "Mar 31)
Apl 1)17" [sic].

1. (T.C.M.) wrist

3. (S.) . . . dared with . . . twist

5. (S. & T.W.P.) thee,

9. (S.) Subdueˋd to a murmur- . . .

(T.W.P.) subdueˋd

11. (Notebook orig.) In the inane.

12. This line is indented in S.

17. (S.) fire,-

20. (Notebook canc.) & lulled thy spirits & their perished fires

23. (Notebook orig.) . . . sprang & came

24. (S., T.W.P., T.C.M.) . . . eyries eagles . . .

27. (Notebook orig.) In the supernal void

31. (T.W.P.) . . . check his all [sic]

35. (Notebook canc.) inviolate (Notebook alt.) immortal

To the Canadian Mothers 1914-1918 (p. 199)

1911-1916 Notebook (62^{r}-63^{v}), T.C.M., B.L. (p. 94), P. (p. 307), A.D. (p. 242)

The Notebook (p. [62^{r}]) reads:

"Second draft
Sunday Apl 16-16".

A new draft of the poem starts in the middle of p. [63^{r}] and is entitled:

"To the Canadian Mothers

Ypres - St. Julien".

(Ypres and St. Julien were neighbouring localities near the Franco-Belgian frontier, where fierce battles, involving Canadian soldiers, were fought in April 1915.)

The A.D. text is subtitled: "1914-1918".

Title. (T.C.M.) To the Canadian Mothers
St. Julien
Courcelette
Vimy Ridge

St. Julien: see note above.

Courcelette: the site of a battle, involving Canadian soldiers, fought in September 1916.

Vimy Ridge: the site of a battle, involving Canadian soldiers, fought in April 1917.

1. (T.C.M., B.L., A.D.) possession?

(P.) possessions?

The singular--"possession"--is more correct since "thy dead" involves a class of persons, rather than particular individuals ("possessions," moreover, carries a materialistic connotation not in keeping with the context). We assume, therefore, that the plural of the P.-text is the result of a typographical error, and consequently make an emendation. It is interesting that the A.D. text, which is based on the P. text, returns to the pre-P.-text reading.

3. dole: grief, sorrow.

5. (Notebook orig.) Grief is thy private treasure & time's rust
Cannot corrode the iron in the soul

18. (Notebook orig.) These are the true immortals & they alone
Who fought in the dark regions for the light
Shall be the deathless ones that [canc.: who]
saved the world
Immortal in the thought of the free peoples

25. (A.D.) odor

36. (Notebook orig.)

Perchance, who went to war for paltry reasons
As pique or jealousy or hope of gain
Or for the sense of shame or jaded duty
How countless are the reasons that men find
To [hide?] the lustrous thought < > wither the mind
That takes its radiance from Liberty
All Earth is [?] is a grain of sand
And in a drop of water shines the sea

Rejoice-rejoice, let thy deep grief
Be [fastened?] by the Staff of Liberty
And give thy voice to the dawn of the age
Buffeting the dark space of the world
With glorious [?] shouts of freedom
[canc: Rejoice!]

(T.C.M.) time

37. (T.C.M.) hope

38. (A.D.) valor

48. (T.C.M.) memory

52. (Notebook orig.) Rejoice [canc.: rejoice]

53. (Notebook canc.) lay (Notebook alt.) dim thy

54. (Notebook orig.) But

57. (T.C.M., B.L., P.) assoil

(A.D.) assail

"Assoil" (an obsolete word meaning "solution" or "explanation") makes little sense in the context, whereas "assail" (an archaic word meaning "attack") makes sense, not only in the immediate context but also within the context of the poem as a whole, with the latter's emphasis upon immortality (cf. ll. 8, 18-19, 39, 49, 60-61). (The Notebook is of no help in resolving this crux because it does not contain the line [57] in question.)

Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell (p. 201)

1916-1921 Notebook (34^{v}-35^{v}), TS., Boston Evening Transcript, Feb. 19, 1919 (Sec. 3, p. 5)

The Notebook is dated "Jan 26 - [19]19".

The TS., consisting of two leaves in the P.E.P., was slipped into a letter, dated Jan. 31, 1919 (P.E.P.) from Scott to Pelham Edgar. The letter reads in part as follows: "Apropos of my query as to what they might expect us to do, on Sunday I wrote the inclosed [sic] lines, which I send along for your opinion. I am not much given to public appearances, but I really think that if these lines are worthy, I ought to offer them as a contribution to the general festival of good feeling."

The "festival" referred to was a centenary celebration in memory of James Russell Lowell, which took place in New York city on Feb. 19, 1919 and which Scott and Pelham Edgar attended as Canadian representatives. Scott, as his letter to Edgar would suggest,

probably read his poem at some point during the four-day celebration. (See the Boston Evening Transcript, Feb. 19, 1919, Sec. 3, p. 5 .)

James Russell Lowell (b. Feb. 22, 1819; d. Aug. 12, 1891) was an American poet, essayist, editor (first editor of the Atlantic Monthly), teacher (at Harvard University), and diplomat. Despite, or perhaps because of the diverse nature of his many achievements, Lowell's reputation as poet and critic--high in his own day--has declined in the twentieth century.

1. Cf. Lowell's "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration", l. 406: "Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!" (see also the note to ll. 12-16.)
2. (TS.) wrong,
4. (TS.) lashes,
6. The Notebook has the following uncancelled line after l. 6:

   With freedom for her song

   (TS.) . . . dark frontage of . . .
7. (TS.) He, . . . ago,

   He: James Russell Lowell
8. (TS.) silence.
11. base plot . . .: the secession of the southern states from the American republic, which provoked the American Civil War (1861-1865); before and during the Civil War, Lowell was strongly in favour of abolishing slavery and wrote articles on behalf of the Federal cause.

12-16. On July 21, 1865, Lowell delivered his famous "Commemoration Ode" at the Harvard memorial for graduates killed in the Civil War. The "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration" was one of the first works of literature to bespeak the greatness of Abraham Lincoln.

13. (TS.) Concord;

"Concord" as a place-name would have been incorrect, since the memorial exercises took place in Cambridge, Massachusetts—the site of Harvard University (see Ferris Greenslet, James Russell Lowell, pp. 160-164).

14. (TS.) free,

15. two nations: probably the United States and Great Britain, the source of the American democratic political system; Scott may be speaking here in his capacity as representative of Canada and, by association, Great Britain.

18. Who . . . need: see the note to l. 11.

20. (TS.) pride,

21. truth . . . hand: an allusion to Lowell's satirical poems.

22. (TS.) . . . Counsel . . . understand,

24. (TS.) days:

26. (Notebook orig.) With shafts of salutary wit [canc.: laughter]

wit: see note to l. 21.

31. (TS.) impulse,

32. (TS.) As it . . .

35ff. (Notebook orig.)

Thought follows after with the roses & the wreathes
They perish - Thought lays [alt.: records] the act
[canc.: action]
deep with immortal [alt.: memories?] longings
[canc.: things]
And plays about with [?]
That make the deed immortal

43-44. The four poets named by Scott, two British--John Milton (1608-1674) and Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)-- and two American--Lowell himself (see note to l. 11) and Walt Whitman (1819-1892)--were all, in one way or another, dedicated to the cause of human emancipation.

45. (Notebook orig.) And mold [alt.: form] the future with our thought

(TS.) thought;

46. (TS.) Then,

Beauty and Life

Almost all of the poems in B.L. are contained in the 1916-1921 Notebook. Early in 1921 Scott was considering whether he ought to publish in book form the poems he had composed during the preceding five years. He wrote to Pelham Edgar (March 16, 1921, P.E.P.): "I wanted to discuss with you the future of the poems[,] whether I shd. try to get out another book & c&c. . . . My two-headed beast of a publisher [McClelland and Stewart] shd. be whipped for his indifference[,] now if I was [Robert] Service or Ralph Connor how fawning and considerate and compliant they would be."

No correspondence between author and publisher regarding the publication of B.L. has come to light. Scott's efforts to publish another book of poems, however, obviously met with some sympathy from McClelland and Stewart for not much later, in the fall of 1921, the book appeared. Its title-page read as follows:
BEAUTY AND LIFE / by / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / McCLELLAND AND STEWART / PUBLISHERS TORONTO
Information as to the printers of B.L. is to be found on p. [96] of the volume:
Warwick Bro's & Rutter, Limited, / Printers and Bookbinders, Toronto, Canada.

Ode for the Keats Centenary (p. 204)
1916-1921 Notebook (58^{v}-59^{v}, 63^{v}-68^{v}), B.L. (p. 9), P. (p. 151)

Information on the composition of the poem is to be found in two letters from Scott to Pelham Edgar (both letters are in the P.E.P.). On March 5, 1921, Scott wrote: "On Sunday last I took a few moments to consider the Ode. The only point to be considered was the passage beginning 'But he whose soul . . .'[l. 47]. Your advice about this was to make it good blank verse, which would of course exclude the rhymes. I have recast the passage cutting out the rhymes. You will notice an alternative reading in pencil retaining the rhymes. Will you let me know which you prefer. I have become accustomed to the rhymes and miss them, but a new reader would not notice that.

I have excised the line,- 'The crystal line, the curve of white illusion'[which follows, in the Notebook, l. 137 of the copy-text]. I have decided to abandon altogether the three lines in the last strophe 'Vibrating in the silence, etc.'.

You might let me know what you think of these suggestions and then I will have a fair copy made."

In a letter dated March 16, 1921 Scott wrote to Edgar: "Here is a fair copy of the Ode. If the university don't [sic] print it I would feel like doing so myself. But I suppose there would be no encouragement in that."

The university referred to is presumably the University of Toronto where Scott read the poem on Wednesday, February 23, 1921. The student newspaper, The Varsity, reported on February 25, 1921 that "Hart House Theatre has seldom held a more interesting audience than that which gathered on Wednesday afternoon, doing honour to the memory of one of the World's great poets, nor has the spirit of a great man ever been so keenly felt by an assembly of five hundred people as was the spirit of Keats on that occasion. . . . The most memorable numbers on the programme . . . were the two original compositions now heard for the first time. Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's 'Ode to Keats' is a beautiful piece of work, melodious and varied in its effects, and well worthy of the occasion. Still more beautiful was Mr. [Healey] Willan's setting of the sonnet "To Sleep'" (p. 1).

Other notables present at the meeting to commemorate the

one hundredth anniversary of John Keats' death were Bliss Carman and Pelham Edgar. It is interesting, for what it may reflect of Scott's reputation at the time, that the headline in The Varsity article above did not mention Scott: "Professor Alexander Speaks At Keats' Memorial Lecture [/] Bliss Carman and Others Eulogize the English Poet Who Died in Rome One Hundred Years Ago."

Since Scott was revising the poem in March of 1921, as is indicated by the two letters to Pelham Edgar quoted above, the text which he read on Feb. 23 must have been other than the final version of the poem. The earlier text, it would seem, was not published nor, indeed, was it preserved in any form.

According to Pelham Edgar, it was he who "asked [Scott] to produce an ode for the centenary of Keats' death" ("Duncan Campbell Scott, "Dalhousie Review, 7 [1927], 41).

Title. John Keats, the English Romantic poet, died on Feb. 23, 1821.

The B.L. text does not contain the note: "Read at Hart House Theatre before the University of Toronto."

4. (Notebook canc.) the heart (Notebook alt.) his life

6. (Notebook orig.) As if it were a pearl of worth

19. (Notebook orig.) Leaving him dead with

(Notebook alt.) Letting him die with

21. boots: matters (archaic).

26. Roman stone: Keats died in Rome and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there.

33. Shadow: possibly an allusion to the Greco-Roman deity, Hades (Pluto), god of the Underworld and keeper of the dead.

37. (Notebook orig.) wrote (Notebook alt.) reasoned young master: Keats

38-41. The allusion is to a passage in Keats's letter of June 9, 1819, to Sarah Jeffrey: "One of the great reasons that the English have produced the finest writers in the world is that the English world has ill-treated them during their lives and fostered them after their deaths" (The Letters of John Keats, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, II, 115).

39. (Notebook orig.) Produced her great writers by neglect

48. Milton: John Milton (1608-1674), one of the foremost English poets of the Renaissance. Shelley also compares Keats to Milton ("Adonais," ll. 29-36).

56. The quotation is from Keats's letter of Dec. 22, 1818, to Benjamin Robert Haydon: "I should say I value more the Privil-edge [sic] of seeing great things in loneliness--than the fame of a Prophet" (The Letters of John Keats, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, I, 414).

57. (Notebook orig.) . . . in the tangle . . .

64. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 64:

> Where the swift avalanche in [alt.: through] air
> Falls in a mist [alt.: veil] of < > of white
> And the quick [canc.: down swift] slender torrents
> [canc.: valleys] dare
> To leap in loops of light [canc.:?]

80. (Notebook orig.) [canc. The] Beauty of loneliness.

81. (Notebook canc.) void (Notebook alt.) realm

85. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 85:

> Tracing the vital pulse
> Voyaging [through] the void with their deep Souls

92. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 92:

> Who in high thought and [desperate penury]
> Hold to the purer vision

99. unfurl . . . wings: cf. Keats's remark to Shelley in a letter of August 16, 1820: "The thought of such discipline must fall like cold chains upon you, who perhaps never sat with your wings furl'd for six Months together" (The Letters of John Keats, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, II, 323).

104. clogs: encumbrances, things which impede or restrict activity, but here also, possibly, heavy shoes (see l. 111 for an expansion of this personification).

113. Lissome: slender

134. (B.L.) breathlesss [sic]

135. (Notebook orig.) beauty reassembles . . .

141. (Notebook canc.) forgotten (Notebook alt.) desolate

142. (Notebook orig.) . . . from the world

This theme of the retreat from life is a recurring one in Keats's poems. Cf. especially his "Ode to a Nightingale" which ll. 142 ff. resemble somewhat in theme and atmosphere.

152. Laving: washing.

sluices: rushing streams.

164. (B.L.)(Oh Beauty . . .

171. The B.L. text has single quotation marks here and at l. 175. This text is thereby clearer than the P. text because the contrasting double quotation marks at l. 56 are the more obviously a sign of a genuine quotation.

Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme (p. 208)

1916-1921 Notebook (38^{v}-41^{r}, 44^{v}-46^{v}, 47^{v}- 51^{r}), B.L. (p. 16), P. (p. 64)

The Notebook is dated (p. [51^{r}]): "June '19".

The poem's composition is mentioned in several letters from Scott to Pelham Edgar (all the letters are in the P.E.P.): (July 3, 1919) "I have finished my 'Variations on a XVIIth century theme' X in all. I wish I could read them to you"; (July 14, 1919) "I have not yet hit upon a satisfactory change for the rhyme 'boon' in the 'Variations', but I have half a dozen things that will be better than that. I will send you the result later"; (October 17, 1919) "I am sending along a copy of the Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme. I have not made any changes in it since I wrote last."

In a 1927 letter to Lorne Pierce Scott wrote: "'The author has followed closely the model set by musical composers, and the 'Variations' may be compared, in intention at least, to Brahms'

Variations on a Theme by Handel, where the succeeding pieces have unity in variety, but are not slavishly influenced by the theme'" (E. K. Brown, "Memoir," p. xxx).

The epigraph is taken from the first stanza of Henry Vaughan's "Regeneration," first published in 1650 (see Henry Vaughan: Poetry and Prose, ed. L.C. Martin, p. 226):

> A Ward, and still in bonds, one day
> I stole abroad,
> It was high-spring, and all the way
> Primros'd, and hung with shade;
> Yet, was it frost within,
> And surly winds
> Blasted my infant buds, and sinne
> Like Clouds ecclips'd my mind.

In a letter to E. K. Brown (May 1, 1946, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote: "I cannot tell why this poet [Vaughan] has so appealed to me from my earliest reading."

Epigraph. (B.L.) . . . SHADE."

The initial set of quotation marks are missing from the B.L. text.

1ff. Scott uses archaic and pseudo-archaic spelling, diction and syntax. These are for the most part, however, closer to mediaeval than to seventeenth-century English.

1. younge: young

   (B.L.) fresche

   freschë: fresh (the umlaut was inserted as a sign that the final "e" should be pronounced).

2. moder: mother

   fayre: fair

3. sche: she

5. (B.L.) booke

   bookë: book (the umlaut was inserted as a sign that the "e" should be pronounced).

6. con: learn, examine, acquaint yourself with.

7. (Notebook orig.) poor (Notebook alt.) seely

   seely: miserable, 'poor' (obsolete).

8. Poet: poet (the allusion is to John Milton, see "romaunt" below.)

   telleth: tells

   olde: old

   romaunt: romance (the allusion is to Milton's Paradise Lost which treats the Biblical myth of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden).

9. foreparents: Adam and Eve.

10. sauf: save, i.e. except for.

    kinde: kind

    plaunt: plant

    This line is based on Genesis 3:7: after Adam and Eve had eaten the forbidden fruit, "they discovered that they were naked; so they stitched fig-leaves together and made themselves loincloths." What follows, however, is a fanciful episode which has no basis in the Biblical narrative.

11. them for: for them

12. adrad: frightened

    broode: broad

13. bothe: both

    altho: although

    ne: not

14. sonne: sun

15. wing-schuldered: wing-shouldered, i.e. having wings on his shoulders.

    aungel: angel

    stonde: stand

16. This line and the preceding one are based on Genesis, 3:24: "He cast him out, and to the east of the garden of Eden he stationed the cherubim and a sword whirling and flashing to guard the way to the tree of life."

17. espied: caught sight of

    honde: hand

18. (B.L.) cherished.

19. aungel: see note to l. 15.

20. Sche: see note to l. 3.

    askin: asking

    Goddis: God's

22. sche: see note to l. 3.

    all: very

    The Notebook has the following uncancelled line after l. 22:

      And held it low < > a mother [alt.: moder] clasps her child

23. (B.L.) younge

    youngë: see note to l. 1; note that the umlaut is omitted from

"younge" in l. 1--clearly its function has more to do with the rhythm of the verse than with any approximation to archaic pronounciation.

sholde: should

24. sodenly: suddenly

25. payne: pain

rudely: roughly

crost: crossed

26. Sche: see note to l. 3.

27. teares: tears

sche: see note to l. 3.

28. litel: little

yalow: yellow

head: the flowers of the primrose.

29. (Notebook orig.) father (Notebook alt.) fader

fader: father

payne: see note to l. 25.

30. hert: heart

aswownying: swooning, i.e. growing faint (the prefix "a" denotes process).

31. Eva: Eve (the name was perhaps altered for metrical purposes).

full: very, extremely

fayne: fain, i.e. was delighted with.

32. hert: see note to l. 30.

34. Poete: see note to l. 8.

35. mo: again

43. glees: melodies, music.

catches: musical compositions similar to rounds.

51. try: put to the test

The Notebook has the following uncancelled lines after l. 51:

[? in]

The meaning of life

66. boon: good (obsolete).

71. (Notebook orig.) To play with your youth [like] a jewel

72. In B.L. there is no new stanza at this line.

74. wan-fire: pale fire, i.e. the primrose' flowers may be yellow or light orange in colour.

81. vesture: clothing, garments.

83. shade: a globe or cylinder of glass or of some semi-transparent substance.

98. shadows: the shadows in the temple.

101. All Powerful One: although the oppostion of light and darkness (symbolized in the globe and temple) and the dominance of evil (l. 101) suggest a Gnostic view of reality, more likely no specific theology informs the poem; if the "All Powerful One" must be specified, Satan or Lucifer is the most likely candidate because of the opening and closing references to Adam and Eve and their Fall.

120. foils: light swords used in fencing.

122. Medicis: an Italian family which ruled Florence, and later Tuscany, from 1434 to 1737.

125. Flaming: "stunning," in the slang sense of the word.

181. (Notebook canc.) like [?] in the fall

187. (Notebook orig.) But hold it ere it fall

207. hautboy: a wind instrument, the forerunner of the modern oboe.

225. (Notebook canc.) work (Notebook alt.) . . . child-bearing . . . . & toil [alt.: toddy]

226. toddy: an alcoholic beverage consisting of a spirit, often rum, mixed with hot water and sugar.

230. horns: the petals of the primroses.

233. shire: an English county, e.g. Yorkshire.

244. orter: ought to (Cockney pronunciation).

246. blow: spend, waste (slang).

248. London Dry: gin

259-274. These lines consist of an "Ecossaise"--"A lively dance tune in 2/4 time. In older music the Ecossaise was in 3/4 time, and was sometimes used for the Andante" (O.E.D.).

289. (Notebook orig.) The things that made the world worth while

291. The following uncancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after l. 291:

That made her [alt.: the] world a magic [place?][alt.:?flourish]

297. clarid: clear (a neologism--see the note to "Avis," l. 87).

The Fragment of a Letter (p. 216)

1916-1921 Notebook (42^{r}-42^{v}, 43^{v}-44^{r}), TS., B.L. (p. 30), P. (p. 122)

The TS. consists of two leaves slipped into a letter, dated July 14, 1919, from Scott to Pelham Edgar. The letter (in the P.E.P.) reads: "I had the 'Note' recopied and send it herewith. Kindly observe the way that I have changed the 'impromptu' line. I think it should be all right now. . . . If you think it suitable or advisable or proper to send 'The Note' to Macphail for the University Magazine, you may do so." (The poem was finally not published in the University Magazine.)

According to E. K. Brown, "The Fragment of a Letter" was "written in May, 1919" ("Memoir," p. xxviii). Pelham Edgar states in Across My Path that this poem was based on the experience of an "evening drift in a canoe" (p. 61) on a lake near Abitibi Post during the 1906 expedition through northern Ontario. For Edgar's own description of the experience, see Across My Path, p. 60.

Title. (TS.) A Note to Pelham Edgar

1. (Notebook orig.) eves (Notebook alt.) nights

(TS.) . . . recall . . . nights,

2-3. (Notebook orig.)

One when we floated out before the lights [canc.: heights]
Of sunset had gone down [?] & < > & floated
In all the flood of [crimson] from the [flare]

5. (TS. & B.L.) . . . by the secret . . .

9. (TS.) ashes

11. (TS.) code

16. (Notebook orig.)

> We floated till we were before an island
> Between one highland & [another?] highland

24. (TS.) time

25. (Notebook orig.) As if a question [alt.: query] had been matched [in?] rhyme

(TS.) . . . axe strokes . . . rime

29. antiphoral: sung in response.

rune: an obscure or mysterious poem or saying.

30. (TS.) shoal,

labials: in phonetics a sound formed by the lips, e.g. (p), (b), (m), (w), or the rounded vowels (o͞) and (o͞o).

liquids: in phonetics the consonants (l) and (r).

33. (TS.) hazel-trees,

39. (TS.) giving,-

48. bines: climbing stems of plants.

52. (TS.) past,

53. (TS.) song

54. (Notebook orig.) . . . gradual evening . . .

55. (TS.) romance,-

58. irrefrangible: cannot be broken or violated.

59. (TS.) space,-

63. sables: makes black or dark.

The Flight (p. 217)

1916-1921 Notebook (25^{v}-28^{r}), B.L. (p. 33), P. (p. 81)

The Notebook is dated: "June 4.18".

6. (Notebook orig.) . . . the dead dark

8. (Notebook canc.) feel (Notebook alt.) have

25. (Notebook orig.) So D[eath] never catches up with light

Note: the square bracket here signifies not an editorial conjecture but an editorial filling in of a word of which Scott had written only the initial letter.

28. Tristan and Isolde: two lovers who appear in several works of European literature; Scott's allusion is probably to Richard Wagner's opera, Tristan and Isolde (1857-59), not only because his spelling of the characters' names corresponds with that of Wagner (cf. "Tristram" and "Isolt" in Tennyson's The Idylls of the King) but also because Wagner's opera ends with the death of the two lovers.

29. Launcelot and Guinevere: two lovers who appear most notably in Sir Thomas Malory's fifteenth-century romance, Le Morte d'Arthur, and in Tennyson's The Idylls of the King (1859-1885). It is probably the second of these works with which Scott was the more familiar. In Malory, Guinevere becomes a nun and Launcelot takes holy orders; in Tennyson's (grimmer) version, Guinevere's death is mentioned.

whirling pain: Paolo and Francesca, two lovers who appear in Dante's The Divine Comedy; see note to "A Memory of the Inferno," l. 5.

31. the bitter-lipped Florentine: the mediaeval Italian writer, Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), author of The Divine Comedy.

38. Would swamp: i.e. "simple lives" that "would swamp" etc.

66. tricksy: evasive (archaic).

69. wildered: bewildered (archaic).

71. minds: reminds

77. (Notebook orig.) entranced (Notebook alt.) bewitched

95. Confuting: disproving

100. (B.L.) . . . Moon . . . Crag

Leaves (p. 220)

1916-1921 Notebook (22^{r}, 29^{r}, 30^{v}, 31^{r}, 36^{r}), TS., Canadian Magazine, Nov. 1921 (p. 28), B.L. (p. 38), P. (p. 125)

The Notebook is dated: "17. Nov [19]18".

The TS. consists of two leaves in the A.P.

Title. (TS.) Nothing But Leaves

1. This line is indented in the TS.

4. (Notebook canc.) dropped & (Notebook alt.) measured

5. (TS. & C.) Earth

9. (TS.) Snow;-

(C.) snow;-

10. (Notebook orig.) Beech leaves are stubborn too

12. (TS. & C.) frost-wind

15. (TS. & C.) sulphur-colored

19. unstoled: not wearing a stole (a long, loosed garment).

20. (TS.) Each in his little round . . .

21. (Notebook canc.) blaze (Notebook alt.) passion

22. (C.) color

27. laches: acts of negligence, lost opportunities.

32. (TS. orig.) Which the rose-breasted [alt.: pine] grosbeaks,
sans [alt.: share without] a quarrel,
(C.) quarrel,

33. TS. orig.) [canc: Share] in [alt.: In] the [add.: clear] blustery
(C.) . . . clear blustery . . .

34. (C.) basswoods

38. (TS. & C.) color-secret

42. (TS.) similtude

52. (TS. & C.) ardors

58. (TS. & C.) color

59. (C.) gray,

The Tree, The Birds, and the Child (p. 222)

1916-1921 Notebook (32^{r}-33^{r}), B.L. (p. 41), P. (p. 189)

The Notebook is dated: "Jan 2.[19]19".

The B.L. text is dedicated: "To B.W.S." (Belle Warner Scott, the poet's wife; see the headnote to L.A.).

Scott refers to the poem in a letter of Jan. 15, 1919 (P.E.P.) to Pelham Edgar: "I wonder what you and Helen [the wife of Pelham Edgar] will think of the enclosed lines [the text of the poem is not in the P.E.P.]. The poem is founded on fact. The birch tree

in front of our windows was this year cut down, as it was dying and I did not like to see it lingering in an aenemic [sic] state. We felt rather sad as it was mixed up with our lives to a considerable extent."

1. (Notebook orig.) . . . window grew

5. naiad: in Greco-Roman mythology, a nymph who lived in lakes and streams.

7. (Notebook orig.) . . . her silver loveliness

10. (Notebook canc.) space (Notebook alt.) dancing

15. crotch: the angle formed by the parting of two branches.

17-26. These lines allude to the poet's daughter, Elizabeth, who died in 1907.

25. In both the B.L. and P. texts, l. 25 is at the top of a page; therefore it is difficult to tell whether a new stanza was intended to begin at this point. In the Notebook MS (p. [33^{r}])--albeit a very rough version of the poem--there is no gap between l. 25 and the preceding lines.

26. the closed door: the title of Scott's elegiac poem on his daughter (see "The Closed Door").

27. (Notebook orig.) come (Notebook canc.) love

51. (Notebook orig.) Say with me as the vision fades away
Own: admit (that the love is deathless).

52. (Notebook orig.) Such love . . .

Last Year (p. 223)

B.L. (p. 43), P. (p. 13)

1. Rideau: a river which flows through the city of Ottawa.

On the Death of Claude Debussy (p. 223)

1916-1921 Notebook (23^{v}-24^{v}), B.L. (p. 44), P. (p. 158)

The Notebook is dated: "2 Apl '18".

The B.L. text bears the dedication: "To T.G." The initials almost certainly refer to (Lieutenant) Thomas (Robert Charles) Goff, a British military officer and long-time acquaintance of Scott. Goff, who played the clavichord, was a frequent visitor at musical evenings in Scott's home. Letters from Goff to Scott (in the A.P.) reveal that Goff had been on the staff of Government House, Ottawa, in 1942 and that in the following year he was serving as Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Southern Rhodesia.

Title. Achille Claude Debussy, a French composer and one of the supreme composers of his generation, was born on Aug. 22, 1862 and died on March 25, 1918. It is unlikely that the date "March 26, 1918" refers to a date of composition of the poem because of the Notebook dating (see above) and because in those confused wartime conditions it would probably have taken more than a day for the news of Debussy's death to reach Canada. More likely "March 26" refers to the date of the composer's death, in which case it is not quite accurate.

2. (Notebook orig.) Who waited for him

14. Rhythms of Spain: an allusion, perhaps, to Debussy's piano piece, "Soirée dans Grenade."

17. Crys: this is also the spelling in the Notebook.

18-19. These lines allude perhaps to Debussy's impressionistic piano piece, "Pagodes."

20. Melisande: Mélisande is a character in Debussy's opera, Pelléas et Mélisande (first performed in 1902).

22-24. These lines allude to Debussy's orchestral piece, "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune."

23-24. (Notebook canc.)

The sound of mourning
In the Fane of Dionysius

(Notebook alt.)

The mournful flute of Dionysus
In his ruined fane

25. This line alludes to Debussy's piano piece, "Jardins sous la pluie."

27-28. These lines allude to Debussy's piano prelude, "La Danse de Puck."

29-30. These lines may allude to Debussy's "Le Gladiateur" (1883), a student cantata, or "Printemps" (1884), a student chorus.

31-36. These lines allude to Debussy's famous orchestral piece, "La Mer."

Bells (p. 225)

1921-1926 Notebook (7^{v}, 9^{r}, 29^{v}), B.L. (p. 46), O.C.L.(W.)(p. 105), P. (p. 250), O.C.L. (p. 138)

The Notebook is dated: "Octr 20-[19]18".

5. In both anthology versions there is a stanza division between lines 4 and 5.

14. (O.C.L.) years,

15. (O.C.L.) air

Reverie (p. 225)

1916-1921 Notebook (33^{v}-34^{r}), TS., Queen's Quarterly, Oct.-Dec. 1921 (p. 181), B.L. (p. 47), P. (p. 200)

The Notebook is dated: "Jan 18-[19]19". (The poem's epigraph is not in the Notebook.)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the P.E.P.

The epigraph, which can be translated as "the pleasure, delicious and always new, of a useless occupation," is from the closing words of the "Avertissement" (Foreword) to Henri de Régnier's novel, Les Rencontres de M. de Bréot: "je n'ai jamais, en écrivant, cherché quoi que ce soit d'autre que le plaisir delicieux et toujours nouveau d'une occupation inutile"(p. 9).

Henri de Régnier (1864-1936) was a French poet and novelist, associated with the Parnassian school, whose reputation was quite high in his own day but which has since declined.

19. (TS.) denuded

(Q.Q.) denuded;

23. (Notebook canc.) vision (Notebook alt.) show

27. (Q.Q.) shadow-rainbow

Threnody (p. 226)

B.L. (p. 48)

A threnody is a dirge or elegy, a song of lamentation.

Spirit and Flesh (p. 226)

1916-1921 Notebook (60^{r}-63^{r}), B.L. (p. 49), P. (p. 77)

11. napery: household linen.

30. (Notebook canc.) pleasure (Notebook alt.) abandon

55. alone: i.e. only

81. (Notebook canc.) folly (Notebook alt.) beauty

89. (Notebook canc.) An appearance

90. (Notebook canc.) When the day is still

The Lovers (p. 229)

B.L. (p. 54), Scribner's Magazine, May 1923 (p. 528), P. (p. 275)

1. (S.) lilac-tree

2. (S.) bathing

By the Shore (p. 229)

1921-1926 Notebook (54^{V}), B.L. (p. 55), P. (p. 248)

The Notebook is dated: "Rothesay 26.9.19". Rothesay is a town in New Brunswick, north-east of Saint John.

5. (Notebook canc.) For

6. (Notebook orig.) dead and gone (Notebook alt.) long gone

7. (B.L.) And there . . .

8. (Notebook canc.) For me to brood (Notebook alt.) That I may dwell

The Anatomy of Melancholy (p. 230)

C.C. (n.d.), Canadian Forum, Nov. 1921 (p. 430), B.L. (p. 56), P. (p. 228)

Title. The Anatomy of Melancholy is the title of a compendium of knowledge produced by the English writer, Robert Burton (1577-1640), and first published in 1621.

1. book: see note above.

3. Helen: a famous character from Greek mythology; a paragon of beauty and the wife of Menelaus, she was taken by Paris to Troy; this action became the cause of the Trojan War.
Leucippe: a character from Greek mythology; one of Minyas' three beautiful daughters, she was driven mad and turned into a bat for neglecting the rites of Dionysus. Both Helen and Leucippe are referred to in the same sentence of Burton's discussion of woman's faults (Part. 3, Sect. 2, Member 5, Subs. 3): "Let

her be such a one throughout, as Lucian deciphers in his Images; as Euphranor of old painted Venus, Aristaenetus describes Lais, another Helen, Chariclea, Leucippe, Lucretia, Pandora . . . a little sickness . . . mars all in an instant" (p. 642).

5. (C.C. & C.F.) toe"

This quotation is taken from The Anatomy of Melancholy. It occurs shortly after the reference to Helen and Leucippe (see note to l. 3): "after she hath been married a small while, and the black ox hath trodden on her toe, she will be so much altered, and wax out of favour, thou wilt not know her" (p. 642).

9. (C.C.) But while . . .

(C.F.) Then while . . .

13. This line is a hyperbolic, and therefore comic, variant of l. 5.

18. This line is an explanation of "his book" (l. 17), i.e. The Anatomy of Melancholy.

20. (C.F.) uncertain

21. in blow: in full bloom.

24. (C.C.) fume,-

30. (C.F.) day

Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon (p. 231)

1916-1921 Notebook (51^{v}-52^{r}), B.L. (p. 58), P. (p. 219)

The Notebook is dated: "Ste. Petronille - Ile d'Orleans July 25 - '19". Sainte-Pétronille is a community at the southern tip of the Ile d'Orléans, which lies in the St. Lawrence near Quebec City.

Clarence A. Gagnon (1881-1942) was a Canadian etcher and painter, best known for his scenes of rural Quebec and for his book illustrations. Early in 1919 Gagnon returned to Canada from France where he was in the habit of residing for lengthy periods. He married (for the second time--his wife, from whom he had been separated, had died the previous year) Lucile Rodier--the subject of Scott's poem. The newly-wedded couple visited in the summer of 1919 Gagnon's artist-friend, Horatio Walker (see note to "The Water Lily") at Sainte-Pétronille. (See Hugues de Jouvancourt, Clarence Gagnon, p. 56.) Scott, who also happened to be at Sainte-Pétronille, met the Gagnons there, apparently for the first time as a letter of his to Pelham Edgar (Aug. 14, 1919, P.E.P.) suggests: "Clarence Gagnon the painter-etcher and his wife were there. He has a high place as an etcher now and I found him a most interesting chap." See also the letter from Scott to Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Aug. 5, 1919: "I spent a week with my friend, Horatio Walker, the painter, at his place on the Isle of Orleans, and enjoyed a rest, and was benefited by it" (quoted in M.L., p. 93).

Scott and Gagnon soon became friends and correspondents, a relationship which continued for many years. Scott also acted as an unofficial agent for Gagnon, selling his art-works for him. (See Hugues de Jouvancourt, Clarence Gagnon, pp. 7, 58, 59, 74, 78, 84, 96, 108.) After the artist's death Scott wrote an essay on him, "Clarence A. Gagnon,"which was originally published in Maritime Art (1942) and reprinted in C.A.

14. (Notebook orig.) . . . beauty would fly

19. (Notebook orig.) nothing (Notebook alt.) vestige

The Water Lily (p. 231)

1916-1921 Notebook (52^{v}-54^{r}), B.L. (p. 59), P. (p. 197)

The B.L. text is dated: "Ste. Petronille, / July 27th, 1919." This poem, therefore, was composed in the same place as and shortly after "Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon" (see the headnote to "Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon").

The B.L. text is dedicated: "To H.W." The initials probably refer to Horacio Walker (1858-1938), the Canadian painter who is noted for his depictions of habitant life. Walker resided at Sainte-Pétronille (see the headnote to "Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon").

8. the Peerless: the definite article and the capitalized "P" suggest an allegorization of the water-lily, possibly as a paragon of female sexuality.

   The asterisks which follow l. 8 (and, similarly, lines 18, 28, 37, 49 and 56) are part of the copy-text and do not signify editorial emendations.

16. shallops: small open boats, driven by sails or oars, used in shallow waters.

50. (Notebook canc.) might (Notebook alt.) should

51. dulcet: melodious (the "voice" is metaphorically "dulcet" in terms of "odour" and glow of colour ["flush"]).

64. chaplet: something resembling a string of beads.

A Road Song (p. 233)

1916-1921 Notebook (12^r, 13^r, 23^r), C.C. (n.d.), The Sewanee Review, Jan. 1921 (p. 1), B.L. (p. 63), P.C. (p. 100), P. (p. 248), Saturday Night, Aug. 1, 1942 (p. 25)

The Notebook is dated: "8.3.18".

The C.C. text of "A Road Song" appeared together with "The Fallen".

In the Saturday Night text, lines 1-2, 3-4, 5-6 and 7-8 are run together as one line, the punctuation remaining identical to that in P., though "Never" (l. 2), "Where (l. 4), "All" (l. 6) and "Fit" (l. 8) are not capitalized because they are no longer at the beginnings of lines.

2. (Notebook orig. & C.C.) Never mind the . . .

   (S.R.) weather;

4. (Notebook canc.) flower (Notebook alt.) seed

6. (C.C.) . . . finest feather,

8. (Notebook orig.) any (Notebook alt.) every

   (S.R.) need!

10. (Notebook orig.) Skirt the < > crevasses

    Pioneer: be the first to cross.

11. (S.N.) breed.

12. (S.R. & S.M.) avalanches

17. (C.C.) When the . . .

    (S.R.) oceans

19. (S.N.) goal-

After a Night of Storm (p. 234)

1911-1916 Notebook (64^{v}-66^{r}), Dalhousie Review, July 1921 (p. 122), B.L. (p. 64), P. (p. 258)

The Notebook is dated: "Dec 3. [19]16".

2. (Notebook orig.) a (Notebook alt.) her

3. (Notebook orig.) Cast high upon the scrud below the ness

[canc.: pines, cliff]

(D.R.) Spaniards' Bay,

Spaniards Bay: the reference may be to Spaniard's [sic]Bay, which is located in Newfoundland, on the northern coast of the Avalon Peninsula.

4. (Notebook orig.) . . . vestige from . . . [canc.: off]

(D.R.) The only vestige of the stately barque

19. mitts: a woman's dress gloves.

20. shoon: shoes (dialect).

22. (D.R.) . . . brooch, the . . . moon,

(B.L. & P.) . . . brooch the . . . moon

We prefer the variants of the D.R. version because they clarify the meaning of the line: "the colour of the moon" is in apposition to "brooch".

Idle to Grieve (p. 234)

1911-1916 Notebook (54^{r}-55^{r}), B.L. (p. 65), P.C. (p. 372), P. (p. 247)

The Notebook is dated: "27.2.15".

3. (Notebook canc.) flowers (Notebook alt.) storms

(Notebook canc.) please (Notebook alt.) prove

prove: test, demonstrate ability (this idea is extended in l. 6).

A Vision (p. 235)

B.L. (p. 66), P. (p. 246)

This poem may have been influenced by the work of W. B. Yeats; not, however, despite Scott's identical title, by Yeats' A Vision, the first edition of which did not appear until 1925, but by his prophetic and apocalyptic poems, written after the First World War, published in various prominent magazines and collected in The Wild Swans at Coole (English edition, 1919) and Michael Robartes and the Dancer (Feb. 1921). Yeats's "The Second Coming," for instance, first appeared in The Nation, Nov. 6, 1920 and in The Dial, Nov. 1920. (See Allan Wade, A Bibliography of the Writings of W. B. Yeats, pp. 124-26, 129-30.)

If Scott was indeed influenced by Yeats at this point in his career, it would represent a reversal of his earlier sentiments towards the Anglo-Irish poet, sentiments expressed in a letter (June 18, 1904, P.E.P.) to Pelham Edgar: "I hope upon reflection you will agree with me that there is no strong trend in [his] work toward anything new of importance . . . a while ago he became a theorist and his use of symbols and allusions render him cryptic and unreadable. I grieve that he cannot get back to his clear and spiritual first manner."

1. tenebrous: dark, gloomy.

22. listed: pleased (archaic).

28. poured up: the "host" of men is compared to a liquid gushing out of the "Future."

Senza Fine (p. 235)

1916-1921 Notebook (2^{r}-3^{v}), B.L. (p. 68), P. (p. 92)

The Notebook is dated: "Dec 24-16".

The title is an Italian musical term meaning "without end." There is a reference to this term in a letter, dated Nov. 19, 1934, from Scott to Madge Macbeth: "'Senza fine' as Chopin wrote in some of his Mazurkas. There is no end, you simply stop" (S.L., p. 50).

26. (Notebook canc.) soul[?] (Notebook alt.) voice

43. (Notebook canc.) Like a wicked child

46. swail: a variant of "swale," which is a hollow, low place.

47. (Notebook canc.) pitcher-plants (Notebook alt.) iris

A Masque (p. 237)

1916-1921 Notebook (3^{v}-7^{r}), B.L. (p. 71), P. (p. 216)

The Notebook is dated: "27.1.17".

Title. A "masque" is a kind of musical and dramatic entertainment, allegorical in nature, performed in Renaissance courts. Except for its use of allegory, Scott's poem has very little in common with Renaissance masques.

1. (Notebook canc.) lonely [?] (Notebook alt.) stony road

2. (Notebook canc.) Infrequent stars

6. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 6:

> Then beaten up the road there came a throng
> Of varied forms
> Each like a messenger [showing] up his life

8. (Notebook canc.) play (Notebook alt.) fete

11. (Notebook canc.) give a message to that fateful head

17. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 17:

> And then they sent the youngest with clear eyes
> [canc.: of the three]
>
> The whose habit was a [nuns?]
> [canc.: Who was more lovely yet she looked behind
> And ?]
> [canc.: As if] She doubted but remained
> As she [? true to heart]
> There is no hope she said

19. In the Notebook, stanza four has the notation, "Fear"--an explanation of the allegorical meaning of the figure who appears therein.

20. (Notebook orig.) Whose open mouth with agony was wracked

37. In the Notebook, stanza seven has the notation, "Prim"--an explanation of the allegorical meaning of the character who appears therein.

39. In the Notebook the following cancelled line appears after l. 39: All proud & petulant she held her head

54. (Notebook canc.) His face was fixed

55. (B.L.) winged

60. (Notebook orig.) There is (Notebook alt.) Is there

65. (Notebook orig.) shadowed (Notebook alt.) painted

The Eagle Speaks (p. 238)

1916-1921 Notebook (19^{v}-22^{r}), The London Mercury, June 1921 (p. 127), B.L. (p. 74), P. (p. 32)

The B.L. text is dedicated: "To E.W.T." The initials probably refer to Edward William Thomson (1849-1924), Canadian short-story writer, poet, editor and journalist. A letter, dated April 22, 1894, from Thomson to Archibald Lampman suggests that Thomson may first have met Scott in the year 1894 and, moreover, through an introduction from Lampman (a close friend of Thomson): "Here Duncan Campbell Scott came in. . . . We had lunch together. . . . I like Scott well - a more rugged looking man than I had expected to see - a dignified and yet easy, natural manner. A sincere eye and face. I like him well and all the better because he is your sound friend" (L.T.L., p. 18). Scott contributed poems to the Boston magazine, Youth's Companion, of which Thomson was an editor from 1890 to 1901. From 1902 to 1922 Thomson was the Canadian correspondent for the Boston Transcript, with headquarters in Ottawa, and probably had occasion to meet Scott on a face-to-face basis during that time (when "The Eagle Speaks" was written").

2. (L.M.) . . . rocks and . . .

4. (L.M.) . . . wings, your . . .

8. (Notebook orig.) . . . feel [chained?] . . .

10. (L.M.) fall-

13. (L.M.) roar-

windage: rush of air

16. (Notebook canc.) shadow (Notebook alt.) bolt

18. In the periodical version a new stanza begins at this line. In the B.L. version this stanza division is obscured by the fact that l. 18 is at the top of a new page. In the P. version this obscuring of the stanza division led, it would appear, to the printers' not establishing a new stanza at l. 18. We restore the original stanza division.

23-24. (Notebook canc.)

-them - whirling
And charging on the plains

30. (L.M.) careless,

31. (L.M.) snowflake -

40. (Notebook orig.) creek (Notebook alt.) water-course

(L.M.) watercourse.

41. (L.M.) upspread

42. (L.M.) clutch-

43. (L.M.) seized-

47. (L.M.) air

51. (L.M.) blows,

52. (L.M.) mountain-top.

55. (L.M.) failed-

56. The L.M. version has the following line after l. 56:

I hovered sudden over him and glared down-

60. (Notebook orig.) As the kid beside him the puny thing
They call a man

(L.M.) watercourse.

(B.L. & P.) water course.

The O.E.D. spells this word as "watercourse" but gives examples with "water-course" and "water course." While we maintain the hyphenated form of the B.L. and P. versions, we emend the spelling of the word at l. 60 so that it may conform with the spelling at l. 40. (The omission of the hyphen was probably the result of a typographical error.)

68. (L.M. & B.L.) used

72. (Notebook canc.) caught (Notebook alt.) darkened

(L.M.) . . . up in the . . . me-

74. (L.M.) Wings-

Lilacs and Humming Birds (p. 240)

1916-1921 Notebook (7^{v}, 9^{v}), C.C. (n.d.), B.L. (p. 78), P.(p.76)

1. (C.C.) moonlight

6. eyot: a little island (dialect).

10. (Notebook orig.) heart (Notebook alt.) core

13. (C.C.) dew-encrusted

Afterwards (p. 241)

1916-1921 Notebook (28^{v}-29^{r}), B.L. (p. 79), P. (p. 20)

The Notebook is dated: "Oct. 12. [19]18".

10. (Notebook orig.) Any (Notebook alt.) My

The Enigma (p. 241)

1916-1921 Notebook (8^{r}-8^{v}), B.L. (p. 80), P. (p. 249)

The Notebook is dated: "3.3.17".

4. (Notebook canc.) stir (Notebook alt.) touch

6. (Notebook canc.) fire (Notebook alt.) lyre

7. (Notebook canc.) kept (Notebook alt.) was

8. (Notebook canc.) fell [with, etc.]

In Grenada (p. 241)

B.L. (p. 81), P. (p. 284)

Scott visited Spain in 1907 but it is doubtful whether he visited Granada--at least on this occasion—since, according to E. K. Brown's account ("Memoir," p. xxiv), he had only reached Madrid when news of his daughter's death reached him and compelled him to return to France.

Title. Grenada: properly spelled Granada--a city in southern Spain; the last Moorish kingdom to survive on the Iberian peninsula, Granada fell to the Christian armies in 1492.

3. Sierras: mountain-ranges (Spanish); the Sierra Nevada--a series of mountains rising to above 6,500 ft. (1,900 m.)--lie south of Granada.

5. Moorish gardens: there was an Arab, i.e. Moorish, presence in Spain from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries; the allusion is to gardens in the Alhambra, a palace of the Moorish monarchs of Granada, constructed between 1238 and 1358, and still in good repair.

11. ostinato: ground, i.e. aural background (Italian musical term).

15. swound: state of semi-consciousness (archaic).

Impromptu (p. 242)

1916-1921 Notebook (30^{r}), B.L. (p. 82)

In Winter (p. 242)

1916-1921 Notebook (33^{r}, 34^{r}), B.L. (p. 82), P. (p. 54)

The Notebook is variously dated: "Jan 11 - [19]19" and "Jan 14".

2. (Notebook orig.) Lies in . . .

6. (Notebook canc.) silver (Notebook alt.) frosted

Song (p. 242)

1911-1916 Notebook (64^{r}, 66^{r}-66^{v}), B.L. (p. 83), P. (p. 301)

The Notebook is dated: "Dec/3 - [12?]-16".

This poem lost its original title and became the thirteenth in a sequence of "Thirteen Songs" in P.

The B.L. text was reprinted alongside a review of B.L. in The Globe, Dec. 3, 1921 (p. 24).

3. (Notebook orig.) Memory comes in flashes [canc.: is driven low]

11. (Notebook canc.) each our own (Notebook alt.) both the one

14. rime: frost

18. (Notebook canc.) Shadows fall (Notebook alt.) There is cold

In the Selkirks (p. 243)

B.L. (p. 84), O.C.L.(W.)(p. 31), P. (p. 27), O.C.L. (p. 140)

The B.L. text gives the date and place of composition:

"Glacier, B.C.
August 27th 1920."

Glacier is a settlement on the C.P.R. line, in south-eastern British Columbia, in the middle of Glacier National Park.

On Sept. 25, 1945, Scott wrote to E. K. Brown (E.K.B.P.): "I prefer the Selkirks to the Rockies because there is greater variety in atmospheric effects; but there is no place I cld visit now in the Selkirks; I was very fond of Glacier wh. is now wiped out by improvements."

Title. The Selkirks are a range of mountains cutting from north to south through south-eastern British Columbia and skirting the western edge of Glacier National Park.

1. (O.C.L.[W.]) mountain

(O.C.L.) . . . grey . . . mountain

5. (O.C.L.[W.] & O.C.L.) sources,

9. (O.C.L.[W.] & O.C.L.) Mountain?

11. (O.C.L. [W.] & O.C.L.) Torrent,

13. (O.C.L.[W.]) man

15. (O.C.L.[W.]) mountain

16. (O.C.L.[W.] & O.C.L.) stream

Question and Answer (p. 244)

1916-1921 Notebook (43^{r}-43^{v}), B.L. (p. 85), P. (p. 137)

The epigraph is from a "ghazal" (Persian lyric form) in Jalâl al-Dîn Rûmî's Diwan-i Shams-i Tabriz. The poem is translated as follows in William Hastie's The Festival of Spring:

> O Bird, that fret'st to Freedom win;
> Love caged thee in that Prison thin.
> O Soul, if thou, too, wouldst be free,
> Then love the Love that shuts thee in.
> 'Tis Love that twisteth every Snare;
> 'Tis Love that snaps the Bond of Sin.
> Love sounds the Music of the Spheres;
> Love echoes through Earth's harshest Din.
> Love fills with Fragrance Heaven's sweet Air;
> Love's deft Hands Life's gold Fibres spin.
> The World is God's pure Mirror clear,
> To Eyes when free from Clouds within.
> With Love's own Eyes the Mirror view,
> And there see God to Self akin.
> Then praise Him, Soul, enflamed with Love
> As Larks in Dawn, new Songs begin.
> (p. 21)

Jalâl al-Dîn (1207-73), known as Rûmî and Mawlânâ, is considered the greatest Persian mystic poet. He was the founder of the Mawlâwî order ("Dancing Dervishes") of Sufis. Sufism (Islamic mysticism) stresses the oneness of being, the extreme nearness of God and the possibility of union with the divine presence. This mystical theme is expressed in Rûmî's ghazal in an erotic code.

2. (Notebook canc.) hate (Notebook alt.) wrath

4. (Notebook canc.) Lions loom along

19. purling: making a soft, murmuring sound.

20. castinet: an instrument, used by dancers, which produces a clicking sound.

30. (Notebook canc.) Fearing both

In the P. version this line is less indented than are the other indented (even-numbered lines). We see no reason why the pattern of indentation should be broken at this point and assume that the irregular indentation of l. 30 in our copy-text was the result of a typographical error.

Lines on a Monument (p. 244)

1916-1921 Notebook (31^{r}-31^{v}), B.L. (p. 87), P. (p. 305)

The Notebook is dated: "Nov 17 - [19]18".

1. (Notebook orig.) Garlands for them that broke the waves

them: those who fought and died on the Allied side during the First World War, which ended on Nov. 11, 1918.

5. (Notebook orig.) No tears (Notebook alt.) Honour

6. without alloy: i.e. pure, not debased.

7. (Notebook orig.) language (Notebook alt.) yearning, shadow

After Battle (p. 245)

1916-1921 Notebook (19^{r}), MS. 1, MS. 2, TS., B.L. (p. 87), P. (p. 274), A.D. (p. 270), A.C.P. (p. 37), T.C.V. (p. 372)

The Notebook is dated: "25. Mr. [19]17".

MS. 1 is a signed, undated MS (one leaf), located in the Archibald Lampman Papers, National Archives. MS. 2 is a signed, undated MS (one leaf), located in the papers of the Canadian Authors Association, National Archives. The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the S.P./T.

6. (Notebook canc.) stars (Notebook alt.) mist

7. (Notebook canc.) sunlit (Notebook alt.) starlit

The Fallen (p. 245)

C.C. (n.d.), B.L. (p. 88), P. (p. 305), A.D. (p. 260), Saturday Night, Aug. 1, 1942 (p. 25)

In the periodical version the stanzas are not separated one from the other.

The title refers to those who died in battle in the First World War (1914-1918).

5. (C.C. & S.N.) silence

7. (A.D.) Valor

8. (A.D.) Valor

15. (S.N.) Courage

16. (C.C.) End.

Lines on the Peace Arch (p. 246)

The Vancouver Sun, Aug. 4, 1922 (p. 4)

The Vancouver Sun text of the poem is accompanied by a photograph of the Peace Arch and the following note: "During the

recent visit of Hon. Charles Stewart, minister of the interior, Duncan Campbell Scott, deputy superintendent-general of the Department of Indian Affairs, and other ministers and officials of the government, R. Rowe Holland, president of the International Memorial Association, arranged for a motor trip to the peace arch at the border at Blaine [Washington], when the government was shown the advantages of the creation of a park area there.

While viewing the arch, Mr. Scott was so impressed with its beauty and meaning, that he wrote the following poem:".

The Peace Arch was, according to J. Castell Hopkins' The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, "a Memorial Arch which had been erected to commemorate the 100 years of peace between Canada and the United States" (XXII, 79) and which was dedicated on March 30, 1922.

Scott was in western Canada, together with Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior in Mackenzie King's government, during July and August, 1922. (See J. Castell Hopkins, The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, XXII, 262, 269.) They were in Vancouver on and around July 20-21, 1922. (See also the headnote to "September".)

8. The Vancouver Sun text reads "established". However there is in the A.P. a clipping of this text in which the initial "e" has been crossed out. We assume this revision was the work of the author and respect it.

Byron on Wordsworth (p. 248)

The story behind the publication of "Byron on Wordsworth" is told by E. K. Brown. Surveying Scott's various activities during the 1920's, Brown observes that Scott "had almost as much in the talk at a small dining club [Ottawa's Rideau Club] to which he belonged during the last quarter century of his life, listening to judges and journalists and senior civil servants, and now and then cutting through the eloquence with one of the unanswerable tart remarks he phrased so well. It was for the delectation of this group that he had privately printed a four-page pamphlet, 'For the Byron Centenary, April 19, 1924: Byron on Wordsworth, Being Discovered Stanzas of Don Juan.' In this he made contemptuous fun of the hypocritical element, as he thought it, in Wordsworth's moral rigorism, in the light of the revelation concerning the poet's French daughter" ("Memoir," p. xxxv).

The "revelation" to which Brown alludes was, briefly, as follows: during his residence in France in 1791-92 Wordsworth fell in love with a French girl, Annette Vallon, who bore him a daughter, Anne-Caroline. Before the latter was born (on Dec. 15, 1792), Wordsworth left France for England. (His motives for having done so are not entirely clear.) Though there was further contact between Wordsworth and Annette--e.g. a meeting in Calais in August 1803--their relationship had really come to an end with the former's departure in October 1792. Though Wordsworth suppressed this

incident in his life, it does constitute the disguised source of the tale of "Vaudracour and Julia" in his autobiographical poem, The Prelude (1805 version only), Bk. IX, ll. 554-933 (see The Prelude, ed. Ernest de Selincourt, pp. 166-76).

For information on the episode of Annette Vallon, see Émile Legouis, William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon (this was Scott's own source of information--see Scott's footnote to l. 1) and Mary Moorman, William Wordsworth, I, 178-202.

The occasion of the poem was, as the title of B.W. indicates, the centenary of the death of the English Romantic poet, George Gordon, Lord Byron (b. Jan. 22, 1788--d. April 19, 1824). If Wordsworth had a reputation for, in E. K. Brown's words, "moral rigorism", Byron was associated with sexual licentiousness, and so made a suitable persona through which Scott could satirize Wordsworth. Scott also took advantage of the fact that Byron was himself a famous satirist, so that B.W. is, formally, an imitation of the latter's great satirical poem, "Don Juan", with which it shares the same metre and stanza form, namely, ottava rima (eight iambic lines, rhyming abababcc).

The full title of B.W. (on the first page of the four-page pamphlet) reads as follows:

> TO MY FRIEND COLONEL HENRY C. OSBORNE / FOR THE /
> BYRON CENTENARY / 1824 APRIL NINETEENTH 1924 / [device] /
> BYRON ON WORDSWORTH / BEING DISCOVERED STANZAS OF
> DON JUAN / BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Neither the place nor date of publication are indicated. A line following the text of the poem (p. [4]) reads:

Printed for Private Circulation

However, it is quite probable, from the evidence of the title, that B.W. was published in 1924.

Colonel Henry C.[ampbell] Osborne (1874-1949), to whom B.W. was dedicated, was, among other things, a founder and Honorary Director of the Dominion Drama Festival and a member of Ottawa's Rideau Club. (See The Canadian Who's Who, II, 842 and the obituary in the Globe and Mail, April 20, 1949, Sec. 1, p. 13.)

There are two extant TSS of the poem, henceforth called TS. 1 and TS. 2. Both consist of four leaves and are in the P.E.P. TS. 2 has the name, "Charles G.D. Roberts", written, in what appears to be Pelham Edgar's hand, at the top of the first sheet. In TS. 2 the line, "FOR THE BYRON CENTENARY", in the title is entirely capitalized; otherwise, the titles are identical, the remainder reading as follows:

> 'BYRON ON WORDSWORTH' / Being discovered stanzas of Don Juan. [This is followed by the author's name, "Duncan Campbell Scott."]

1. This line is slightly indented in both TS. 1 and TS. 2.

Lake Poet: Wordsworth, so called because of his association with the Lake district of England where he grew up and lived.

4. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Vallon, who was a royalist intriguer,

royalist intriguer: Annette Vallon and her family conspired on

behalf of the royalist cause during the French Revolution; see Emile Legouis, William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon, pp. 48ff.

7-8. The quotation is (adapted) from Byron's Don Juan, Canto xii, stanza 63: "But yet is merely innocent flirtation, / Not quite adultery, but adulteration" (ll. 7-8).

11-13. In his later years Wordsworth became highly conservative in political and religious matters.

12. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . and to live . . .

13. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) once

13-14. Once . . . shy: an English proverb whose sense is, roughly, "if you've been hurt once by something, you will be wary of approaching that dangerous thing again."

14. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Virgin

21-22. old . . . praise: Wordsworth became in his later years a highly revered figure to whose home in the Lake District pilgrimages were made.

22. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) whitened

27-29. I liked . . . joint: Byron satirized, in the "Dedication" to Don Juan and elsewhere, many of his fellow writers; however, Shelley, who most closely fits the description of ll. 28-29 ("who loved me" and "whose labors" etc.) was more or less exempt from Byron's attacks. Leslie Marchard says in Byron: A Portrait that "Byron . . . though he did not admire Shelley's

poetry greatly, and was inclined to make sport of him occasionally, as he did of his other companions, had a genuine liking for him and respect for his intellect and integrity" (p. 361).

30. tabors: see note to "A Song for Winter." l. 21.

32. trimmin': trimming, an obsolete word referring to the tendency to incline opportunistically to both of two opposed parties (e.g. in politics).

35. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Purgatory

36. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . hoped by . . .

37. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . deviltry to . . .

38. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Heaven

40. Coleridge: Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), English Romantic poet and critic, friend of Wordsworth and collaborator with him in producing Lyrical Ballads (1798).

41. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . to start revise Don Juan
The composition of Don Juan was cut short by Byron's untimely death; the final stanzas of the poem (the fourteen stanzas of Canto xvii) do not bring the narrative to a close.

42. recant: though we do not need to assume that Scott was aiming for biographical accuracy in this stanza, it should be noted that Leslie Marchard's detailed narrative of Byron's death (Byron: A Portrait, ch. xxix) gives no indication that Byron repented of the life he had led.

51. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . said . . . reflected

51-52. Goethe: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), poet, dramatist, novelist and man of letters, generally considered the greatest writer in the history of German literature.

said . . . child: a remark attributed to Goethe in Johann Peter Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe (Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens, 1823-32, 3 vols. [1836-48]). Scott was probably using John Oxenford's translation, Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann (first edition, 1850): "But Lord Byron is only great as a poet; as soon as he reflects, he is a child" (p. 82). For a discussion of Goethe's remark, see E. M. Butler, Byron and Goethe, pp. 115ff.

55. guardian hoary: Goethe; see note to ll. 51-52.

56. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . of Wm. Wordsworth's . . .

57. The quotation is from Wordsworth's Rainbow poem ("My heart leaps up when I behold"), the last three lines of which, from 1815 on, were printed as a motto to his Immortality Ode:

> The Child is father of the Man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth meant that the visionary experiences of childhood can instruct and guide one in adulthood.

60. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Concupiscence or inebriety

concupiscence: sexual desire, lust.

inebriety: drunkenness

62. "natural piety": see the note to l. 57.

64. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) By fever . . . Marshes

(B.W.) But fever . . .

The B.W. variant, "But", is an obvious typographical error.

fever . . . marshes: Byron went to Greece in 1823 to aid the inhabitants in their war for independence from the Turks; he died of a fever contracted in the marshy town of Missolonghi in western Greece.

65ff. Cf. Byron's satirical poem, "The Vision of Judgment," the action of which is set in heaven, with Saint Peter and various angels as characters.

66. rushed . . . star: cf. Byron's "The Vision of Judgment": "Or curb a runaway young star or two, / Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon / Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue," (ll. 12-14).

ether: see the note to "Meditation at Perugia," l. 30.

68. par: the normal average; "I went to par," therefore, means "I was my usual self."

74. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . distinction and variety,

76. (TS. 1) . . . With folk . . . satiety:

(TS. 2) . . . With folk . . .

78. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Who said one . . .

81. Heine: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), German poet and prose-writer; see the headnote to "Heine."

83. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) zest.

84. (TS. 1) commanded:

(TS. 2) commanded;

88. (TS. 2) Aucassan

Aucassin and Nicolette: the title of an anonymous mediaeval French chivalric romance; E. W. Thomson, a friend of Scott (see the headnote to "The Eagle Speaks"), published a translation of Aucassin and Nicolette in 1896, and this is the version with which Scott was probably familiar (there is a presentation copy of Thomson's book in the National Library, Ottawa, inscribed: "May 15 [18]96 / Duncan Campbell Scott / With Kindest Regards. / E. W. Thomson"); Scott's allusion is specifically to the following passage (Aucassin is the speaker): "What have I to do in Paradise? I seek not to enter there, but let me have Nicolette my most sweet friend whom I love so much. Into Paradise none go except the sort of people I will tell you of. There go those old priests and those lame and crippled ones who all day and all night grovel before altars and in old crypts; and those clothed in old, worn cloaks and in old rags; those who are naked and barefoot and full of sores; those who die of hunger and of thirst and of cold, and of miseries. These go to Paradise; with them have I nothing to do; but into hell I wish to go. For into hell go the goodly clerks and the goodly knights, who have died in the tourneys and in the great wars; and the good soldier and the true man. With these do I

wish to go. And there go also the fair, courteous ladies who have two loves or three besides their lords. And there go also the gold and the silver and the rich furs (et li vair et li gris); and there go also the harper and minstrel and the Kings of the world. With these I wish to go, only let me have Nicolette, my most sweet friend, with me" (Aucassin and Nicolette, trans. E. W. Thomson, pp. 11-12).

89. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) . . . Laureate of 1850

Laureat of eighteen-fifty: Wordsworth became Poet Laureate in 1843, a title which he held until his death on April 23, 1850.

91. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) shifty.

92. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) fashion,

natural fashion: a possible allusion to Wordsworth's association with a "natural" style of verse (early in his career, e.g. in the Advertisements to the Lyrical Ballads, 1798, Wordsworth had rejected the conventions of eighteenth-century literature).

94. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Spoke - . . . on.

95. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) autocracy.

100. inner vision: for Wordsworth, the faculty of the Imagination (cf. his use of the words, "inner eye," in The Prelude bk. V, l. 453).

101. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) mid

105. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Meres

meres: see note to "The Harvest," l. 38

108. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) night -

(TS. 1 & TS. 2) "I'm

(B.W.) 'I'm

The single quotation mark in the B.W. text is an obvious typographical error.

109. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) veers

114. (TS. 1 & TS. 2) Excursion.

The Excursion: the title of a long descriptive, anecdotal and didactic poem which Wordsworth published in 1814; Byron satirizes this work in the "Dedication" to Don Juan:

> And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
> (I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
> Has given a sample from the vasty version
> Of his new system to perplex the sages;
> 'Tis poetry - at least by his assertion,
> And may appear so when the dog-star rages -
> And he who understands it would be able
> To add a story to the Tower of Babel.
>
> (st. 4)

117. (TS. 1) ambitions,

(TS. 2) ambitions.

The history of the publication of P. is well documented in surviving correspondence, extracts of which are quoted below. (Unless otherwise stated, it should be assumed that the letters are located in the A.P.; all, without exception, are dated in the year 1926.)

It is not known precisely when the decision to publish P. was arrived at. The earliest mention of its publication is in a letter, dated March 22, from Scott to John McClelland of McClelland and Stewart: "I am now working at the manuscript, and would be glad if you could send me a couple of copies of the 'Lundy's Lane' book which I can cut up for copy." This letter is very important insofar as it reveals something of the process by which the text of P. was established. It is evident that Scott himself was in control of this process and that the P. text was based--certainly in the case of L.L. and probably in the case of the other books as well--on the earlier book versions, more specifically, on clippings of these versions.

This conclusion is supported by the evidence of certain corruptions in P. (e.g. "Rapids at Night," l. 25, and "The Eagle Speaks," l. 18) where the printers failed to indicate a new stanza because the latter appeared in the earlier book--used by them for copy--at the top of a page. That the earlier books are the basis of P. is a conclusion also supported by the fact that there are relatively few variants between the first book texts and the revised book texts of P. (Revision did indeed take place; see for instance, the variant readings in "Dream Voyageurs," l. 12.)

The word "manuscript," therefore, which appears in the letter of March 22, should not be understood in the narrow sense of a hand-written copy. What Scott submitted to his publisher was probably a combination of cut-out printed texts (revised by hand) and--for (those few) previously unpublished poems--typescripts and/or manuscripts. This procedure, we should note, was not an unusual one: Fredson Bowers refers to "the common authorial practice of annotating an already printed edition to form the printer's copy for a revision" ("Remarks on Eclectic Texts," Proof, 4 [1975], 33, n. 3).

By April 9 the P. text had been established. On that day Scott wrote to McClelland: "I am sending along the manuscript of the poems with the table of contents . . . I think we will call the book simply 'The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott'." Further evidence of Scott's control over the publication of P. is to be found in the following reassuring note, dated May 12, from Donald French, Literary Editor at McClelland and Stewart, to Scott: " . . . we are certainly anxious to give you perfect satisfaction in connection with the making of the edition of Collected Poems." (For information on Donald French [1873-1945], see George L. Parker, "A History of a Canadian Publishing House," I, 142-43 and II, 229.)

Other correspondence which followed between Scott and his editor reinforces this impression of authorial supervision and control: on May 19, French informed Scott that "Galley proofs will be submitted to you, and any desired arrangement of the selections can then be made . . . We will consult you regarding any other details which may

require decision." Three days later Scott replied: "I shall work diligently at the proofs when they come so that there may be no delay."

Proofs must have been delivered to Scott soon afterwards for on June 24 he notified French that he was "returning by concurrent mail the first lot of proofs. I note what you say with reference to a possible re-arrangement of the poems. I will give that matter serious attention." Two days later French replied: "As suggested in your letter of June 24, we will ask the printer to supply a delicate set of galley proofs for you, so as to check up for re-arrangement of poems if desired."

On July 8 French notified Scott that "I am sending you further proofs in connection with your book of Poems. On talking over the matter with the printer, it is decided that it would be best to return you the galley proofs right from the beginning and let you hold them until you have them completed. There is very little correction to be made and the printer prefers to do it all at the one time, so if you will just hold the galleys until you have made all the corrections, then you can go over the complete set and mark it up with a view to making any rearrangements of the order of the poems."

Reading of the proofs proceeded rapidly. On July 23 Scott informed his publisher, John McClelland, that he was "sending back the galley proofs of the book and the balance of the copy.

As regards the arrangement of the poems, I decided to begin the book with the 'Ode to Canada' on galley 28, and you will notice another transposition of 'The Magic House' to galley 47. With these

changes I should like the arrangement of the poems to stand as at present.

I have no objection whatsoever to running the poems on, in fact I think we must do so, but I should like to avoid breaking the stanzas if possible."

Scott's eagerness to see his book in print was tempered by his concern that it be printed as he wanted it to be. On Aug. 7 he asked McClelland: "How is the book getting on? You are going to let me see the page proofs, are you not?" Three days later his publisher replied that "The poems are now in the process of being paged and we hope to send you very soon the paged proofs for your examination."

A few weeks later--in the fall of 1926--P. appeared. It bore the following title-page: The Poems of / Duncan Campbell / Scott / [device] / McCLELLAND & STEWART, / PUBLISHERS ·:· TORONTO
The printers are identified on p. [342] of the book: WARWICK / BROS. & / RUTTER / LIMITED / TORONTO / PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

Scott had originally desired to have Macmillan publish his book. Shortly after its appearance, in a letter dated Nov. 18, he wrote to Hugh S. Eayrs of that publishing firm: "Yes, the collected poems is on the market at last. As you know, I have mixed feelings with reference to this book; the preponderant quality is one of regret that I could not have had the imprimatur of the Macmillan Company."

Scott, it seems, had never been entirely happy with McClelland and Stewart, his "two-headed beast of a publisher," which he accused of "indifference" towards him (Scott to Pelham Edgar, March 16, 1921, P.E.P.) and lack of "consideration" (Scott to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 6,

1923, P.E.P.). Also to be taken into account in explaining why Scott regretted that P. had not been published by Macmillan is the fact that this firm was an international one, certainly more prestigious than McClelland and Stewart, and probably capable of a wider book distribution, particularly in England, where it was based.

That Scott was anxious to have his book distributed in England is revealed by the following letter he wrote to the English poet, John Masefield (June 24, S.P./T.): "I must acknowledge and thank you for your letter of May 31st. I believe that Mr. Eayrs, of the MacMillan [sic] Company, was expected in Toronto last week, and I am writing him today to ask him whether he was able to discuss the question of the English edition with the London house. Everything is in the air yet, and I think that you will probably not be pressed just now to write anything [an Introduction, see below], although I hope that the idea will be taken up, if not by MacMillan [sic], by some other English publisher. It is hard for us to get any recognition in England, particularly when a book of verse is in question."

As it turned out, Scott was unable not only to have Macmillan publish P. in Canada but also to have it publish P. anywhere else--a fact of which he was informed in a letter, dated June 25, from their Canadian office: "Their [Macmillan England] feeling was . . . that as McClelland had the Canadian end they should not publish." This fact was confirmed several months later in a note (dated Oct. 11) from McClelland and Stewart to Scott: "We have just heard from London that Messrs. Macmillan's have decided not to take an edition for England

of the poems. We are sorry to hear this but we have instructed our representative to get busy to try some other houses."

Within a few weeks a publisher had been found for the English edition of P. This was the London firm of J. M. Dent and Sons. On Nov. 25 John McClelland wrote to Scott: "I have written to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons Limited asking whether they would prefer to set up Masefield's Introduction in England or if we should do it before we ship them sheets, so we are awaiting an answer from them on this point.

I think, however, that it might be advisable if you would ask Mr. Masefield to send his Introduction direct to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons Limited . . . London . . . and they will send it on to us if they desire us to set it here."

(Scott had arranged to have John Masefield write an introduction to the English edition of P. Masefield had long had an interest in Scott's work--ever since he had read "The Piper of Arll" upon its original publication [see Masefield's autobiography, In the Mill, p. 58]--and the two writers had been in contact since 1905 when Masefield had written to Scott, asking for permission to include "The Piper" in his anthology, S.G. [see Scott's letter to the editor, Saturday Night, May 31, 1930, p. 10].)

Following through on the Nov. 25 communication from his publisher, Scott wrote to Masefield on Nov. 30: "There has been question as to whether the introduction should be set up here or printed in London, but it has been decided to ask you to send it direct to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons . . . who will send it on to Canada if

it is decided to set it up here."

Unfortunately we do not know what the English publishers decided to do. We can only surmise that since the rest of the English edition of P.--even the title-page, whose verso reads "Printed in Canada," was printed in Toronto, so was Masefield's introduction. This seems to have been the assumption of George L. Parker who, in his study of McClelland and Stewart, refers to that "kind of original Canadian imprint [which] consists of those books which are first published in Canada and later published abroad. The reasons for the delay vary, but, in general, the MS will be sent to the Canadian publisher, who will attempt to sell it abroad. If he does this, the book may be published simultaneously in several cities, but sometimes the Canadian publisher will risk local publication. In this group is Duncan Campbell Scott's Collected Poems, published by McClelland and Stewart in 1926, and published in London the following year by J. M. Dent, from the sheets printed in Canada" (I, 124).

The English 'edition' of P. appeared in May 1927. (A presentation copy to Mrs. Pelham Edgar is dated "June 16/1927." The copy is in the E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria College, University of Toronto; its catalogue number is PR9Sco83pM.) The 1927 issue of P. bore the following title-page:

The Poems of / Duncan Campbell / Scott / [device] / 1927 / LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD. / 10-13, Bedford Street, W. C. 2

The printers of the book are identified on p. [342] of the volume (exactly as in the Canadian edition): WARWICK / BROS. & / RUTTER / LIMITED / TORONTO / PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS

Collation of the Canadian and English issues of P. reveals no variants whatsoever in the texts of the poems. Like Scott's first book (M.H.) and like his fifth (L.L.), P. was published in one edition consisting of more than one issue. (For a definition of "issue," see "Choice of Text," fn. 1.)

Strictly speaking, P. is not a collection of Scott's poems but, rather, a (very wide) selection. Of the 192 poems which had appeared in Scott's six preceding books of verse, 31 (16.1%) were omitted from P. (The majority of the uncollected poems--18 of them--were from M.H.) P. contained, moreover, 22 "new" poems--new insofar as they had not previously been published in book form. All of these 22 poems were, so far as we know, composed in the period more or less intervening between the publication of B.L. (1921) and P. (1926).

I do Not Ask (p. 252)

1921-1926 Notebook (32^{r}-32^{v}), P. (p. 51)

The Notebook is dated: Jan 18/[19]25".

2. (Notebook canc.) morning (Notebook alt.) daylight

3. (Notebook orig.) . . . colour in the . . .

Powassan's Drum (p. 252)

1921-1926 Notebook (33^{r}-37^{r}), P. (p. 59), N.H. (p. 162)

According to Pelham Edgar, "'Powassan's Drum' was written in January and February, 1925" (Leading Canadian Poets, p. 216).

A notice in The Canadian Bookman (May 1925, p. 85) reported that

"On Wednesday, April 22nd [1925], Duncan Campbell Scott, Litt. D., was the guest of the Poetry Club of Toronto . . . this was his first public recital, he confessed . . . Bertram Forsyth's dramatic reading of a new poem, 'Powassan's Drum,' held the audience spell-bound. Dr. Scott wrote this poem after hearing the far-off drum-beating of an Indian medicine man."

The "medicine man" referred to here may have been an Indian whom Scott encountered on his 1905 trip to the James Bay area. The entry for July 6, 1905 in the Journal (1905) reads as follows:

"Broke camp at 6:45, up at 5. bath in lake. lovely morning. Reached Lac Seul Post at < > Very few Inds. Had breakfast with the Mackenzies in charge of the Post. Lunched < > whitefish. Learned that Inds were having a dance & making medicine on the Res. about 7 miles away. Went down in canoe. Mack. Rae & the party. Long argument with old medicine man - cunning old devil with swollen Jaw. Powassan the head medicine man had sent them word to [make?] the medicine. Conference with McKenzie about this. Warned [canc.:?] Inds. not to dance. they promised to do what they could to stop it. but we must speak to Powassan. Returned about < > [?] has taken ill."

Because there was only one authoritative printing of this poem, the problem of determining stanza divisions (do new stanzas begin at lines 25, 55 85 and 113 [each of which appears at the top of a page in the P. text]?) is a difficult one to solve. (The Notebook MS, of little help in this matter, contains a very rough version of the poem.) Our reasons, therefore, for establishing or not establishing stanza

divisions at lines 25, 55, 85 and 113 are as follows: (1) new stanza at l. 25 because the preceding line, or variants of it, elsewhere appears to end a stanza (cf. ll. 47, 63, 118; lines 86 and 101 are, admittedly, exceptions to this rule); new stanza at l. 55 for the same reason as in the case of l. 25 and because of the precedent set by N.H.; no new stanza at l. 85 because the preceding line ends in a comma and because of the precedent set by N.H.; new stanza at l. 113 because of the precedent set by N.H. (cf. also l. 64).

Title. Powassan is an Indian word meaning "the bend" (e.g., of a river); there is a town by that name in the Parry Sound district of northern Ontario.

39. (Notebook orig.)

As he drew the morning star
Like a pearl from the shell of darkness
Drew the great sun the [master?]
[canc.: And after]
Marching [?]
To the beat of P -'s D.
And the star in the deep

56. (Notebook orig.) living grass [canc.: reeds]

57. spangs: small, glittering ornaments (an obsolete word).

76. (Notebook canc.) springs (Notebook alt.) reaches

84. (Notebook orig.) Comes like a breath & the cloud

88. (Notebook orig.) . . . bright water . . .

94 & 96. (Notebook canc.) Carved (Notebook alt.) Molded

128. (Notebook orig.) Chasm of dark sound

129. (Notebook orig.) Lives the triumphant the implacable [canc.: the malevolent]

Prologue (p. 255)

1921-1926 Notebook (18^{r}-20^{v}), P. (p. 95)

The Ottawa Little Theatre was an amateur theatrical group which began in 1913 under the name of the Ottawa Drama League. Its first base of operation was an auditorium in the National Museum; these facilities had to be relinquished in 1916, when they became the temporary location of Parliament. On January 18, 1923, the Drama League moved back into its old theatre in the Museum. This is the event referred to in P. as the "opening of The Little Theatre." It is probable that the Drama League was rechristened "Little Theatre" at this time; however a review of that occasion from The Canadian Bookman, Feb. 1923, p. 32 (see below) makes no mention of the "Little Theatre":

"The Drama League, under the guidance of Duncan Campbell Scott, has moved into its old quarters in the National Museum. They have a delightful little theatre which holds about three hundred, is pleasantly decorated, and their stage which is large enough, has the great advantage of having a fly gallery and loft.

Their season opened with a Canadian bill which included two one-act plays, a dancing masque and a prologue. It was a prologue and chroniclers that almost ruined Drinkwater's Lincoln, and at best it is a terrible institution. Dr. Scott's [Prologue] was as good an one as will ever be found and was done by Marian Osborne as the Spirit of the Drama and Dorothy German as the Spirit of the House.

Two Canadian one-act plays, Dr. Scott's 'Pierre' and Merrill

Denison's 'Brothers in Arms,' were very acceptably presented. But one of the extraordinary things about the Canadian Little Theatre is the difficulty in finding actors and actresses who have ever observed a living Canadian. In neither of these plays were the characterizations as cleancut and absolute as they should have been if playwrights are ever to bother their heads writing about Canada.

The bill was completed with a dancing masque of the seasons in Canada. Produced by Diana Hamilton and designed by Maud Brown, it made a pleasant interlude between the two plays, was charmingly done, and gave the bill the balance and variety it would have lacked otherwise.

The players of the Drama League are headed in the right direction and well on the way to do fine things.--M[errill]. D[ennison]."

16-18. A reference to silent films in which the dialogue was flashed on the screen rather than being heard spoken by the actors. (Talking movies did not make their debut until Oct. 6, 1927, when The Jazz Singer was screened in New York.)

57-58. A reference to the flowering of drama in Greece during the fifth century before Christ; the great playwrights were Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes.

59ff. A reference to the flowering of drama in Elizabethan and Jacobean England.

61. The quotation is an adaptation of a line from Shakespeare's Cymbeline (3.4:140): "In a great pool, a swan's nest . . . "

83. Imogen: the daughter of Cymbeline in Shakespeare's Cymbeline. Portia: the wife of Brutus in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

84. The allusion is to Perdita in Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale (4.4:103-8).

86. two homespun plays: see the headnote; Scott's "Pierre" was subsequently published in Plays for Hart House Theatre, I, 51-76.

111. Adonis: in Greco-Roman mythology, a beautiful youth, the son of Cinyras (see Ovid's Metamorphoses 10:298-559, 708-739, and Shakespeare's poem, "Venus and Adonis").

Prayer and Answer (p. 259)

1916-1921 Notebook (20^{v}, 30^{v}), 1921-1926 Notebook (25^{v}), P. (p. 215)

Title. (Notebook--p. [25^{v}]) Dialogue

1. (Notebook orig.) . . . no cure for grief [canc.: bitterness?]

2. (Notebook orig.) Lord give us [alt.: me] ear we perish in our [fear?]

3. (Notebook canc.) Nay (Notebook alt.) Yea

7. (Notebook orig.) Yea, child! [canc.: thy fold is] hide in my heart [canc.: there] & sleep

8. (Notebook canc.) And find release (Notebook alt.) There is thy peace

Dreams and Memories (p. 259)

1921-1926 Notebook (39^{v}-41^{v}), P. (p. 257)

The Notebook is dated: "Jany 10-[19]26".

3. (Notebook orig.) two spirits

5ff.(Notebook canc.)

One is the leader & one
Follows behind
They go [canc.: move] with the lovely motion
Of waves [canc.: water] & of wind

9ff.(Notebook orig.) Moved [canc.: Blown] by enchanted streams
Of air upon fairy seas

The Mower (p. 259)

TS., P. (p. 264)

The TS., consisting of one leaf, dated "February 17, 1923.", is in the library of Acadia University. According to Pelham Edgar, "This poem . . . wove itself with no volition or intention of the author about the images in the second line of the first and third stanzas. The night before, [Scott] had heard an orchestral rendering of [Richard] Wagner, and these two physical images had come into his mind as he listened to the music--a scythe with the light on it and a sythe with the dew on it. After breakfast the next morning he picked up a newspaper, but the images again drifted into his head. He asked for a pencil and paper, and the verses wrote themselves as you or I would write a postcard" ("Duncan Campbell Scott," p. 42).

Permanence (p. 260)

1916-1921 Notebook (36^{r}-38^{v}), TS., The London Mercury, March 1922 (p. 458), The Dalhousie Review, Jan. 1923 (p. 443), P. (p. 265), M.B.V. (p. 228)

The Notebook is dated: Mar 7.[19]19".

The TS., consisting of one leaf, dated "March 7, 1919", is in the P.E.P.

2. (Notebook orig.) Where the dead sand chokes like hate,

5. (Notebook orig.) Something in the shape of [alt.: Two abraded-pleading] hands

abraded: chafed

6. (Notebook orig.) . . . vanished mouth

8. (TS., L.M., M.B.V.) drought.

drouth: variant of "drought."

13ff. In the Notebook the following uncancelled stanza is to be found after the third stanza:

Golden globes of luscious fruit,
  Lanterns when the sun was set,
Sudden freshets of the flute
  Rythmed by the castenet,

25. (TS., L.M., D.R.) remain

26. (L.M. & M.B.V.) land

The Mad Girl's Song (p. 261)

P. (p. 266)

13. ear-bobs: ear-lobes

Thoughts (p. 262)

1921-1926 Notebook (6^{v}, 7^{v}), P. (p. 267)

17. (Notebook orig.) . . . the bride's skull within . . .

The Journey (p. 262)

1921-1926 Notebook (2^{r}-3^{r}), P. (p. 267), The London Mercury, Dec. 1927 (p. 130), The Literary Digest, Jan. 7, 1928 (p. 32)

2. (Notebook canc.) With laughter < > eyes

3. (Notebook canc.) I had no one behind me

11. (L.M. & L.D.) sober-minded,

14. (Notebook canc.) plod (Notebook alt.) tramp

17. (Notebook canc.) strode along

21. (Notebook canc.) [?] traveller (Notebook alt.) serene, reserved companion

23. (Notebook canc.) runner

25. (Notebook canc.) I see his shadow [laughter?]

30. (Notebook orig.) Hidden in the [canc.: evening] mist

Two Lyrics (p. 263)

1921-1926 Notebook (1^{r}, 3^{v}-4^{v}, 7^{r}), Acta Victoriana, Feb. 1922 (p. 214), P. (p. 269)

The Notebook MS of the first lyric is dated (p. [4^{v}]): "June 3-4/[19]21". The Notebook MS of the second lyric (p. [1^{r}]) is dated: "May 21.[19]21".

2. (Notebook canc.) the singing

(Acta) singing,

(P.) singing

We restore the comma after "singing" because it clarifies the sense of the first three lines: the speaker addresses "Echo,"

telling it to listen to the "singing" which is a "lovely/Melody ringing."

6. (Notebook orig.) Strive

Try: "Echo" is addressed here.

7. (Acta) all - !

13. (Acta) lonelier:-

16. (Notebook canc.) Because (Notebook alt.) Hark

19. (Notebook orig.) [mard?] by sadness

23. (Notebook orig.) Joy (Notebook alt.) Love

26. (Notebook canc.) And my love is touched with tears

(Notebook alt.) In my passion joy can < >

A Mood (p. 264)

1921-1926 Notebook (13^{v}-14^{r}, 17^{v}), P. (p. 270)

The Notebook is dated: "Octr 26. [19]22".

4. The following cancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after 1. 4:

And yet one kiss & all will [falter?]

9. (Notebook canc.) it (Notebook alt.) life -

10. (Notebook canc.) broken (Notebook alt.) vacant

12. (Notebook canc.) I had (Notebook alt.) "He had

Prairie Wind (p. 264)

P. (p. 270)

7. buttes: islolated hills with steep sides and flat tops.

8. wraith: ghost, spectre, shadow.

11. tarn: a small, steep-banked mountain pool.

34. tarn: see note to l. 11.

At the Piano (p. 265)

1921-1926 Notebook (14^{r}-16^{v}), P. (p. 272)

2. (Notebook canc.) life (Notebook alt.) sense

3. (Notebook orig.) soft touch

16. (Notebook canc.) halflight (Notebook alt.) wonder

17. (Notebook canc.) darkness (Notebook alt.) magic & question

29. (Notebook canc.) When (Notebook alt.) After

31. (Notebook canc.) soul (Notebook alt.) heart

An Old Tune (p. 266)

1921-1926 Notebook (24^{v}-25^{r}), The Canadian Forum, July 1925 (p. 309), P. (p. 273)

The Notebook is dated: "Mar 17 - '23".

The periodical text is dedicated: "To Percy Grainger". Percy Grainger (1882-1961) was a celebrated Australian pianist and composer; in 1914 he settled in the United States and toured North America.

The New Moon with the Old Moon (p. 267)

1921-1926 Notebook (32^{v}), P. (p. 274)

1-2. (notebook orig.)

That colored sky the new moon loves
Was lapsing tenderly

5. silvern: silver-coloured (poetic and archaic).

12. The sense of the line is that "the beauty" is pledged as "A destiny of light."

Morning at Paramé (p. 267)

Acta Victoriana, Dec., 1925 (p. 28), P. (p. 275)

The periodical text is dated: "August, 1925."

Title. (Acta) Parame

Paramé: a lake in Quebec, near the north shore of the St. Lawrence and not far from the Labrador border.

4. (Acta) toils

7. leaguer: none of the meanings of this word fit the context; "leaguer" may simply be the author's variant of "league" (association or covenant)--altered because of metrical considerations.

10. (Acta) Unaware of a life beyond his life

11. (Acta) Untouched by . . .

Early Morning (p. 268)

1921-1926 Notebook (37^{v}-39^{r}), P. (p. 276)

The Notebook is dated: "31 May [19]25".

1. (Notebook canc.) tapping (Notebook alt.) restless

7. (Notebook orig.)

Or the silver turns & stops
Of the rivulets on the lawn

9. (Notebook canc.) Dark

10. (Notebook orig.) Drawing a dream from my brain

17. The following uncancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after l. 17:

A sound of the sweet years [canc.: of time]

23. (Notebook orig.) & the rustling . . .

24. (Notebook orig.) & the sound . . .

An August Mood (p. 268)

1921-1926 Notebook (30^{r}, 31^{r}-32^{r}), C.C. (1924), P.C. (p. 147), P. (p. 277)

The Notebook is dated: "20 Apl [24?]".

3. (Notebook canc.) gloom (Notebook alt.) vacant spaces

9. twinflower: see note to "Twin-Flowers on the Portage."

12. (C.C. & P.C.) . . . left with . . .

foison: rich harvest (archaic), plenty, abundance.

17. In the Notebook the following cancelled line is to be found after l. 17:

Heaped along the [?] of the world

(C.C. & P.C.) thistle-down

21. (C.C. & P.C.) good

Spring Night (p. 269)

1921-1926 Notebook (26^{r}-27^{r}), C.C. (n.d.), The Canadian Forum, July 1925 (p. 309), P. (p. 278)

The Notebook is dated: "June 3-[19]23".

The periodical text is dedicated: "To Leo Smith". The person

referred to is probably Joseph Leopold (Leo) Smith (1881-1952); of British origin, Smith emigrated to Canada where in 1910 he joined the staff of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, teaching cello and composition; he composed chamber music and songs, and wrote several music textbooks.

2. (Notebook canc.) has (Notebook alt.) may

4. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 4:

> Stars that are too [canc.: proud] lone & haughty
> To be quenched with light
> Hold the warriors of heaven,
> Valiant in their might.

5. (Notebook canc.) Like a ball of drowsy perfume

6. (C.C.) . . . world and . . .

7. (Notebook canc.) Heavy (Notebook alt.) drowsy

9. (Notebook orig.) Birds that even dreamed of singing

11. (Notebook canc.) all golden (Notebook alt.) enriched

12. (Notebook canc.) the ripened (Notebook alt.) a mythic

At Dawning (p. 269)

1921-1926 Notebook (27^{v}-28^{v}), P. (p. 278)

1. (Notebook orig.) white-throat (Notebook alt.) vesper

6. (Notebook orig.) Hovering near [canc.: him] on the nest

16. (Notebook canc.) Still as a bird in her nest

19. (Notebook orig.) white-throat (Notebook alt.) vesper

June Lyrics (p. 270)

1921-1926 Notebook (20^{v}-21^{v}), C.C. (n.d.), P. (p. 279)

The Notebook is dated: "Dec 9th [19]22".

The C.C. text contains only the first part (the four quatrains) of the poem.

29. (Notebook orig.) Of tulips and lilacs married

30. (Notebook canc.) Whose souls (Notebook alt.) Their odours

31. The following uncancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 31:

In the heaven of the dark lawn
Each a white-violet eye
That glances & is gone

Prologue (p. 272)

1926-1946 Notebook (13^{r})

This poem was privately published in Ottawa in 1928. The title-page of the seven-page pamphlet reads:
Prologue / By / Duncan Campbell Scott / Spoken / By / Dorothy White / At the opening of / The Little Theatre / Ottawa / Fourth of January / 1928
The verso of the title-page reads:
THE MODERN PRESS, 126 QUEEN STREET / has produced this Prologue free of cost / and all the proceeds will be devoted to / the Ottawa Drama League. This generous / action is gratefully acknowledged . . .

For information on the Little Theatre, see the headnote to the poem of the same title ("Prologue") which was published in P. In

1928 the Little Theatre moved to a new site, a renovated, former Methodist church. This is the "opening" referred to in the title.

1-8. The reference is to English drama of the Restoration period (1665-1700). Plays such as John Dryden's All for Love, William Wycherley's The Country Wife, and William Congreve's The Way of the World, first acted in 1678, c. 1672 and 1700, respectively (see the "Bibliography" to Restoration Plays from Dryden to Farquhar, ed. Edmund Gosse) all contained prologues.

10. potpourri: "A mixture of dried petals of different flowers mixed with spices, kept in a jar for its perfume 1749" (O.E.D.).

15. Goldsmith's: the allusion is to Oliver Goldsmith (1730-1774), Anglo-Irish dramatist, poet, novelist and man of letters, and author of the brilliant comedy, She Stoops to Conquer (1773).

21. link-boys: boys "employed to carry a link [torch] to light passengers along the streets" (O.E.D.).

candle-trimmers: in theatres, the attendants who were in charge of the lights, when these were candles.

24-25. Omar's . . . go: the quotation is an adaptation of a line from Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr":

> Some for the Glories of This World; and some
> Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
> Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
> Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!
> (11. 49-52)

(Our quotation is from the version of the first edition, found in Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald, ed. William Aldis Wright, III, 351.)

49. wis: "erron. taken as = 'I know'" (O.E.D.).

56. Marlowe's and on Shakespeare's state: Christopher Marlow (1564-93) and William Shakespeare (1564-1616) are considered to have been the major playwrights of England's Elizabethan age.

79. fabled . . . Sea: the Apple of Sodom; see the note to "Before Ste. Annes," l. 17.

105. Puritan . . . S.O.S.: this line may be interpreted as "Puritanical, i.e. prudish, women having tea and calling for help"; "S.O.S." ("save our ship") is the universal distress signal, in Morse code, of navigation.

108. The printed text reads "its"--an obvious typographical error.

121. St. John Ervine's play: the play was Anthony and Anna, a comedy in three acts, by the Anglo-Irish dramatist, St. John Ervine (1883-).

The Green Cloister: Later Poems

Letters from Donald French of McClelland and Stewart to Scott, Oct. 10, 1935 and Oct. 17, 1935 (both in B.P./O.) reveal that G.C. was printed in the fall of 1935: "Under separate covers we are mailing you page proofs of your poems, GREEN CLOISTER, together with the galleys." "We will endeavour to send you a revised set of page proofs of your book within a few days" (more of this letter is quoted in "Choice of Text").

A letter from French to Scott (also in B.P./O.), (quoted in "Choice of Text"), indicates that the printing of the book was completed prior to the date of that letter: Dec. 10, 1935. (As well it reveals, together with another letter from French to Scott, Nov. 13, 1935, B.P./O.--also quoted in "Choice of Text"--that Scott was unhappy with several aspects of the book.)

Further information on the publication of G.C. is contained in a letter from McClelland and Stewart to Scott, Oct. 16, 1945, B.P./O.: "We did not make plates of THE GREEN CLOISTER. We printed 504 copies, we used 65 copies for review and samples up-to-date, and sold 281 copies. We have on hand at the present time, 158 copies."

G.C. appeared, in late 1935, with the following title-page:

THE GREEN CLOISTER / LATER POEMS / BY / DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / [device] / McCLELLAND & STEWART, / LIMITED / PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

Information on the printers of the book is contained on p. (96) of the volume:

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited / Printers and Bookbinders Toronto

In a letter to E. K. Brown,(Aug. 12, 1943, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote that the poems in G.C. "all have some associations, memories of place & moments but there is no use in making a record of them." Information on Scott's extensive travels during the period relevant to G.C. can be found in S.P., pp. xxxvii-xxxviii, and in letters from Scott to Pelham Edgar, May 15, 1932, Oct. 21, 1932, Feb. 13, 1933, Aug. 28, 1934, Feb. 23, 1935 and April 13, 1935, all in the P.E.P.

(The last letter is important because it indicates that the publication, in the broadest sense of the word, of G.C. could not have commenced prior to April 1935 since Scott was travelling at that time.)

A letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar, n.d. (1932?), P.E.P., is particularly informative as it gives the itinerary of the Scotts' imminent trip to Europe: "Naples - Apr. 11 [1932]; Rome Apr 18; Florence May 1; Venice May 21; Interlaken - June 8; Munich - July 18 - Aug 3; Salzburg - Aug 4-17."

G.C. was dedicated "To Elise", i.e. Elise Aylen, whom Scott had married on March 27, 1931.

"The fluttering charm, the pliant grace," [untitled] (p. 276)

G.C. (dedication page-verso)

8. her: the reference is probably to Elise Aylen Scott, Scott's second wife, to whom G.C. is dedicated; similarly, "her" in lines 10 and 12.

Reality (p. 276)

1926-1946 Notebook (8^{r}-9^{v}, 11^{r}-12^{v}), C.C. (1928), Queen's Quarterly, July 1931 (p. 505), G.C. (p. 9)

The Notebook is variously dated: "Octr /[23?]'27" (p. [9^{v}]) and "Nov 11-27" (p. [12^{v}]).

The periodical text is dedicated: To My Friend A. Robert George". The reference is to the Rev. Alfred Robert George (1878-1961), a minister of the United Church and a teacher of public speaking at McGill University from 1932 until 1952. For evidence of the Rev.

George's awareness of and interest in Scott's work, see the Montreal Gazette, Jan. 19, 1934, p. 11. (The article referred to concerns a lecture which George delivered on the English poet, John Masefield, and in which he spoke of the influence of Scott on Masefield.)

5. (Q.Q.) mold,

8. (C.C.) enough,

11. chaffering: haggling, bargaining.

13. (C.C. & Q.Q.) sell:

15. (C.C.) dreams,"

16. (C.C.) offer

41. (C.C.) Yea the . . .

45. (C.C.) heaven:

51. (Notebook orig.) And the greater stars arrive

60. (Notebook orig.) Hovers an [canc.: his] angel guest

64. (Notebook orig.) Your eyes are his eyes & you know

69. The following lines--the first cancelled, the second an alternate--are to be found in the Notebook, after l. 69:

> You are [serene?] as a sovian head
> The harsh & the bitter hour fled

72. (C.C.) honied bread

The Fields of Earth (p. 278)

1926-1946 Notebook (23^{v}-24^{v}), G.C. (p. 12)

The Notebook is dated: " [?]/ Sept. 5'29".

5. (Notebook canc.) mouth (Notebook alt.) hands

39. (Noteboo- orig.) They hark to the lutes & the silver laughter

A Blackbird Rhapsody (p. 279)

1926-1946 Notebook (49^{v}, 53^{v}-56^{r}), G.C. (p. 14)

According to E.K. Brown this poem "was written at Oberhofen in Switzerland in June and July, 1932, and 'Como' in the same summer" ("Memoir, " p. xxxvii). (See also the C.C. referred to in the head-note to "In the Rocky Mountains.")

The fact that there is only one authoritative printed text of the poem makes it difficult to determine whether or not there are supposed to be stanza divisions at lines 29, 57 and 86, all of which appear--in G.C.--at the tops of pages. (The Notebook MS, which contains a very rough version of the poem, is of no help in this matter.) Our reasons for establishing or not establishing stanza divisions at lines 29, 57 and 86 are, therefore, as follows: (1) no stanza division at l. 29 because the preceding line ends in a semi-colon (all of the unambiguous stanzas end in periods, exclamation marks or question marks); (2) new stanza at l. 57 because the word "Then" indicates a transition; (3) new stanza at l. 86 because that line suggests a transition--from sound to silence--and also by analogy with the five-line stanza--ll. 52-56--created by decision (1).

1. Oberhofen: a town in the canton of Bern (central Switzerland) on the Lake of Thun.

3. (Notebook orig.) With the gardens of the chalets

8. See Dante's Divine Comedy ("Purgatorio," canto 13, l. 123 and canto 20, l. 6).

9. Scott here confuses the Middle English word "merlioun" (an obsolete

variant of "merlin," a species of falcon), which occurs in Chaucer's "The Parliament of Fowls" (11. 339, 611) with the word "merle" (blackbird) which does not occur in Chaucer's works (the earliest example of "merle" cited in the O.E.D. dates from the year 1483).

10. Surrey: a county in south-eastern England.

Umbrian: in Umbria, a region of central Italy.

14. Lake of Thun: a lake in central Switzerland.

15. Bernese Oberland: that portion of the Bernese Alps which lies in the south of the canton of Berne

17. (Notebook orig.) Your blithe comments

24. (Notebook canc.) painted (Notebook alt.) enamelled

46. (Notebook orig.) Ruby light & amber shimmer

52. Wagner: Richard Wagner (1813-1883), German composer and musical theorist.

Valkyrie: in Norse mythology, feminine beings who exercised control over the fates of men by choosing those heroes who were to die in battle and be transported to Valhalla; they appear in Wagner's opera, The Valkyrie (1870).

54. Bach: Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), German composer.

55. fugue: a piece of music in which a melodic phrase is repeated in various keys and at various intervals; Bach was a master of fugal composition.

74. minish: to become less in quantity (archaic variant of "diminish").

78. Poising: holding itself in balance.

96. Jungfrau: that portion of the Bernese Alps in which the Jungfrau

peak (13,642 ft.) is located.

98. (Notebook canc.) drift (Notebook alt.) cloud

103. The Immortal Pearl: see Dante's The Divine Comedy ("Paradiso," canto 3, l. 14); C. H. Grandgent says in his Companion to the Divine Comedy that the metaphor applies (not to the moon but to) the "spirits [who] are as difficult to see as a pearl against a white forehead" (p. 222).

104. Lake of Thun: see note to l. 14.

Como (p. 281)

G.C. (p. 18)

The title alludes to Lake Como, a lake in northern Italy near the Swiss border. For the date of composition, see the headnote to "A Blackbird Rhapsody."

1. Lake Como: see the headnote.

25-28. These lines may possibly allude to Charon and his boat; in Greek mythology, Charon is the ferryman who transports the souls of the dead across the river Styx to the underworld.

36. Bellano: a town on the eastern shore of Lake Como.

Evening at Ravello (p. 282)

G.C. (p. 20)

Ravello is a town on the western coast of Italy, south of Naples and west of Salerno. According to E. K. Brown, this poem as well as "Chiostro Verde" were written in Italy in the winter of 1935 ("Memoir," p. xxxvii).

2. Angelus: a Roman Catholic prayer, recited three times daily, about 6A.M., noon and 6P.M., when the Angelus bell is rung.

3. sea: the Mediterranean Sea.

Chiostro Verde (p. 283)

G.C. (p. 21)

See the headnote to "Evening at Ravello."

The title is Italian for "green cloister."

1. Green Cloister: the Chiostro Verde or Green Cloister is a part of the Dominican Church and Convent of Santa Maria Novella (see note to 1. 2). So-called because of the green murals illustrating the Old Testament, which once covered its walls, the Chiostro Verde was built between 1330 and c. 1350 by Fra Giovanni Bracchetti da Campi and Fra Jacopo Talenti.

2. Santa Maria Novella: the main Dominican Church in Florence; it was begun in 1246.

15. Arno: the river which runs through Florence.

33. Palestrina: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594), Italian composer of church music.

50. frescoes: "The Creation of the Animals and the Creation of Adam" and "The Creation of Eve and the Fall", two frescoes executed c. 1432 by Uccello (see note to 1. 51) on the east wall of the Chiostro Verde.

51. Paolo Uccello: Florentine painter (1397-1475).

63ff. References to elements in the "Creation" frescoes of Uccello (see note to 1. 50).

Kensington Gardens (p. 284)

G.C. (p. 24)

According to E. K. Brown ("Memoir," p. xxxvii), this poem was written in London in November 1932.

The title refers to a park in London, lying just west of Kensington Palace.

5. Pond: the Round Pond which lies in the centre of Kensington Gardens.

13. Pond: see note to l. 5.

On Ragleth Hill (p. 285)

G.C. (p. 25)

The title refers to a hill (1250 ft.) lying in Salop (Shropshire) county, England.

According to E. K. Brown ("Memoir," p. xxxvii), this poem was written in Shropshire in July 1934.

At Lodore (p. 285)

G.C. (p. 26)

The title refers to the Lodore Falls, lying at the foot of Derwentwater in Cumbria (Cumberland) county, England.

According to E. K. Brown ("Memoir," p. xxxvii), this poem was written in England in June 1934. (See also the headnote to "At Derwentwater.")

At Palma (p. 286)

G.C. (p. 28)

The "Palma" of the title is Palma de Mallorca, a town on the southern coast of Mallorca (Majorca)--one of the Balearic islands, the territory of Spain. Scott was in Palma de Mallorca on Feb. 13, 1933 (see Scott to Pelham Edgar, Feb. 13, 1933, P.E.P.).

3. Mediterranean: the Balearic islands lie at the western end of the Mediterranean.

4. harbour: the Bay of Palma where Palma de Mallorca is situated.

10. ilex: the evergreen oak (Querais ilex).

At East Gloucester (p. 287)

1926-1946 Notebook (34^{r}), G.C. (p. 30)

The title refers to a town on Cape Ann in northeastern Massachusetts, strictly speaking, the eastern suburbs of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

The poem which precedes this one in the Notebook ("By the Seashore") is dated "Mar 27-28/29"; therefore, it is possible that Scott was in East Gloucester shortly after this time.

11. Gloucester: the city of Gloucester, across the Inner Harbour from East Gloucester.

12. sunken reef: the reef of Norman's Woe, on the east coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

13. Thridding: archaic variant of "threading."

23. (Notebook canc.) antiphonal (Notebook alt.) divine, beautiful

24. them: people in general.

26. hearts: spirits of those who were lost at sea, specifically on the reef of Norman's Woe.

In the Rocky Mountains (p. 287)

1926-1946 Notebook (4^{v}-7^{v}, 10^{r}, 32^{r}, 40^{v}-41^{r}), C.C. (1931), C.C. (1932), G.C. (p. 31)

This poem is variously dated in the Notebook. A draft of part one (p. [5^{r}]) is dated: "25.9.27". Another draft of part one (p. [6^{v}]) is likewise dated: "25.9.27". A draft of part four (p. [6^{v}]) is dated: "30.9.27". A draft of part two, entitled "Mountains in Moonlight" (p. [10^{v}]) is dated: "7.11.27". A draft of part 7 (p. [41^{r}]) is dated: "Jan 4.30".

The 1931 C.C. consists of part five of the poem. It is untitled and is dated: "Mount Temple,/August 1931." Mount Temple is in Banff National Park, Alberta.

The 1932 C.C. consists of part seven of the poem. It is untitled and is dated: "Oberhofen / Lake of Thun / July, 1932". (The places referred to are in Switzerland--see the notes to "A Blackbird Rhapsody," lines 1 and 14.)

3. (Notebook canc.) light is fading

11. (Notebook canc.) The vast assembly of the mountains

19. (Notebook orig.) Tower [canc.: Stand] lonely in supernal beauty

36. (Notebook orig.) Build thy tower of song O mountains

38. (Notebook orig.) Marching to a changeless cadence

45. (Notebook canc.) stern notes (Notebook alt.) still line

46. (Notebook canc.) force (Notebook alt.) pressure

100. (Notebook orig.) glorious (Notebook alt.) valiant

106. (C.C.) lonely,

Compline (p. 290)

1926-1946 Notebook (37^{r}-40^{r}), G.C. (p. 36), G.B.C.P. (p. 418)

The Notebook is dated: "Octr 20-21 / [19]29".

The title refers to what is, in Roman Catholic ritual, the last service of the day, completing the services of the canonical hours. According to the New Catholic Encyclopedia, the compline is "a beautiful night prayer that sees sleep as a daily rehearsal for death" (IV, 94).

In its use of liturgical phrases Scott's poem appears to have been influenced by T.S. Eliot's "Ash-Wednesday" which, although it was not published in book form until after the Notebook date of "Compline" (Ash-Wednesday [1930]), appeared, part by part, in various periodicals (Saturday Review of Literature, The Criterion and Commerce) from Dec. 1927 to the autumn of 1929. (See Donald Gallup, T.S. Eliot: A Bibliography, pp. 94, 95, 97.)

1. here: according to E.K. Brown, "Compline" was "written in Northern Ontario" ("Memoir," p. xxxix).

32. (Notebook orig.) Are the dark notes of the ancient air [canc.: plain chant]

40-43. The concluding lines of the "Hail Mary," an obligatory part

of the canonical hours of the Breviary (to which also belongs the compline) until 1955; the lines can be translated as follows: "Holy Mary--Mother of God / Pray for us sinners / Now and in the hour / Of our death."

47. See note to ll. 40-43.

49. See note to ll. 40-43.

50. (Notebook orig.) arrogant in the [power?][alt.: passion] < > life

53. (Notebook orig.) The color of the leaf like the beauty of life

54. (Notebook orig.) And the uncolored shadow of the future

56. See note to ll. 40-43.

58. (Notebook orig.) This evening when love [canc.: is quiet] fulfilled is quiet in the heart

(G.C.) swallows

(G.B.C.P.) swallows'

The lack of an apostrophe, to mark the possessive, is an obvious typographical error.

61. (G.C.) . . . you bright . . .

(G.B.C.P.) . . . you, bright . . .

The sense of the line calls for a comma after "you" (cf. l. 48).

68. See note to ll. 40-43.

The Dreaming Eagle (p. 292)

1926-1946 Notebook (47^{r}-48^{r}), G.C. (p. 39)

12. (Notebook orig.) Of strange peaks [against?] a lovelier [canc.: stranger] vista & a stranger sky

A Prairie Water Colour (p. 293)

1926-1946 Notebook (22^{v}), C.C. (1928), G.C. (p. 40)

The C.C. is dated: "Near Redberry Lake, Sask./17th July, 1928". Redberry Lake is northwest of the city of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

1. (C.C.) Beside the slough . . .

slew: a small lake (the American spelling is "slough").

4. (C.C.) . . . in the slough.

7. (C.C.) Hovering there idle as light,

13. disc-harrow: a type of farm machinery which is driven over ploughed land for various purposes.

15. (C.C.) The driver part of the machine:-

36. (C.C.) lie,-

(G.C.) lie,

We prefer the C.C. variant (see "Choice of Text").

38. (C.C.) blue;-

(G.C.) blue-

We prefer the C.C. variant (see "Choice of Text").

41. (C.C.) slew

En Route (p. 294)

1926-1946 Notebook (31^{v}-32^{r}), C.C. (1930), G.C. (p. 42)

The Notebook is dated: "C.P.R. Mar. 7.29".

6. (Notebook canc.) dream (Notebook alt.) touch

8. (C.C.) . . . cedars,- . . . snow,-

(G.C.) . . . cedars- . . . snow-

We prefer the C.C. variants (see "Choice of Text").

14. (C.C.) snow;-

(G.C.) snow-

We prefer the C.C. variant (see "Choice of Text").

18. (C.C.) substance,-

(G.C.) substance-

19. (C.C.) The vagaries an idle wind receives

(G.C.) unconcious

The mis-spelling of "unconscious" is, we assume, the result of a typographical error. We note, however, the spelling of "preconcious" (sic) in a letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar (July 10, 1915, P.E.P.).

In Algonquin Park (p. 294)

1926-1946 Notebook (36^{v}), G.C. (p. 43)

Although the Notebook bears no date, the preceding and following poems are dated, "28 July [19]29" ("A Fancy") and "Octr 20-21/[19]29" ("Compline"), respectively. "In Algonquin Park," therefore, was probably written sometime between these two dates.

Algonquin Park is a large provincial park in northern Ontario.

Autumn Evening (p. 295)

1926-1946 Notebook (45^{r}-46^{r}), G.C. (p. 44)

According to Pelham Edgar (Across My Path, p. 73), this poem was based on an evening's walk to Ottawa's Rideau Canal.

1. Go, lovely hour: an echo, perhaps, of Edmund Waller's 17th-century lyric, "Go, lovely Rose."

4. (Notebook canc.) And [leave?] us what is best

The Touch of Winter (p. 295)

1926-1946 Notebook (43^{v}-44^{r}), G.C. (p. 45)

The Notebook bears the title, "Moon Magic," and the date: "1st Feby [19]31".

8. (Notebook orig.) fairy

(G.C.) fairly

The G.C. variant makes no sense in the context and we assume it to be the result of a typographical error. We emend "fairly" to "fairy."

From the Headland (p. 295)

G.C. (p. 46)

8-9. living/Of its death: the sense of this phrase is not clear; possibly "Of" is a misprint for "off" in which case the sense of "To procure oneself the means of subsistence" (O.E.D.) would be more obvious; however, the O.E.D. does cite "live of" as a possible, albeit obsolete, construction, roughly equivalent to "live by," "live on," "live upon;" in any case, the context of the phrase would suggest that it be taken to mean "living close to death" or "living hand-to-mouth."

January Evening (p. 296)

G.C. (p. 47)

24. him: i.e. himself.

A Scene at Lake Manitou (p. 297)

1899-1914 Notebook (127^{v}), 1926-1946 Notebook (50^{r}-53^{r}), G.C. (p. 48)

The evidence of the Notebook MSS suggests that this poem was long in germinating within Scott's mind: the 1899-1914 Notebook contains the following lines which represent what was probably the author's first attempt to sketch a narrative for the poem:

> the boy going to hospital
> Death of lad with [?]
> [?] baby
> Attempt of H B Co to get [?]
> the woman who tore everything to pieces-
> wounded boy; throwing the
> household goods into water

Scott may have come across the reference to Lake Manito (a lake in western Saskatchewan) in New Light, the journal of Alexander Henry (see the headnote to "At Gull Lake: August, 1810") where the name occurs in vol. II, p. 566. The journal, however, does not contain any narrative resembling the narrative of "A Scene at Lake Manitou," though another possible link between Henry and Scott's poem may be found in the latter's reference to "Nanabojou" (see, below, the note to l. 70). Scott probably chose the title for its symbolic significance: "manitou" is an Algonkian word meaning "supernatural being."

According to E. K. Brown, this poem was "written late in 1933" ("Memoir," p. xxxvii).

1. (G.C.) fur-traders

   The mis-spelling of "fur-trader's is an obvious typographical error.

25. The following uncancelled line is to be found in the Notebook

before l. 25:

As still as death it seemed that was so near

26. (Notebook canc.) Valiant (Notebook alt.) Stormy Sky

29. In the Notebook the words "10 yrs before", following "sunlight", are cancelled.

35. In the Notebook the words "below in the field", following "children", are cancelled.

70. Nanabojou: cf. New Light (II, 521): "These people [the Assiniboine or Stone Indians] have numerous traditions concerning the Great Nainouboushow, whom they call Eth 'tom-E."

74. Who . . . dead: an allusion to the story of Lazarus (John 11: 11-44).

81. Scapular: an outer garment worn by members of certain Roman Catholic orders and consisting of two strips of cloth hanging down front and back and joined across the shoulders.

99. In the Notebook the following uncancelled line is to be found before l. 99: Her dark hair over her eyes

108. (Notebook canc.) their strength (Notebook alt.) them

132. debit . . . goods: the winter supplies, sold to her on credit by the Trader, would be accounted for (on the debit side of the ledger) as money owed to him.

136. In the Notebook the words, "of the forest", following "silence", are cancelled.

At Gull Lake: August, 1810 (p. 300)

1926-1946 Notebook (57^{r}-60^{r}), G.C. (p. 54), B.C.P. (p. 222)

This poem is based on an incident narrated by the fur-trader, Alexander Henry the younger (d. 1814) in his journal entry for Aug. 29, 1800. Scott read the narrative in the only complete published text of Henry's journal: New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest. The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry (1897). The narrative, quoted below, is to be found in the first volume (pp. 71-73) of the three-volume, continuously paginated edition (hereinafter referred to as New Light): "At night I [Alexander Henry himself; the name "Nairn" is Scott's invention] was troubled by the visit of a young woman [unnamed; the name "Keejigo", which does not occur in New Light, is Scott's invention] from the other side [of the river] which nearly occasioned an ugly affair. About ten o'clock she came into my tent without solicitation. I was asleep; she awoke me and asked for liquor. I recognized her voice and knew that her husband [Tabashaw, the chief of the band of Saulteaux Indians which accompanied Alexander Henry at this stage of his journey; Tabashaw is mentioned several times in New Light, according to which he was "killed by Sioux late in 1807" -I,53], the greatest scoundrel of them all, was exceedingly jealous. I therefore advised her to return instantly, and not let him know she had been here. She requested a dram, although she was sober. I offered her a little mixed liquor, which she refused, telling me she wanted 'augumaucbane.' I was obliged to open my

case and give her a glass of French brandy, which I made her swallow at one draught; but whether it actually choked her or she was feigning, she fell down as if senseless and lay like a corpse. I was anxious to get her away, but my endeavours were in vain; it was totally dark and I began to believe her dead. I thought to draw her to the tent door, and woke up my servant, whom I desired to assist me. I sent him for a kettle of water, which I poured over her head while he held her up; a second was applied in the same manner, but to no purpose. I became uneasy about her, and sent for a third kettle, the contents of which I dashed in her face with all my strength. She groaned, and began to speak. I lost no time before sending the man to conduct her to her canoe. In a half an hour she returned, having shifted her clothes and dressed very fine; her husband being an excellent hunter and without children, she had always plenty of finery. She told me in plain terms that she had left her husband and come to live with me. This was news I neither expected nor desired. I represented to her the impropriety of her doing so, her husband being fond of her and extremely jealous. Her answer was, that she did not care for him or any other Indian, and was determined to stay with me at the risk of her life. Just then we heard a great bustle across the river, and the Indians bawling out 'take care!' We were going to be fired on. We saw the flash of a gun, but it appeared to miss fire. I had no doubt the woman was the cause of this, and I insisted on her returning to her husband; but she would not.

Observing that the men had made a fire, I called my servant and desired him to take her to the fire and keep her from troubling me again. This he did much against her inclination, being compelled to use main strength, and by goodluck got her on board a canoe that was crossing. The noise we had heard on the other side was made by the husband, who, knowing of his wife's intention, had determined to shoot at my tent; but his gun only flashed, and his brothers took it from him. On his wife's return he asked her where she had been. She made no secret of the matter, but said she was determined to go with me. 'Well, then,' said the Indian, 'if you are determined to leave me, I will at least have the satisfaction of spoiling your pretty face.' He caught up a large fire-brand, threw her on her back, and rubbed it in her face with all his might, until the fire was extinguished. Then letting her up, 'Now,' says he, 'go and see your beloved, and ask him if he likes you as well as he did before.' Her face was in a horrid condition. I was sorry for it; she was really the handsomest woman on the river, and not more than 18 years of age. Still, I can say I never had connection with her, as she always told me if I did that she would publish it and live with me in spite of everybody. This I did not wish, as I was well aware of the consequences. Thus ended a very unpleasant affair, with the ruin of a pretty face."

Gull Lake, the place referred to in the title of Scott's poem, is in Alberta, north of the city of Red Deer. The actual

incident, however, as recounted by Henry, took place on the Red River, in southern Manitoba. (Gull Lake is referred to in New Light [II, 637] but not in connection with this incident.) Scott also changed the time of the event--from August 1800 to August 1810.

According to E. K. Brown, this poem was "written in the autumn of 1934" ("Memoir," p. xxxviii).

14. Saulteaux: a branch of the Ojibway Tribe, so-called because they were centred near the falls ("sault") of Sault Ste. Marie; their name is pronounced "sooto."

19. New Light (II, 536) lists "Kejikong" as the Ojibway word for "sky."

22. Broidered: embroidered.

30. (Notebook orig.) Burgundy (Notebook alt.) Normandy

34. In the Notebook the following uncancelled lines are to be found after l. 34:

> Something veiled & haunting
> Shadows of love
> Waverning beyond her the [?]
> Her mate in the mocking future

42. star of the morning: the planet, Venus; the allusion is appropriate since Venus was the Roman goddess of love.

63. (Notebook canc.) beloved (Notebook alt.) lover
[similarly lines 67 and 72]

117. It is difficult to know whether a new stanza was intended to begin at l. 117 (at the top of a page in G.C.). We assume that a stanza division was intended at this point. We do so

because of the transition which is made at l. 117--from "the beauty of terror" (described in ll. 109-116) to "the beauty of peace" (described in ll. 117-127).

120. (Notebook orig.) Beyond in the bronze & purple vortex

122. (Notebook orig.) The storm tore down the . . .

129. (Notebook orig.) Only that midnight moon . . .

130. (Notebook orig.) Only the leaves of that autumn, the snows of that winter

At Sunset (p. 303)

G.C. (p. 59)

3. windfall: the dying down of the wind (a neologism).

The Faithful (p. 303)

G.C. (p. 60)

9. that shining heart: possibly an allusion to the poet's wife, Elise Aylen Scott.

By the Sea (p. 304)

The Dalhousie Review, April 1927 (p. 96), G.C. (p. 61)

12. (D.R.) pain,

13. (D.R.) Nay,

Under Stars (p. 304)

1911-1916 Notebook (29^{v}-30^{r}), G.C. (p. 62)

The Notebook is dated: "Aug 1 - [19]13 [Much's] Lake". There is a Much Lake in the Sudbury district of northern Ontario; there is also a Muck Lake--if that is the correct reading of the place-name--in the same area.

3ff. (Notebook orig.)

Dwarfed in the pomp of all their forces
The sunset was a pageant without peer
Now 'tis a memory: [canc.: And Listen] Hark to the forest seers!
Aloof from man's ambitions & remorses

6ff. (Notebook orig.)

The hermit thrush [canc.: draws] from out their limpid sources
[canc.: His song] Draw that has [alt.: have] no passion and
no tears
Under the [canc.: shell?][alt.: charm?]-the buds & the waters
wove
[canc.: Dear God this place is vast - and from above]

[The line beginning "Under the . . . " is an alternative for the cancelled line beginning "Dear God . . ."]

11. (Notebook orig.) The highest visions men have ever dreamed

12. (Notebook orig.) And through the brooding silence there has streamed

On a Drawing of a Hand (p. 304)

1926-1946 Notebook (46^{v}), G.C. (p. 63)

The Notebook is dated: "6 : 12/'30".

8. (Notebook canc.) shadow (Notebook alt.) hollow

16. (Notebook canc.) flows [like, etc.] (Notebook alt.) leads in

A Fancy (p. 305)

1926-1946 Notebook (34^{v}-36^{r}), Queen's Quarterly, July 1931 (p. 505), G.C. (p. 64)

The Notebook is dated: "28 July [19]29". In the Notebook the stanzas appear in the following order: 1, 2, 10, 8, 9, 16, 15, 3, 14, 4, 7, 11, 12, 13, 5, 6.

4. (Q.Q.) mart,
   (G.C.) mart.
   We prefer the Q.Q. variant because it more obviously conforms to the sense of lines 4 - 5.

7. (Notebook orig.) From your cool haunts [alt.: palace] on the mountain

11. (Q.Q.) thro'

12. (Q.Q.) night,
    (G.C.) night.
    We prefer the Q.Q. variant because it more obviously conforms to the sense of lines 12-13.

22. (Notebook canc.) poplar (Notebook alt.) palace

31. (Notebook orig.) Or the lift & fall of a cadence

38. (Notebook orig.) Contrasted dark & fair

52. (Q.Q.) bemused,-
    (G.C.) bemused-
    We prefer the Q.Q. variant (see "Choice of Text").

53. (Notebook orig.) choose (Notebook alt.) take

54. (Q.Q.) dew;"

By the Seashore (p. 307)

1926-1946 Notebook (32^{v}-33^{v}), G.C. (p. 67)

The Notebook is dated: "CPR [Canadian Pacific Railroad] / Mar 27 - 28 / [19]29".

6. (Notebook canc.) [martyr?] walking with the [?] for a secret faith

14. (Notebook canc.) death (Notebook alt.) leaves

17. (Notebook canc.) The desire when it goes leaves a scar

36. (Notebook canc.) whispering (Notebook alt.) dying

37. (Notebook orig.) & the sorrow goes out of the heart in [alt.: with] the [sigh?]

Enigma (p. 308)

1926-1946 Notebook (42^{r}), G.C. (p. 69)

The Notebook is dated: "2.3-30", i.e. March 2 (Feb. 3 is less probable), 1930.

The Bells (p. 308)

1926-1946 Notebook (27^{r}, 29^{r}-29^{v}), G.C. (p. 70)

6-7. The source of these lines is probably Tennyson's "The Lotos-Eaters" where Tennyson, following Homer's Odyssey, associates the lotus with contentment, dreaminess and forgetfulness; Tennyson depicts the land of the Lotos-Eaters as "A land of streams" (l. 10) which are also associated with sleep: "How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream, / With half-shut

eyes ever to seem / Falling asleep in a half-dream!" (ll. 99-101). It should also be noted that the lotus is an important symbol in Hindu and Buddhist mythology; however its essential significance there is that of fertility.

8. (Notebook orig.) The rich air like the air in a shell

11. (See note to ll. 6-7.

27. (Notebook orig.) dulled (Notebook alt.) free

32. (Notebook orig.) Time is confounded & silence blinded

Earliest Morning (p. 309)

1911-1916 Notebook (26^{v}-29^{r}), G.C. (p. 72)

The Notebook is variously dated: "1 June [19]13" (p. [28^{r}]) and "July 20 [19]13" (p. [29^{r}]).

2. (Notebook canc.) threshing (Notebook alt.) dusky

3. (Notebook canc.) Of the world (Notebook alt.) dawn

4. The following cancelled line is to be found in the Notebook after l. 4: Other angels ply the flails

6. (Notebook orig.) Vista of [canc.: Dreaming in] the dusky [canc.: drowsy, misty] dales

7. (Notebook orig.) While dark angels flashing leaping [canc.: that were reaping]

8. (Notebook orig.) Toss [canc.: Flash] aloft their stinging flails

14. candescent: glowing

15. quintillion: the cube of a million--one followed by eighteen zeros (in Great Britain, the fifth power of a million--one followed by thirty zeros).

16. (G.C.) vernal.

The sense of lines 16-17 demands no punctuation at the end of l. 16. The period is an obvious typographical error.

Imogen's Wish (p. 310)

1921-1926 Notebook (42^{v}-43^{r}), G.C. (p. 73)

The Notebook is dated: "Aug 7th '26".

"Imogen" is the name of a character--Cymbeline's daughter--in Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

2. (Notebook orig.) ask (Notebook alt.) pray

15. (Notebook orig.) pleasant (Notebook alt.) lovely, fragile

Time the Victor (p. 310)

1926-1946 Notebook (27^{v}-28^{r}), G.C. (p. 74)

The Notebook is dated: "12 - [1?] - [19] 29".

5. (Notebook orig.) . . . silvered headstone

8. (Notebook orig.) Of agony [canc.: the hope] & trust

11. (Notebook canc.) But (Notebook alt.) And

17. (Notebook orig.) careless (Notebook alt.) certain

Spring in the Valley (p. 311)

1926-1946 Notebook (42^{v}-43^{r}), G.C. (p. 75), T.C.V. (p. 376)

The Notebook is dated: "11.5.30" i.e. May 11 or, what is less likely, Nov. 5, 1930.

12. (Notebook orig.) A veil of . . .

Twilight (p. 311)

1926-1946 Notebook (30^{r}), C.C. (1929) G.C. (p. 77)

The C.C. text is untitled.

13. (Notebook orig.) Beauty returns to her nest

A Secret (p. 312)

1926-1946 Notebook (56^{v}), G.C. (p. 78)

1. (Notebook canc.) came [in?] a whisper

2. (Notebook orig.) To

A Song (p. 312)

1926-1946 Notebook (14^{v}), MS., G.C. (p. 79)

The Notebook is dated "Jan 23 / '28".

The MS., consisting of one leaf, dated "June 12 1931", is in the Archives of Queen's University.

Title. (MS.) Song

2. (MS.) day;

3. (MS.) fall

4. (MS.) 'Flee away - flee away'

5. (MS.) Life;-

(G.C.) life;

We prefer the MS. punctuation (see "Choice of Text").

6. (Notebook canc.) Beauty (Notebook alt.) Action

(MS.) Power

9. (MS.) Beauty & Love

11. (MS.) . . . say & . . .

12. (MS.) 'Flee away - flee away'

Past and Present (p. 313)

1926-1946 Notebook (15^{v}-16^{v}), G.C. (p. 80)

The Notebook is variously dated: "June - 1 - 2/'29" (p. [15^{v}]) and "June 1-2/'28" (p. [16^{v}]). It is strange that the later page, which contains, moreover, a fairer copy than is to be found on p. [15^{v}], should bear the earlier date. It would also be extremely coincidental that, had the poem been composed in two consecutive years, it should have been composed on the same days--June 1 and 2--in those years. The "9" in the first date clearly appears to have been changed from an "8"; the "8" in the second date, while it also appears to be the modified form of an earlier notation, resembles less a "9" than an "8". Since poems between which "Past and Present" is "sandwiched" in the Notebook can be dated as pre-March 1928 ("Song" ["To go with March amarching"]) and July 1928 ("A Prairie Water Colour") it is more likely that "Past and Present" was composed in 1928 than in 1929.

3. (Notebook orig.) When time [alt.: life]

11. (Notebook orig.) vision (Notebook alt.) memory

A Group of Lyrics (p. 313)

1926-1946 Notebook (30^{v}, 48^{v}), G.C. (p. 81)

The Notebook is variously dated: "23.2.[19]29" (p. [30^{v}], a draft of part one) and "12.7.[19]31" (p. [48^{v}], a draft of part four).

The Wise Men from the East (p. 314)

1911-1916 Notebook (48^{r}-49^{r}), C.C. (n.d.), The Globe, Dec. 25, 1929 (p. 12), G.C. (p. 83)

The Notebook is dated: "Jan 17-[19]15".

The title refers to the Magi who, guided by a star, came to worship the infant Jesus (see Matthew II: 1-12).

Title. (C.C.) A Carol

1. (C.C.) Star

3. vair: the fur of a variety of squirrel (archaic).

4. (C.C.) his

5. (C.C.) gold

7. Baltasar: one of the names (by a tradition dating from the 6th c.A.D.) of the three Magi.

8. (Notebook orig.) Who was [alt.: had] a brown man [alt.: face] with a scar

13. Gaspar: see note to l. 7.

14. (Notebook orig.) Who bore [alt.: held] a costly [alt.: wondrous] crystal jar

18. (C.C.) his

19. (Notebook orig.) lofty Melchior

(C.C. & G.) Melchior

(G.C.) Melchoir

The name is properly spelled "Melchior". We emend "Melchoir", which is an obvious typographical error, to "Melchior".

24. (C.C.) his

25. (C.C.) him

30. (Notebook canc.) only (Notebook alt.) precious

The Spider and the Rose (p. 315)

1926-1946 Notebook (19^{v}-22^{r}, 23^{r}, 23^{v}-26^{v}), G.C. (p. 85)

12. (Notebook orig.) Floating

27. (G.C.) Wont

The mis-spelling of "Won't" in the G.C. text is obviously the result of a typographical error.

28. (Notebook orig.) had seen

75. (Notebook canc.) form (Notebook alt.) solid being

102. (Notebook canc.) flower (Notebook alt.) rose

119. (Notebook orig.) A look of shy dismay

120. (Notebook orig.) Drifted on

155. (Notebook orig.) dead lover's

163. (Notebook orig.) I shuddered

183. The following uncancelled line is to be found in the Notebook, after l. 183:

Like a scarab

197. (Notebook orig.) Floating from the silent [alt.: ruined, smothered, doomed &]

The Nightwatchman (p. 319)

1926-1946 Notebook (60^{v}-63^{v}), G.C. (p. 92)

In a letter to E. K. Brown (Aug. 12, 1943, E.K.B.P.) Scott referred to the "'Garland's Hotel', where I wrote 'The Night Watchman'". Scott was in that hotel on and around Nov. 19, 1934 (see the letter from Scott to Madge Macbeth [S.L., p. 50]). Garland's Hotel is on Suffolk Street, London, England.

According to E. K. Brown, this poem "is in the spirit, and to some degree in the form, of the poet [Scott] thought the most penetrating of writers about childhood, Walter de la Mare" ("Memoir," p. xxxviii). Cf., for instance, de la Mare's "Sam's Three Wishes: or Life's Little Whirligig" (Down-Adown-Derry: A Book of Fairy Poems [1922]).

7. (Notebook canc.) shadowy (Notebook alt.) fragile

21. (Notebook orig.) capable (Notebook alt.) serviceable

43. (Notebook orig.) Millions

(G.C.) Milions

The mis-spelling of "Millions" is obviously the result of a typographical error.

94. (G.C.) dont

The mis-spelling of "don't" is obviously the result of a typographical error.

100. "It was a summer evening": the first line of "The Battle of Blenheim" (1798) by Robert Southey. Casabianca: the title of a poem by Mrs. Felicia Hemans (1798).

101. "I remember": the first words of "I remember, I remember," a poem by Thomas Hood (1827).

Ingoldsby: an allusion to The Ingoldsby Legends; or Mirth and Marvels, by Thomas Ingoldsby (pseud.)(1840-47), a collection of serio-comic prose and verse by Richard Harris Barham.

146. (Notebook orig.) To find the haunting scent of heliotrope

148. herb: Southernwood (Artemesia abrotatum), called "Old Man" because of its whiskery foliage.

First Class Car (p. 323)

Saturday Night, May 8, 1937 (p. 2)

This poem was published under the pseudonym of "Oliver Gascoigne". A clipping of the poem in the A.P. identifies the author, in Scott's handwriting, as "DCS".

3. catkined: covered with catkins (a kind of spiky plant).

10. shoklets: chocolates (the mispronunciation of the vendor is being imitated).

shewing gum: chewing gum

18. Bumpville: a fictitious place; the name has comic connotations.

22. Mugg Corners: see note to l. 18.

25. See note to l. 10.

29. it: the chewing gum.

33. pep: flavour of the gum.

To Helen (p. 324)

The Canadian Forum, April 1943 (p. 10)

The author of this poem is given in the periodical text only as "D.C.S." However this poem is assumed to be by Scott on the basis of the fact that "Lines to be a Last Song" (see the headnote to that poem), which we know definitely to be by Scott, appears in a slightly later issue of The Canadian Forum, also identified by the initials "D.C.S."

The title refers to "Helene" or "Helena"—in Greek mythology the daughter of Zeus and Leda, wife of Menelaus (king of Sparta) and subsequently of Paris, (son of Priam, king of Troy). The entire poem alludes to the Trojan War whose ostensible cause was the abduction of Helen by Paris. See Homer's Iliad.

1-2. Greek . . . Troy: the allusion is to Odysseus, king of Ithaca, who devised the idea of introducing a wooden horse, filled with Greek warriors, into Troy, and thereby acheived the city's destruction.

10. nine-years' . . . pain: Odysseus incurred the wrath of the gods, especially Poseidon, and was the last of the Greeks to reach home alive after nine years' wandering; see Homer's Odyssey.

Lines to be a Last Song (p. 324)

TS., The Canadian Forum, Feb. 1944 (p. 274)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P. It bears the notation, not in Scott's handwriting: "Here are [the?] lines / Published in the Canadian Forum. / G[eorge] I[les]".

The periodical text is identified only by Scott's initials: "D.C.S."

The Rite (p. 324)

1926-1946 Notebook (72^{r}-72^{v}), MS., TS., Canadian Poetry Magazine, March 1947 (p. 30)

The MS., consisting of one leaf in the B.P./O., bears the dedication: "For Elise 2nd August '46".

The TS., consisting of one leaf in the B.P./O., bears the dedication: "For Elise August 2d '46".

2. (MS. & TS.) came,

3. (Notebook orig.) You will find a pool

   (MS. & TS.) pool

4. (Notebook orig.) Sacred to the silence only

   (MS.) only.

6. (Notebook orig.) Presence of the spruces

   (MS.) . . . the balsam-guardians,

   (TS.) . . . the balsam-guardian,

7. (Notebook orig.) For no sun intrudes

8. (Notebook orig.) [canc: And the] wind is hushed upon the margins
   (MS. & TS.) . . . the margins
11. (MS. & TS.) Wild,
12. (MS. & TS.) Sun,

The Circle of Affection

The story behind the publication of C.A. is well documented in surviving correspondence, extracts of which are quoted below. Important points revealed by this correspondence are: (1) Scott began work on the prospective volume without having received a proposal from any publisher; (2) the publisher was originally to have been the Oxford University Press; (3) Scott exercised close control over the format of the book though the proof-reading appears to have been shared--in what proportion is unclear--between himself and Loftus MacInnes (the son-in-law of Archibald Lampman); (4) Scott was "highly pleased" with the ultimate appearance of the book.

Scott to E. K. Brown, Sept. 10-16, 1943, E.K.B.P.: "I have made some slow progress with that project for a prose and verse Miscellany, the material is so varied that I cannot yet see it as a whole i.e. as a book developed thro the verse and thro the prose into some harmony. The poems I have got together and they include some early work and I think I can arrange them; but so far I have trouble with the prose. Of course Elise helps me greatly and is urging me on; but the shadow of another unsaleable book darkens

my effort. However, it is highly probable that my publishers will not consider it favourably; but it is yet some distance from their clutches."

Scott to E. K. Brown, June 30-July 1 1944, E.K.B.P.: "I was pleased with your remarks about my old stories; there are one or two others I think you might place with them in the batch of prose I was getting together; that project has not been entirely abandoned but has been neglected."

Scott to E. K. Brown, Feb. 10, 1945, E.K.B.P.: " . . . I wonder what you will say if I attempt to print the poems I have by me; for none, I fear, are in the style you like. In this connection I will tell you the [sic] Dilworth was here the other day and brought a message from the Oxford Press that they were ready to publish this book of Miscellanies whenever I have it ready." The person referred to was Ira Dilworth, compiler of T.C.P. The plan to have Oxford publish C.A. fell through sometime in the following year; see the letter below.

Scott to E. K. Brown, Jan. 10, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "There is only one item of interest in my active literary life. You will recall the idea for a Vol of prose and verse. I finally made up the copy and sent it to McC[lelland] and S[tewart] without any hope that they would be favorable to it; but much to my surpeise [sic] I got an [sic] very cordial acceptance; the copy was not out of may [sic] hands for ten days."

Scott to John McClelland, April 10, 1946, B.P./O.: "I want to make an addition to Wayfarers [in C.A., pp. 81-108] . . . I think it would be well if you sent me the MS." It appears that Scott submitted the "MS" to his publisher sometime between Jan. 10 and April 10, 1946. As in the case of P., the "MS" was probably not a hand-written text but, rather, a collection of typescripts (especially where unpublished poems were concerned) and cut-out clippings of previously published poems (some of these clippings survive in the A.P., Scott's revisions legible on them).

Scott to E. K. Brown, May 1, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "As for this proposed new book of mine, it is still quietly reposing in the publisher's hands. I got the MS back to make some changes and inquired what progress had been made, as to format &c. The lady [probably Sybil Hutchinson, Literary Editor at McClelland and Stewart] who coined the phrase 'too immediately', replied that the MS had been in the printer's hands."

Scott to E. K. Brown, June 10, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "I send a copy of the table of Contents so that you may see the arrangement."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, July 1, 1946, B.P./O.: "The poem To Deaver Brown follows that To Jane Edgar[.] The Slumber song for Joy Brockington follows the Rondeau." (In the final arrangement "Slumber Song" precedes "Rondeau.")

Scott to E. K. Brown, Sept. 29, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "There is apparent movement about the other book [C.A.] and The Impeccable

One [John McClelland or possibly Sybil Hutchinson] has sent me a design for the Jacket."

Scott to E. K. Brown, Oct. 17, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "I had a note from Thoreau MacD.[onald, the illustrator of C.A.]. He said that the other book [C.A.] wld come to 415 pages wh. rather alarmed me; but this is McC&S's risk and if they have developed signs of madness those who are nearer to them than I am shd have noticed it and taken action in time." C.A. finally came to considerably less than 415 pages: 237 pages.

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Nov. 12, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "Here are the last of the 'galleys'!" Scott must have inspected the galleys between Sept. 29, when he reported "apparent movement," and Nov. 12, 1946.

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Nov. 13, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "You would not have received the proofs so promptly if it had not been for the assistance of Mr. T. R. Loftus MacInnes and his wife; he is not a professional proof-reader but has had great experience in that kind. It will interest you to know that he is a son of Tom MacInnes and his wife is the daughter of Archibald Lampman. As for the punctuation, it is I know erratic but I would advise not to make too many changes for the sake of uniformaty [sic]. We prefer, and." [presumably the comma or period placed inside the quotation marks] but kindly indicate in the page-proofs any places where you think a change should be made. I shall not trouble myself about paper, and I am sure Mr. MacD's choice of the cloth

is all right . . . I am a little concerned about the make-up of the book. When I sent the Copy I provided the Title page and the dedication TO MY WIFE; I interleaved each Section with a special page, e.g. POEMS 1935-1946, ESSAYS, &c. I hope you intend to carry out that idea. Later I sent A Foreword, Other Books &c. and a Table of Contents. I think you have acknowledged these. When shall I get a proof of these introductory pages? There will be a few changes in the Contents and maybe a few in the Foreword." Though Scott did not perform all of the proof-reading himself, it is not clear that he did not perform a substantial portion of it. In any case, the evidence of Scott's close supervision of the printing of C.A. is so overwhelming that we cannot divest the author of responsibility for the final state of his texts.

Scott to E. K. Brown, Nov. 24, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "The galleys of 'The Circle' have gone to the printer, but no page proofs yet; still progress has been made; I had a note from Thoreau MacDonald sending me proofs of some vignettes they intend to use on the pages separating the sections of the book, and I approved them, he had chosen a green cloth for the cover; if they get the book out for the Spring market (how I hate that word), they will do well."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Dec. 5, 1946, E.K.B.P.: "I am very fortunate to have you so interested in the proofs. I approve all your changes in the Pages except the first three on pages 6 & 7 [these concern the story, "The Circle of Affection"] . . .

I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD PLAN TO DO AS YOU SUGGEST IN THE FUTURE TO SEND ME THE TWO GALLEYS WITH THE PAGE PROOFS AND INDICATE YOUR CHANGES IN RED. I am sending you all proofs registered and there will be no [in]evitable delay in dealing with them as they come to hand."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Dec. 16, 1946, B.P./O.: "I must thank you for getting the four sonnets right ["Twelfth Anniversary"] but . . . the lay-out of the rest was discreditable."

Sybil Hutchinson to Scott, Jan. 13, 1947, B.P./O.: "The note on the new proofs is Mr. Heaton's [Hugh Heaton was the printer of C.A.]." In order to keep Twelfth Anniversary on adjoining pages he says it was necessary to change the order of some of the poems." The need to squeeze in "Twelfth Anniversary" on pages 64-65 may account for the lack of stanza divisions on pages 62 and 63 (lines 52 and 79 of "Amanda"; see our emendations).

Scott to Thoreau MacDonald, Jan. 16, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "I like the Title Page immensely; I dont [sic] think anything cld be better. We are gradually getting this book into shape. Would you mind telling Mr. Heaton that I am anxious to see all the prelimanry [sic] pages in proof; I have been just writing to Miss Hutchinson complimenting him on the rearrangements of the poems, I would like him to know that. What paper is he going to use: a paper wh. will I hope show up your admirable drawings and I am very glad to have your name with mine on the Title."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, Feb. 6, 1947, B.P./O.: "Mr MacInnes and I have gone carefully through the full page proofs and I am sending them herewith with a list of a few corrections. You kindly say that you will go over them again and I think then they ought to be perfect. Mr MacInnes made one most excellent change in the pages 75 &c. which gets away from that division in The Slumber Song; when the piece is read on the left and right hand pages it gets away from that most ugly break in the stanza. Of course I should like to have a revision of this." It is not clear which is the change which Loftus MacInnes made. In C.A. "Slumber Song" is printed on "left and right hand pages" (76-77) and there is a break, ugly or otherwise, between the fourth and fifth lines of the fifth stanza as "Will have vanished with the dew" begins page 77.

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, March 11, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "I sent you the last proofs, registered on 21st Feby. How is our book coming along? I had hoped to see your wording for the Jacket cover and some word of how Mr MacDonald was progressing with the Jacket design. When it is quite convenient you might send me a line."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, March 21, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "Many thanks for returning the M.S. of The Circle of Affection which came to hand on Tuesday last." The "MS." referred to here has not come to light; presumably Scott destroyed it.

Scott to E. K. Brown, March 29, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "My other book approaches completion, I must say that McC & S have taken

some pains to make a good-looking book out of it and I hope you will be pleased with it."

Scott to E. K. Brown, May 7, 1947, E.K.B.P. (the letter is mistakenly dated "Seventh March '47"): "As for 'The Circle' they seem to be having trouble about the Jacket cover; the last ltr on that subject was dated April 8th, a month ago but I dont [sic] intend to write them about it. I understood from one of their letters that the book was already printed, cloth for the cover chosen, and only the Jacket to be decided."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, May 22, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "I thought I might send you a line to inquire how Mr Heaton was getting on with the Jacket Cover. On April 8th you wrote that you would send me a proof of the back and flaps of this cover. I know there are great difficulties in book production these days but as you may well imagine I am anxious to hold the book, with which you have taken so much trouble, in my hands completed at last."

Scott to Sybil Hutchinson, June 4, 1947, E.K.B.P.: "We are highly pleased and delighted with the book. All the interest you showed and all your skill has resulted in a fine production. I like the treatment of the Jacket Cover, and everyone is highly complimentary about the wording on the 'flaps;' you know that I approve [the wording] from the first reading, nothing could have been better."

C.A., then, appeared in May 1947. The title-page read: THE / CIRCLE OF AFFECTION / AND OTHER PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE /

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT / DRAWINGS BY THOREAU MACDONALD / McCLELLAND and STEWART, TORONTO / [device]

The verso of the title-page identified the printers of the book:

Printed in Canada by / THE HUGH HEATON PRINTING HOUSE LIMITED / Toronto

As the title-page indicates, C.A. contains both prose and verse: 10 short stories, 5 essays and 35 poems. (The poetry, however, takes up only 34 of the book's 237 pages.) In the Foreword to C.A., Scott gave the reasons behind the arrangement of the book: "The intention of the whole was to bring together later work in prose and verse, prose which had become inaccessible, and early stories and poems which had not previously appeared in book form. The title for the collection, borrowed from the opening story, seemed to the writer appropriate, for throughout the book a circle of affection is gradually rounded: an affection for persons and places, for his own country and other countries, an affection for moods, for passions and aspirations"(p. xi).

The early poems referred to in the Foreword consist of nine pieces which are grouped in a section apart from the 26 other poems (the latter dating from the years 1935-1946). In a letter to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.) Scott wrote that the "early poems were done so long ago that I have no dates but of course after The Magic House but I did not think it worth while to print them in any of the other books and they wld not have

appeared here if it had not been for Elise who decided the matter." This recollection is not quite accurate: at least one of the poems ("At Murray Bay") precedes M.H., both in date of composition (it appears in National Library TS. Bourinot) and publication (1892).

C.A. is dedicated: "To My Wife", i.e. Elise Aylen (1904-1972), whom Scott married in 1931.

Hymn for Those in the Air (p. 326)

1926-1946 Notebook (17^{r}-19^{r}), N.T.W.P. (p. 129), Saturday Night, Dec. 25, 1943 (p. 15), The Ottawa Journal, March 17, 1945 (p. 6), T.C.V. (p. 378), C.A. (p. 51)

The N.T.W.P. and C.A. texts are dedicated: "To the Royal Canadian Air Force".

The text in the Ottawa Journal bears the note: "Here are the words of the new hymn which has been dedicated by Duncan Campbell Scott to the Royal Canadian Air Force and which has been set to music by Sqdn. Ldr. G. J. Mitchell. It was sung in public for the first time by the Air Force Choral Group on the occasion of the visit of Lt. Gen. Sir William Dobbie to Ottawa."

Lines 9, 18, 27 and 36 are indented in the Ottawa Journal version.

1. (N.T.W.P.) . . . Father, by whose . . .

   (Ottawa Journal) . . . Father, by . . .

3. (N.T.W.P., Ottawa Journal, T.C.V.) light,

5. (N.T.W.P. & Ottawa Journal) . . . far, yet . . .

10. (N.T.W.P. & Ottawa Journal) cloud,

15. (T.C.V.) head winds

16. (T.C.V.) commanding

22. (T.C.V.) there,

24. (N.T.W.P.) who

25. (Notebook orig.) To fly without a fear

29. (T.C.V.) will

31. (N.T.W.P. & Ottawa Journal) still;

35. (T.C.V.) Joy,

Old Olives at Bordighera (p. 327)

Queen's Quarterly, Nov. 1938 (p. 460), T.C.V. (p. 379), C.A. (p. 52)

Bordighera is a town in north-western Italy, on the Ligurian sea, a short distance east of the French border. A letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar, dated Dec. 6, 1937 (P.E.P.), reveals that Scott was in Bordighera on that day. See also the headnote to "Veronique Fraser."

1. (T.C.V.) . . . valley's slope . . .

19. (T.C.V.) . . . come following . . .

23. (T.C.V.) grass

35. Vallecrosia: village north-west of Bordighera.

37. Vallebona: village north-east of Bordighera.

38. (T.C.V.) . . . of olives;

42. ocean: the Ligurian Sea, a part of the Mediteranean Sea.

A Song (p. 328)

1926-1946 Notebook (65^{v}), TS. 1, Canadian Poetry Magazine, Oct. 1937 (p. 11), C.C. (1938), TS. 2, T.C.V. (p. 377), C.A. (p. 54)

TS. 1 consists of one leaf, located in the A.P. Since TS. 1 is not dated, its chronological positioning is somewhat arbitrary.

TS. 2 consists of one leaf, located in the A.J.M. Smith Papers, Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto. TS. 2 is slipped inside a letter, dated Dec. 10, 1942, from Scott to A.J.M. Smith, in which the former suggests that "A Song" be included in the latter's projected anthology (B.C.P.). The dating of the letter determines our chronological positioning of TS. 2.

2. ambergris: "A wax-like substance of ashy colour, found floating in tropical seas" (O.E.D.).

5. (TS. 2 canc.) float (TS. 2 alt.) flow

9. (Canadian Poetry & C.C.) new-moons

11-12. (Notebook orig.) Seek for beauty in the < >
Where beauty dwells

21. This line is indented only in the C.A. text. We restore its original appearance, on the assumption that the indentation (cf. l. 9) was the result of a typographical error.

Power (p. 328)

1926-1946 Notebook (44^{v}-45^{r}), Poetry (Chicago), April 1941 (p. 5), C.A. (p. 55)

The April 1941 number of Poetry magazine was a special issue devoted to Canadian verse and edited by Scott's friend, E. K. Brown. In a letter dated Oct. 25, 1940 (E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote to Brown: "I would like to be represented in the special No. of Poetry as you are editing it and I hope writing any criticism which may appear. I have written so little lately that I have no choice but to send you the enclosed [presumably a TS of "Power"] . . . I value your critical faculty very highly and you must exercise it in this connection, and if you do not think that I would be reasonably represented by these lines send them back and I shall be satisfied."

1. (Notebook orig.) The sea plunges & the sea gulls cry
   (Poetry) . . . sea-birds cry;
2. The following cancelled lines are to be found in the Notebook, after 1. 2:

   Earth is still & [hear his?][?] break
   Lonely is the [heart ?] of Earth

   (Poetry) sky.
8. (Poetry) . . . stood in . . .
9. (Poetry) lobster-floats,
10. (Poetry) Mirrored
13. (Poetry) Heart that, once . . .

16. (Notebook canc.) the power of feeling (Notebook alt.) hard
passion
(Poetry) buffeted,

19. (Notebook orig.) Knowing that . . .

Veronique Fraser (p. 329)

1926-1946 Notebook (64^{v}-66^{r}), TS., Saturday Night, Feb. 4, 1939 (p. 2), C.A. (p. 55)

The Notebook is dated: "Veronique Fraser / Bordighera / Jany '38". This date is confirmed in a letter of Aug. 10, 1947 from Scott to John Masefield (S.P./T.): "I always have had a great liking for Veronique Fraser. I wrote it at Bordighera [see the headnote to "Old Olives at Bordighera"] in Jan. '38. Why is it that one is so conscious of his own country amid alien surroundings? I was certainly living in Canada in spirit as I wrote."

The TS. consists of four leaves (all carbon copies), located in the A.P.

38. This line is not indented in C.A. We restore the indentation, the omission of which appears to have been a typographical error.

84. (TS. & S.N.) bride
(C.A.) bride,
The comma in C.A. works against the sense and flow of lines 84-85. We emend what appears to be a typographical error.

89. (TS. & S.N.) brilliant.-

107. (TS. & S.N.) water,

127. (Notebook orig.) Lost in the wilds of trapping [alt.: northland]

128. "drive": the driving of the logs down the river to the saw-mill.

132. takes . . . God: obtains her food by hunting and foraging for it; cf. the title of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts' animal story, "Do Seek Their Meat from God" (Earth's Enigmas [1903]).

140. distrait: distracted, bewildered.

142. (S.N.) flow:-

163. (S.N.) blanket.

Amanda (p. 333)

1926-1946 Notebook (69^{v}-71^{v}), TS., Voices, Spring 1943 (p. 6), C.A. (p. 61)

The Notebook is dated: "Octr 42".

The TS. consists of two leaves, located in the A.P.

Regarding the genesis of the poem Scott wrote to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.): "Amanda . . . was first called A Dream, but we must give Pelham the credit of suggesting the present title. The actual dream I had the night after you & Peggy were here, so long ago! but I did not think I wld try to do anything with it until months Octr '42 ["Octr '42," like "so long ago," is a hand-written addition to the typed letter] afterwards the idea struck me to work on it, I must say I like it and I am glad you do."

Title. (TS. orig.) A Dream (TS. alt.) Amanda

(Voices) A Dream

1. (Notebook orig.) Lovely Amanda running home from school

14. The TS. and periodical texts have no stanza division between lines 13 and 14.

15. (Voices) tongue-

20. In the TS. and periodical texts a new stanza begins here. In the C.A. text 1. 20 is at the top of a page and therefore a stanza division is not evident. We assume that a new stanza was intended in the C.A. text as well.

25. (Voices) spell-

27. In the Notebook the following uncancelled lines are to be found, after 1. 27:

> The copper disk pieces of 8
> Were made of gold
> This false copper plate
> Was nailed there in the sapling tree
> Too spurious to circulate
> Corroded as the tree grew straight

33. (Voices) crimson-

45. (Voices) world,

47. (TS. & Voices) core

50. (Voices) fool-

52. In the TS. and periodical texts a new stanza begins at 1. 52. In the C.A. text there is no stanza break between lines 51 and 52. Because a new stanza would seem to be demanded by the flow of the narrative, we assume that the lack of a stanza

break in C.A. is a corruption and therefore we restore the original appearance of the text.

57. (Voices) day-

59. In the periodical text there is a stanza break between lines 58 and 59.

63. (Notebook orig.) A stranger from a land [alt.: the seven seas]
Said those words [canc.: were] are Portugese
They meant "[canc.: kind] Jesu [canc.: save me]
save"-

64. (TS. & Voices) ecstasies;

66. (Voices) . . . Wonder Love . . . World-

68. (TS.) save".

(Voices) "Pity - have pity - . . .

69. (Notebook orig.) He spoke & turned all pale

70. (Notebook canc.) Blown out to nothingness

72. (Notebook orig.) Then fell away
Fell as dust falls in [canc.: the] air
& was not anywhere

75. In the TS. and periodical texts this line is not indented.

(Voices) see-

79. (Notebook orig.) & the harm is done

In the TS. and periodical texts a new stanza begins at l. 79.

In the C.A. text there is no stanza break between lines 51 and 52. Because a new stanza would conform to the sense of the lines (the transition from past to present), we assume that the lack of a stanza break in C.A. is a corruption and therefore we restore the original appearance of the text.

82. list: desire

The Cascades of the Gatineau (p. 335)

1926-1946 Notebook (44^{v}), C.C. (1935), C.A. (p. 63)

The Gatineau is a river which flows south into the Ottawa River, meeting it where the city of Ottawa is located.

Title. (Notebook orig.) The Cascades of the Gatineau 1929

4. (Notebook orig.) dark (Notebook alt.) bronze

Twelfth Anniversary (p. 335)

1926-1946 Notebook (73^{r}-74^{v}), MS., TS., C.A. (p. 64)

The Notebook is dated: "Ncvr 12 - [19]43".

The MS. consists of five leaves, located in B.P./O. On the first leaf is written: "Four Sonnets / written by / Duncan Campbell Scott / for his wife / Elise Aylen / on the / Twelfth Anniversary of their Marriage / 27th March / 1943". Each of the remaining four leaves bears one of the four sonnets in the same order as is found in C.A.

The TS.--a single leaf, located in the A.P.--contains only the fourth sonnet, untitled.

Information as to the genesis of the poem can be found in a letter from Scott to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.): "What pleased me best of all was your remarks about the four sonnets, Twelfth Anniversary, I expected you, of all my friends, wld understand those sonnets; there is a portrait, and there are reflections and a declaration of devotion, but as good as I cld make them they are not worthy of Elise. As you have been

interested in my method of doing verse I will tell you that I wrote the first three and the beginning of the fourth in one evening: 12 Novr '43. E[lise] was not well and I was down stairs alone and the idea suddenly hit me to do something to show her on the 27th March [of 1944], two hours of intense feeling and a sense of freedom in expression led to the result; there was ever so little tinkering and I was able to make a fair copy for her."

Title. (MS.) The Twelfth Anniversary

1. (MS.) . . . word, this . . .

4. (Notebook orig.) the war of false & true

6. (MS.) reveal

15. (Notebook orig.) hidden (Notebook alt.) withdrawn & subtle

23. (MS.) Where

27. (MS.) shadow,

29. (MS.) beryl-pool

30. (MS.) maiden-hair

31. (MS.) Groups of wood-daffodil and . . .

34. (MS.) hours;

36. (MS.) Jewel

37. (MS.) . . . fill, then gentle slips . . .

40. (MS.) water-colors

41. (MS.) impart

(C.A.) impart.

The punctuation in the C.A. text is obviously the result of a typographical error.

43. (MS.) Think how Imagination, . . .

44. (MS.) liberty,

45. (MS.) Can all the . . . absorb

47. (MS.) clear:

52. (MS.) heart;

55. (TS.) 'love',-

(C.A.) 'love'-

The TS. punctuation, which we prefer, conforms more closely to Scott's usual practice (cf. lines 1 and 41; see also the headnote to G.C.).

55-56. (MS.) What of the treasured feeling in my breast?
That must be lived, it cannot be expressed.

The Sea-Witch (p. 336)

TS., C.A. (p. 66)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

2. (TS.) he

7. (TS.) he;

12. (TS.) he;

17. (TS.) he;

22. (TS.) he;

24. (TS.) . . . rotted your . . .

27. (TS.) he;

Intermezzo (p. 337)

TS., Queen's Quarterly, May 1943 (p. 200), C.A. (p. 67)

The TS. consists of one leaf, dated (in pencil) "1941" and located in the A.J.M. Smith Papers, Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto. The TS. is slipped inside a letter, dated Dec. 10, 1942, from Scott to A.J.M. Smith, in which Scott suggests that Smith include "Intermezzo" or "A Song" (see the headnote to that poem) in the latter's projected anthology (B.C.P.).

Title. Intermezzo: "A short dramatic, musical, or other performance, of a light and pleasing character, introduced between the acts of a drama or opera" (O.E.D.).

6. (TS.) earth--,

20. In the TS. text a new stanza begins at l. 20.

Song (p. 338)

TS., C.A. (p. 67)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

3. (TS. orig.) heart (TS. alt.) head

Song (p. 338)

1926-1946 Notebook (15^{r}), Saturday Night, March 17, 1928 (p. 1), TS., C.A. (p. 68)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

In a letter to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote that "As for the March amarching lyric: it was written to

order from no less a person than Wm. Arthur Deacon years ago for some special number, was it of Sat. Night? Forgotten, but Elise [the poet's wife] insisted it shd. go in [to C.A.]."
(William Arthur Deacon was Literary Editor of Saturday Night magazine from 1922 to 1928.)

Title. (S.N.) A Song

2. (Notebook orig.) From (Notebook alt.) On

5. (S.N.) For he holds . . .

6. (Notebook orig.) Haste is his desire

13. (Notebook orig.) To stand [alt.: linger] in the [canc.: lush] green valley

The Days of a Rose (p. 339)

1926-1946 Notebook (40^{r}-41^{v}), TS., C.A. (p. 68)

The TS. consists of one leaf, dated "June 1930" (the date is cancelled), and located in the A.P.

A Fragment (p. 339)

TS., C.A. (p. 69)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P. The TS. text is fragmentary, containing only lines 25-36 of the C.A. text. These lines are headed by the number "2"; presumably they were intended to comprise part two of the poem.

These Are In the Beginning (p. 340)

1926-1946 Notebook (64^{v}-65^{r}), TS. 1, TS. 2, Queen's Quarterly, Feb. 1943 (p. 63), C.A. (p. 70)

Each TS consists of one leaf; both are located in the A.P. Since neither TS. 1 nor TS. 2 bears a date, their chronological positioning is somewhat arbitrary. We assume that TS. 1 precedes the three other texts on the basis of the unique accidental variant in l. 4 (see below).

4. (TS.1) spring

5-6. The sense of these lines is: before the burdens of shade are laid on the limbs.

9. (Notebook orig.) feeling - not thought

In the TS. 2 text an undecipherable word in the place of "gleam" (probably "gleam" mis-spelled) has been cancelled and "gleam" written in the margin.

Farewell to Their Majesties (p. 340)

1926-1946 Notebook (67^{r}-68^{r}), Saturday Night, June 17, 1939 (p. 2), C.A. (p. 71)

The periodical text has the following note: "Thanks to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Canada now has the equivalent of a Poet Laureate. The C.B.C. with excellent judgment selected Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott to furnish the following dignified verses to be read at the Royal departure from Canada."

The title refers to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain, who paid a state visit to Canada. The royal couple arrived (in Quebec City) on May 17 and subsequently crossed the country by train.

In the periodical text, lines 2 and 4 of each stanza are indented throughout.

Title. (S.N.) A Farewell to their Majesties

3. (S.N.) Nation

5. (Notebook orig.) We send these poor few words in < >
parting

6. (Notebook orig.) As all our graceful hearts go out with thee lordly ship: the "Empress of Australia" which conveyed the royal entourage to and from Canada.

13. (S.N.) . . . ocean to ocean,
from ocean unto ocean: quite possibly an allusion to the official motto of Canada--"a mari usque ad mare" (from sea even unto sea).

16. (S.N.) good-bye.

17. (Notebook orig. & S.N.) Life

20. (Notebook orig. & S.N.) Western

21. (S.N.) ever,-

24. (S.N.) . . . 'round the Throne.

On Hearing Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze" (p. 341)

1926-1946 Notebook (68^{v}), C.C. (1940), V.V. (p. 87), C.A. (p. 72)

The title refers to an aria ("Schafe könen sicher weiden") in Johann Sebastian Bach's secular cantata, "War mir behgt, ist nur die muntre Jadg," also known as the "Hunt" Cantata, B.W.V. 208 (Weimar, 1716). Scott's poem is not a translation of the German lyrics of the aria.

The C.C. text is dedicated: "To E.B. & R.R." The identity of these dedicatees is revealed in the C.A. text. Rae Robertson (1893-1956) was a Scottish pianist who together with his wife, Ethel Bartlett, formed a two-piano team which played in Europe and the Americas. In a letter to E. K. Brown (June 10, 1946, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote that "the Bach piece is addressed to Ethel Bartlet [sic] and Ray [sic] Robertson, who first played this for me in London when it had just been arranged for two pianos for them."

1. (Notebook canc.) eternal (Notebook alt.) celestial

12. (V.V.) . . . triumphant song.

15. (Notebook canc.) Will see the [?] angels

Time (p. 342)

1926-1946 Notebook (64^{r}), C.C. (1936), C.A. (p. 72)

The C.C. text is untitled.

1. (Notebook orig.) O Time that builds the [?] of hope

4. (Notebook orig.) The bitter dew < > tears

5. (Notebook orig.) withered past

To My Friend - Leonard W. Brockington (p. 342)

TS., C.A. (p. 73)

The TS.--one leaf located in the A.P.—is dated: "Christmas, 1942."

Leonard Walter Brockington (1888-1966) was an Ottawa lawyer. Among the positions he held were that of first chairman of the newly founded Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 1936-1939, and that of special assistant to the Canadian Prime Minister (William Lyon Mackenzie King), 1939-1942.

In a letter to John Masefield (April 27, 1944, S.P./T.) Scott wrote: "Mr. Brockington is one of my closests [sic] friends. His love of poetry and his knowledge of the real values in life seem to get into everything he says over the air and that must have great influence."

According to E. K. Brown, Leonard Brockington "was in [Scott's] last years probably the closest of his friends" ("Memoir," p. xlii).

Spring Midnight: Deepwood (p. 342)

1926-1946 Notebook (74^{v}-75^{v}), TS., MS., C.A. (p. 73)

This poem has a complicated textual history. To begin with the TS.--one leaf, located in the S.P./T.--it is a copy of an earlier version of the poem, composed, according to the TS. dedication, in August 1944. It is possible that this TS. was a copy made by Arthur S. Bourinot, rather than by Scott himself, of a MS. of the earlier (1944) version--a MS. which Scott requested that Bourinot return to him when the former sent the latter "a rough copy of [a] new version" of the poem (see Scott to Arthur S. Bourinot, n.d. [1945?], S.P./T.).

Bourinot returned the MS together with the "rough copy" of the new version (neither of which is, to our knowledge, extant), as a letter from Bourinot to Scott (n.d. [1945?], S.P./T.) reveals: "Many thanks for the revised version of your lovely poem--I am returning it together with the original one in holograph, which I hate to part with, without a replacement! I like the version very much, particularly the new lines about the wood daffodil."

Scott then sent Bourinot a fair copy of the new version of the poem. This fair copy is the MS. listed above. It consists of two leaves, located in the S.P./T. and dated: "New Years Day./ 1946". (Both the MS. and the TS. are reproduced in S.L., pp. 61-63.)

Both MS. and TS. carry the dedication: "Written for my friend Arthur S. Bourinot August 1944 - " (the TS. lacks the dash).

For information on Arthur S. Bourinot, see the headnote to T.C.M.

The "Deepwood" referred to in the title was the name of the Bourinot family's summer home, located at Kingsmere, twelve miles northwest of Ottawa. According to Bourinot's Some Personal Recollections and Historic Facts about Kingsmere, "Duncan Campbell Scott knew and loved this spot and his sisters lived here in the summers" (p. 7) and, moreover, this poem was written on a visit to the Bourinot summer home.

Title. (TS.) Spring/Midnight: Deepwood [the slash mark does not denote a new line]

1. Deepwood: see the headnote.

4-6. (TS.) Homecomers only
To their native fields,- as fireflies
Wander and glow in the upland meadows,-

6. (MS.) Where the Mere like a pearl,
Lustrous and still,

the Mere: Lake Kingsmere.

7. (TS.) . . . double shade

8. (TS.) hill:

The punctuation in the MS. is not clear. It appears to resemble a semi-colon rather than a colon.

13. (TS.) mood.

14-16. In the TS. lines 14-16 of the copy-text are absent; instead, the following lines are to be found:

The shy wood-thrush
Is charmed to her finished nest

23. (TS.) quietude:

27-28. In the TS. lines 27-28 of the copy-text are absent.

To Jane Edgar: For Her Album (p. 343)

C.A. (p. 74)

Katharine Jane Edgar (1936-) was the daughter of Pelham Edgar. In a letter to the editor, Mrs. Katharine Jane (Edgar) Conway stated that "my recollection is that [Scott] wrote [this poem] directly into my album, sometime in 1945" and that "As far as my memory serves, the original is identical with the version published."

To Deaver Brown (p. 344)

TS., C.A. (p. 75)

The TS., one leaf located in the S.P./T., is dated: "28/11/46", and bears the handwritten note: "copy for John Watkins."

Deaver Brown (1944-) was the elder son of Edward Killoran Brown (1905-1951), scholar, critic and teacher, editor of S.P., and a close friend of Scott. In a note on the frontispiece of S.P., Brown says that it was "Pelham Edgar, who first introduced [him] to Duncan Campbell Scott, in 1930." In a letter to Arthur S. Bourinot (April 11, 1948, S.P./T.) Brown wrote: "I did not meet [Scott] till he had retired, and . . . I did not really come to know him till I was in Ottawa in 1942."

On June 10, 1946, Scott wrote to Brown (E.K.B.P.): "I would like to include in the Miscellany [C.A.] some verses I had written for children and Deaver must be there." On June 18, 1946, he wrote to Brown (E.K.B.P.): "The lines to Deaver came very naturally and without any fussy reconsideration."

1. unseen: Deaver's father was Professor of English at the University of Chicago from 1944 to 1951.
7. seven diaphanous lines: the seven "colours of the rainbow" (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet).

At Delos (p. 344)

1926-1946 Notebook (66^{v}), Queen's Quarterly, Feb. 1939 (p. 65), A.C.P. (p. 37), B.C.P. (p. 225), C.A. (p. 75)

The Notebook is dated: "March /'37".

We know that Scott was in Italy in late 1937 and early 1938 (see the headnotes to "Old Olives at Bordighera" and "Veronique Fraser"). It is possible that, prior to visiting Italy, Scott had visited Delos, a Greek island in the Aegean Sea.

1. (Notebook orig.) An iris with [the ?] topaz leaves & heart of amber brown & gold
7. (Notebook orig.) for [that ?] frail colour fading like a breath

Slumber Song (p. 345)

1926-1946 Notebook (76^{r}-76^{v}), C.A. (p. 76)

In a letter to the editor, Colin W. Brockington, son of Leonard W. Brockington (see "To My Friend - Leonard W. Brockington"), wrote that "Cynthia Joy Brockington . . . was my daughter and hence Leonard Brockington's granddaughter . . . the poem was written as a Christmas present for my wife and myself for Christmas, 1945. Unfortunately, a few months later Joy died."

In a letter to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote: "I printed it ["Slumber Song"] as her parents wanted it; this baby only lived a little over a year, and died after a two hours [sic] illness in July of '46; so I was doubtful whether they wld care to see it in print, but they were keen about it."

4ff. (Notebook orig.) Sleep will be a welcome quest
If [canc.: But in case][perchance ?] sleep
should be shy [alt.: coy]

17. (Notebook orig.) pass the brink

18. (Notebook orig.) soundless water

Rondeau (p. 346)

C.A. (p. 77)

The rondeau is a French form of verse, popular in the Renaissance and revived in the late nineteenth century by Swinburne, Austin Dobson and others. The form typically contains the following features: there are thirteen lines, divided into stanzas of five, three and five lines; there are two rhymes only; the first words of the first line (in this case "Primrose and Clare") are used as a "rentrement" (partial repetition), occurring--independently of the rhyme scheme--after the eighth and thirteenth lines, i.e. after the ends of the second and third stanzas.

Primrose (1938-) and Clare (1942-) Coulter were the two daughters of the Irish-born Canadian writer, John Coulter (1888-). "Deirdre of the Sorrows" was an opera (1944), the libretto of which was written by John Coulter (music by Healey Willan). The

"copy" referred to in the dedication is the libretto, published by Macmillan (Canada) in 1944. A letter from Scott to E. K. Brown (May 1, 1946, E.K.B.P.) alludes to the radio broadcast of the opera by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation: "An item of first rate musical importance the Opera B'cast of the new work, words by Coulter, music by Willan; it is truly very fine."

Deirdre of the Sorrows is based on the Gaelic legend of Deirdre--see note to l. 11--a theme most notably treated, perhaps, in John Milligton Synge's play of the same title (1901).

7. mystical herb: probably mistletoe.

11. Sorrows of Deirdre: loved by King Conchubar, Deirdre, in turn, loves Naisi, with whom she flees; after seven years the lovers are lured back to King Conchubar's castle, where Naisi is treacherously slain and Deirdre consequently takes her own life.

12. Joys are saved: not a reference to the tragedy of Deirdre of the Sorrows but to the happy occasion when Scott presumably watched Clare and Primrose Coulter perform their "art profound."

At Derwentwater (p. 346)

TS., C.A. (p. 78)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

Derwentwater is a lake in Cumbria (Cumberland) County, England. Located in Wordsworth's Lake District, it is mentioned in his "Inscriptions," xv. A letter from Scott to Pelham Edgar

(Aug. 28, 1934, P.E.P.) reveals that Scott was in England (Babbacombe, Torquay) at this date. It may have been then that he visited Derwentwater.

This poem may be modelled on Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (cf. "bar" and "crossed" in lines 4 and 8 respectively, and the terminal position of the poem in both poets' published works).

2. fell: hill (obsolete).

9. (TS. canc.) vanishing (TS. alt.) fleeting

11. (TS. canc.) will (TS. alt.) shall

(TS.) courses

In this case, as opposed to the TS. alternates in lines 9 and 13, the alternate is typed rather than hand-written.

13. In the TS. the text as originally typed has no final punctuation; a comma and dash (,-) were added by hand.

16. Regarding the metre of this line, Scott wrote to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.): "Now for the last line of Derwentwater, of course you know well that I have no knowledge of prosody. I suppose the difficulty comes from my dropping one accent from the last line and thus, in a sense disturbing the uniformity of the stanzas. Well, I have done it before, to my ear the line is a perfect conclusion to the lyric and to have lengthened it wld have been a mistake; it shd be read with the preceding line without pause; in the two lines there are five accents."

Early Summer Song (p. 347)

TS. 1, TS. 2, TS. 3, C.A. (p. 159)

All three TSS--each consisting of one leaf--are located in the A.P. TS. 1 is dated "1890?" and has "Duncan Campbell Scott" typed along the side at a right angle to the text of the poem. From the appearance of the typescript and paper and from the nature of the variants TS. 1 is obviously the earliest of the three TSS. TS. 2 has the handwritten notation "3 copies/[planned?]." From the evidence of the title variant we deduce that TS. 2 precedes TS. 3. The latter is a carbon copy, undated and lacking any notation. From the overall nature of the variants, we deduce that TS. 1 contains the originally published text of the poem (see below) and that certain revisions were made in TS. 1 itself many years later, and carried over into the other TSS, when Scott decided to include the poem in C.A.

In a letter to E. K. Brown (Sept. 2, 1947, E.K.B.P.), Scott wrote that his "wife was particularly taken with Early Summer Song wh. I dug up and wh. I had really forgotten about, I think it was printed in some obscure paper but I have no printed copy of it." The editor has not been able to identify the "obscure paper" wherein appeared "Early Summer Song."

Title. (TS. 1) A Summer Song

(TS. 2) [canc.: Spring][add.: A] Song

(TS. 3) A Song

2. (TS. 1 & TS. 3) veined

The fact that TS. 3--which we presume to have been the basis for the C.A. text--differs here from the copy-text can be explained by the fact that it is a carbon-copy: Scott needed to insert the accent grave only in the original.

6. (TS. 1) bee-hives

7. spring-head: source of a river.

12. (TS. 1) clover glade;

13. (TS. 1 orig.) Laddies leave (TS. 1 alt.) Lads forsake

The phrase "Laddies leave" is not actually cancelled but, rather, encircled.

14. (TS. 1 canc.) With [alt.: And] . . . half mown

The word "swath" is spelled "swathe" in the TS. 1 text; the final "e" is crossed out.

15. spring-head: see note to l. 7.

17. (TS. 1 canc.) youth (TS. 1 alt.) prime

The word "Surly" is spelled "Surely" in the TS. 1 text; the "e" is crossed out. An indecipherable word--[surely?] is written in the margin.

18. (TS. 1) ruth,

ruth: remorse or sorrow.

21. The word "fleetest" is spelled "fleeted" in the TS. 1 text; however, "st" are written over the "d".

23. (TS. 1) . . . happy happy . . .

A Love Song (p. 347)

1899-1914 Notebook (19^{v}), The Independent, Nov. 21, 1901 (p. 2775) and Feb. 11, 1904 (p. 309), C.A. (p. 160)

The Notebook is dated: "16.5.1900".

Both of the periodical texts are subtitled: "(Seventeenth Century)".

Title. (Notebook orig.) XVII Century

3. (Notebook orig.) They gather all their honey up

In both periodical texts l. 3 is indented so that it is flush with l. 2.

4. (Notebook orig.) And crowd upon thee

8. (Notebook orig.) And fade & die

16. (Notebook orig.) And pale & die

19. (Notebook orig.) They gather up their pearls & gold

ambergris: see note to "A Song" (C.A.), l. 2.

28. (I. [1901 & 1904]) behooves

There is a clipping in the A.P. of the 1901 I. text, which contains a cancellation--probably by Scott himself--of an "o" in "behooves." This revision was carried over into C.A.

29. In the I. clipping (see note to l. 28) the "e" in "are" has been changed to a "t". This revision was, however, not carried over into C.A.

31. (I. [1901]) . . . other, . . . counterpart,

(I. [1904]) . . . counterpart,

This is the only point at which the two I. texts differ. In the I. clipping (see note to l. 28) both commas (after "other" and "counterpart") have been cancelled. This revision was carried over into C.A.

Frost (p. 348)

TS., C.A. (p. 161)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

5. (TS.) safehidden,

8. (TS.) start,

9. (TS.) And the . . .

The Orchard in Moonlight (p. 349)

TS., Stanstead College Quarterly [n.d.], C.A. (p. 162)

A clipping of the text of the poem from the Stanstead College Quarterly is in the A.P. The editor has not been able, despite repeated requests to the administrators of Stanstead College, to obtain any information about that periodical and particularly, about the date of publication of Scott's poem therein.

Scott's education included a term at Stanstead College, a private institution associated with the Wesleyan Methodist Church and located in Stanstead, Quebec, near the Canadian-American border. According to the Stanstead College Annual, June 1943, Scott "attended, first as a day pupil and then for a short time as a boarder, from 1877-78. His father . . . was minister in

Centenary Church" (p. 9). It is fairly certain, however, that the clipping in question does not date from the period of Scott's tenure at Stanstead College, not only because of the relatively fresh appearance of the clipping but also because of Scott's statement in an unpublished one-page memoir (P.E.P.) that he "Wrote no verse, not a line, until [he] was 25" (see also S.P., p. xiv).

8. (TS.) Entranced

(S.C.Q.) Entrancéd

12. (S.C.Q.) hovers

In the clipping (see headnote) the "s" of "hovers" has been cancelled.

17. (TS. & S.C.Q.) . . . lean, and gloom

18. (TS. & S.C.Q.) . . . the dear spring floods,

At Murray Bay (p. 350)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 70), The Week, April 22, 1892 (p. 328), C.A. (p. 163)

Murray Bay is a community on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, ninety miles east of Quebec City.

7. (Week) sweeten,

11. Kamouraska: see note to "Indian Place-Names," l. 27.

12. (TS. canc.) dreams (TS. alt.) gleams

16. (TS. & Week) Cap a . . .

Cap à l'Aigle: a village near St. Denis (see below).

17. (TS.) onward,

19. (Week) floorways,

20. (Week) . . . at Saint Denis;

St. Denis: a town in the province of Quebec, south of Kamouraska, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

21. (TS.) shadows

(Week) shadows;

22. (Week) rest,

Remembrance (p. 350)

1899-1914 Notebook (21^{v}-22^{r}), TS., C.A. (p. 164)

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

3. In the TS. the comma at the end of the line has been added by hand.

20. (Notebook orig.) Leave them in the shadow

Nature to Man (p. 351)

1899-1914 Notebook (110^{v}), 1911-1916 Notebook (11^{v}-12^{r}), TS. 1, TS. 2, C.A. (p. 164)

The Notebook (p. [12^{r}]) is dated: "May 26.12". The earlier Notebook MS (p. [110^{v}]) is very fragmentary and does not contain any trace of this poem's companion-piece, "Man to Nature."

TS. 1 consists of one leaf located in the A.P. It includes "Man to Nature" and is dated: "1912". TS. 2 consists of one leaf located in the P.E.P. It also includes "Man to Nature." TS. 1

contains revisions which suggest that it formed the basis for the C.A. version.

1. In TS. 1 the comma at the end of the line has been added by hand.

   (TS. 2) strife

2. In TS. 1 the apostrophe in "world's" has been added by hand.

   (TS. 2) . . . Love . . . Hate . . . World's . . .

   In TS. 2 this line is indented.

3. (TS. 2) life;

4. In TS. 1 "anguish" is mis-spelled "angiush" and the correct form is written in the margin.

   (TS. 2) . . . deep, ancient . . .

   In TS. 2 this line is indented.

Man to Nature (p. 351)

1911-1916 Notebook (11^{v}-12^{r}), TS. 1, TS. 2, C.A. (p. 164)

TS. 1 consists of one leaf located in the A.P. It includes "Nature to Man" and is dated: "1912". TS. 2 consists of one leaf located in the P.E.P. It also includes "Nature to Man."

1. (Notebook canc.) courage (Notebook alt.) comfort

   (TS. 2) . . . Peace . . . Peace . . . Comfort, yet

2. This line is indented in TS. 2.

3. (Notebook orig.) I was sore broken however I do not forget

4. (Notebook canc.) breaking (Notebook alt.) dawning

   This line is indented in TS. 2.

Ode on the Centenary of Florence Nightingale (p. 351)

1916-1921 Notebook (57^{v}-58^{v}), TS. 1, Bulletin of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, March 1, 1920 (p. 13), TS. 2, C.A. (p. 165)

TS. 1 consists of one leaf, located in the A.P. Each stanza in the TS. version is headed "I," "II," "III," "IV," respectively. TS. 2 consists of one leaf, located in the A.P. It has the following (typewritten) note: "March 1 1920/Bulletin of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada".

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) was the British nurse who is generally acknowledged to have been the founder of modern nursing. The centenary of her birth took place on May 12, 1920.

5. (TS. 2) joy

8. lady with the lamp: a nickname which arose because of Florence Nightingale's habit of making the evening rounds with a lamp in her hand; the phrase was made famous by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his poem, "Santa Filomena" (1857); see Sir Edward Cook's The Life of Florence Nightingale, I, 237.

9. (Notebook orig.) Flitting about the rude & windy shed

11. soldiers: British soldiers who were fighting in the Crimean War.

15. (Notebook orig.) A light [alt.: soft] hand but a mighty [?] will

17. (TS. 1, Bulletin, TS. 2) fulfill

25. lady with the lamp: see note to l. 8.

28. (Bulletin) deed

Impromptu (p. 353)

1926-1946 Notebook (76^{r}), MS., C.C. (1947)

The MS., a single leaf in the B.P./O., is entitled "For dear Elise", i.e. Elise Aylen Scott, the poet's wife. Underneath the title is the notation: "From my notebook. (1)." The MS. is dated: "29.1.46" and is signed: "DCS". In the MS. lines 1-4 and 5-8 comprise two separate stanzas.

Scott died on Dec. 19, 1947, shortly before that year's Christmas.

Title. Impromptu: see the note to the title of "An Impromptu." (V.B.). Altogether Scott wrote four "Impromptus."

1. (Notebook orig.) . . . nearly over
   (MS.) over
4. (MS.) clear;
5. (Notebook orig.) Change is in sunlight
   (MS.) sunlight;-
8. (MS.) Slow as the rain.

Before the Silence (p. 353)

1926-1946 Notebook (77^{r}-77^{v}), Queen's Quarterly, August 1948 (p. 290)

The Notebook is dated "July 11-46".

This poem was published posthumously--possibly at the behest of Mrs. Elise Aylen Scott, the poet's wife--since Scott died on Dec. 19, 1947.

Unpublished Poems

An Ideal of Life (p. 356)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 127)

11. The TS. has the alt. "find" (for "know") written in the margin.

An Impression (p. 356)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 24)

12. emolument: profit, renumeration.

15. It is difficult to tell whether there is supposed to be a stanza division between lines 14 and 15, since l. 15 is at the top of the next page. We assume that ll. 15-18 do constitute a separate stanza, first, because these lines do present a new development in the movement of the poem ("Here were . . . I thought . . . I raised . . ."), secondly, because otherwise the poem would manifest the ungainly structure of eight lines in the first stanza and ten lines in the second.

A Song (p. 357)

1899-1914 Notebook (90^{r}-116^{r}), TS.

The Notebook and the TS. (one leaf in the A.P.) are identically dated: "May 1910".

3. In the TS., "shall"--the last word in the line--has been cancelled.

4. (TS. canc.) thee (TS. alt.) you

5. (Notebook orig.) Thy

(TS. canc.) Thy (TS. alt.) Your

9. In the TS., "shall be"—the last words in the line--have been cancelled; "freedom," moreover, is mis-spelled "freedon."

10. (Notebook orig.) thy

(TS. canc.) thy (TS. alt.) your

11. In the TS. "s" has been added by hand to "limit" and "wherever"--the last word in the line--has been cancelled.

13. (Notebook orig.) If [canc.: ever] your flashing wings

In the TS. the word "ever," following "If" is cancelled, as is the word "flashing," following "your"; however, the word "flashing" is written in the margin, a fact which we take to mean that the author changed his mind about omitting that word.

15. In the TS. the word "shall" is written in the margin as an alternative to "should" which is underlined but not crossed out.

16. (Notebook orig.) Of your heart's desire

(TS. canc.) your (TS. alt.) my

19. (Notebook orig.) Shall dwarf to the arch

In the TS. a word [thee?], following "dwarf", is cancelled.

dwarf: be diminished.

20. (Notebook orig.) Of

In the TS. an indecipherable word (possibly "O", i.e. "Of" misspelt) has been altered to "Of"--the first word in the line.

21. (Notebook orig.) You shall feel that freedom's

    In the TS. an indecipherable word has been altered to read: "feel".

22. (Notebook orig.) Better part

23. In the TS. "beneath" and within" (as an alternative to "beneath") have been cancelled; "this" is an alternative for "my" which is cancelled; the "s" of "arms" has been cancelled. The net result is that this line finally read in the TS.: "Is this arm".

A Spring Night (p. 357)

1899-1914 Notebook (68^{v}), National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 36), TS. 1

TS. 1 would appear to be a carbon copy of the text in National Library TS. Bourinot. It differs from the latter in four respects: (1) a variant in l. 3--see below; (2) a variant in l. 7--see below; (3) it is signed, in Scott's hand, "Duncan Campbell Scott"; (4) it bears the notation, in Scott's hand: "1890?" We prefer for our copy-text the TS. which, unlike TS. 1, Scott appears to have revised.

3. (TS. 1) moored

7. (TS. 1) eaons

    In the TS. "eaons" has been corrected by hand to read: "aeons".

8. (Notebook orig.) Before their fragile charm was won

11. clarid: clear (a neologism); see the note to "Avis," l. 87.

18. (Notebook orig.) In the . . .

A Villanelle (p. 358)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 61)

The villanelle is a French verse form, dating from the Renaissance, which was revived in nineteenth-century English and French poetry. According to the Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, ed. Alex Preminger, the villanelle usually has the following pattern: "stercets rhyming aba, followed by a quatrain rhyming abaa, with the first line of the initial tercet serving as the last line of the second and fourth tercets and the third line of the initial tercet serving as the last line of the third and fifth tercets, these two refrain-lines following each other to constitute the last two lines of the closing quatrain" (p. 893). Scott's poem conforms to this pattern.

10. pixies: supernatural beings akin to fairies.

pellmell: in a disorderly fashion.

17. In the TS. "the," following "Just", has been changed by hand to "this".

Bach (p. 358)

1916-1921 Notebook (4^{v}, 8^{r}), TS.

The Notebook is dated: "Jan [7?]. 17".

The TS.--one leaf in the A.P.--is dated "1917".

The title refers to Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), the German composer. He is also alluded to in "A Blackbird Rhapsody" and in "On Hearing Bach's 'Sheep May Safely Graze.'" In an

essay on Scott (TS. c. 1924, P.E.P) Pelham Edgar wrote that "it may be said that [Scott's] passion for music is founded on a worship of Bach" (p. 9). A biographical note in T.C.V. informs the reader that "Throughout his life [Scott] has had a passion for music and still delights in playing the music of Bach" (p. 463).

1. (Notebook canc.) winged (Notebook alt.) seraph

2. (Notebook canc.) split (Notebook alt.) clove

beetling: projecting, overhanging.

4. (TS. canc.) fugues (TS. alt.) themes

In the TS. an alternate word for "silence"--"vision"--is cancelled.

Before Ste. Annes (p. 358)

1921-1926 Notebook (8^{v}, 9^{v}, 10^{v}-[11^{v}?] 12^{r}), 1926-1946 Notebook (3^{r}-4^{r}), TS.

The TS. consists of two leaves, located in the A.P.

The title refers to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine on the north shore of Quebec City, south of Isle Aux Coudres and Les Eboulments. Scott was familiar with this region of Quebec; see, for instance, the note to "Above St. Irénée."

2. (Notebook orig.) Falls with a glamour strangely sweet

The following cancelled line is to be found in the TS., after

1. 2: Falls with a glamour, wan but sweet

5. sward: turf, surface of soil covered with herbage.

15. tout: "solicit employment, etc. importunately" (O.E.D.).

char: do odd jobs, especially those involving cleaning.

17. dead sea fruit: the Apple of Sodom, "described by Josephus as of fair appearance externally, but dissolving, when grasped, into smoke and ashes; a 'travellers tale' supposed by some to refer to the fruit of Solanum Sodomeum (allied to the Tomato), by others to the Calotropis procera; fig. Any hollow disappointing thing" (O.E.D.).

26. The TS. reads " . . . who muse have . . .", which makes no sense. We emend "muse" to "must".

26-7. hem . . . robe: a relic in the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

29. (Notebook orig.) dreams,

35. Egypt: cats figured prominently in the religion of ancient Egypt where they were regarded as sacred animals.

Bush Fires (p. 359)

1899-1914 Notebook (59^{v}), TS.

The Notebook is dated: "22.5.02".

The TS. located in the A.P., consists of one sheet of paper on which appear "Bush Fires" and, beneath it, "Hint of Spring", both poems being crossed out with a single "X."

Title. (Notebook orig.) Fires in the clearing

2. In the Notebook, "veils" and "drifts on" appear as alternatives for the Notebook orig.: [covers?].

4. (Notebook canc.) pang (Notebook alt.) fire

5. (Notebook canc.) fire comes out (Notebook alt.) flames creep out

8. (Notebook canc.) roar (Notebook alt.) spring

Hint of Spring (p. 359)

1899-1914 Notebook (67^{v}-68^{r}), TS.

The TS., located in the A.P., consists of one sheet of paper on which appear "Hint of Spring" and, above it, "Bush Fires", both poems being crossed out with a single "X."

2. (Notebook orig.) . . . and let

In the TS. "let" is misspelled "lat".

3. In the TS. "the" has been added by hand after "like".

6. (Notebook orig.) blood-root

7. (Notebook orig.) . . . silvers and blanches

glances: gleams

Homage to Jane Edgar (p. 360)

TS.

The TS. consists of a single leaf in the A.P. Katharine Jane Edgar (1936-) was the daughter of Pelham Edgar. (See also "To Jane Edgar: For Her Album.")

The triolet is a French verse form originating in the Middle Ages and revived in the nineteenth century. According to the Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics, ed. Alex Preminger, "It is composed of 8 lines and uses only 2 rhymes, disposed in the following scheme: AB aA ab AB (a capital letter indicates a repeated line)" (p. 869). Scott's poem deviates slightly from this pattern: in the first triolet, the fourth line is not identical with the first and seventh; in the third triolet, the first line is not identical with the fourth and seventh.

In the TS. the fourth triolet is cancelled and re-typed, with the difference that in the cancelled version (l. 30) "bite" is followed by a comma only.

In Monotone (p. 361)

1899-1914 Notebook (113^{v}, 118^{v}-121^{r}), TS. 1, TS. 2

TS. 1 consists of one leaf in the P.E.P. It appears to be a carbon-copy of TS. 2 which consists of one leaf in the A.P. TS. 1 is untitled; however, TS. 2 has "In Monotone" added in ink.

4. (Notebook canc.) The leaves are [harping?] alway
(Notebook alt.) The vine-leaves whisper & sway
TS. 2 reads: "and away". In TS. 1 "away" has been altered in ink to "sway". We prefer "sway", which is supported by the Notebook MS.

11. (Notebook canc.) In their own inviolate (Notebook alt.) Far from their sentient
Both TS. 1 and TS. 2 read: "sensient". The O.E.D. does not list such a word. We assume that the "s" was the result of a typing error and emend "sensient" to "sentient" (the latter spelling appears in the Notebook MS--see above).

12. (Notebook canc.) hangs (Notebook alt.) broods

13. (Notebook orig.) [cloistered?] (Notebook alt.) deep-sea

16. (TS. 1) deeps.
In TS. 2 the period after "deeps" has been altered to a semi-colon.

18. (Notebook canc.) Things that have never been

24. In TS. 1 the following stanza (cancelled in TS. 2) is to be found after l. 24:

> The dream of a kiss in the silence
> On the lilac-scented lawn,
> Dew on the eyelids of silence,
> The world in the harbor of dawn.

Insight (p. 361)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 113)

4. vervain: the herbaceous plant Verbena officinalis.

6. sorrel: small perennial plants belonging to the genus Rumex.

11. empires strong: i.e. when empires have been strong.

Joy, Joy (p. 362)

TS.

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

3. (TS. canc.) And (TS. alt.) In

at the neap: the sense of this phrase is obscure; possibly the reference is to "neap tide" (note the marshy hollows), "a tide occurring shortly after the first and third quarters of the moon, in which the high-water level stands at its lowest point" (O.E.D.).

12. stress beyond stress: overcoming one stressful period or incident after another.

Louvain (p. 362)

1911-1916 Notebook (41^{r}-42^{v}), TS.

The Notebook is dated: "Aug 23. [19]14".

The TS.—two leaves in the A.P.—is dated (by hand): "1915 or /16".

Louvain ("Leuven" in Flemish) is a town in the province of Brabant in north-central Belgium, a few miles east of Brussels. The poem refers to the capture of the town by the Germans during the opening phase of the First World War. Louvain fell on Aug. 19, 1914.

1. ancient market: some of the architecture in Louvain dates from the Middle Ages when the town flourished as the centre of the cloth trade.
2. burghers: inhabitants of "burghs" or towns, citizens (archaic).
3. In the TS. "and", following "calm", has been cancelled, and "troubled" has been altered to "untroubled".
7. (TS. orig.) fateful (TS. alt.) fated
8. In the TS. "wove" appears to have been altered to "wore". (The reverse is also possible, though, from the appearance of the notation, less likely.)
9. William-the-Traitor's best: German soldiers ultimately under the command of William II (1859-1941), emperor and king of Prussia from 1888 to 1918.

10ff. Though the Germans were reported to have committed atrocities elsewhere in their advance through Belgium, the capture of

Louvain itself involved, by all accounts, relatively little bloodshed. Cf. Léon Van Der Essen, The Invasion & the War in Belgium, p. 131. Essen mentions no slaughter of the citizenry, though hostages, among them the burgomaster and the sheriffs, were taken. (See also Paul Van Houtte, Le Crime de Guillaume II et la Belgique, pp. 83-87. Houthe's eye-witness account is much the same as that of Essen.)

11. (TS. canc.) strands (TS. alt.) stones

13. (TS. canc.) And all ["sudden" has been added by hand between "The" and "smoke"]

16. Dyle: Louvain is situated on the River Dyle.

22. Liege at bay: Liége is a town south-east of Louvain and the site of Belgian resistance to the German army during the early weeks of August, 1914.

25. In the TS. "fullest" has been altered to "fullness".

29. scutchen: escutcheon—a shield on which a coat of arms is depicted; here used loosely in the sense of "medal."

30. bar: "a small slip of silver fixed transversely below the clasp of a medal" (O.E.D.).

Parting (p. 363)

TS.

The TS. consists of one leaf, located in the A.P.

10. Pleiads: see the note to "Off the Isle Aux Coudres," l. 1.

Rain and Stars (p. 364)

1921-1926 Notebook (5^r, 8^r), TS.

The TS.--one leaf, located in the A.P.--has two notations on it: "Early Poems" and "To [?] for a book".

1. (Notebook orig.) Wash

2. (Notebook orig.) blurred (Notebook alt.) blind

3. (Notebook orig.) Lashing thro the lower heaven

4. (Notebook orig.) Wash [alt.: Blow] them clear again

5. (Notebook orig.) Only earthly passion heaven

7. (Notebook orig.) Nothing shakes the highest heaven

ether: "in ancient cosmology, an element filling all space" (O.E.D.).

8. (Notebook orig.) Or the lordly stars

Song (p. 364)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 121)

The TS. has the hand-written notation: "Dirge from a play". However, no play containing this poem has been found.

7. bars: banks of sand or silt which obstruct navigation in waterways.

The End of the Spell (p. 364)

TS. 1, TS. 2, TS. 3

All three TSS—each consisting of a single leaf--are located in the A.P. TS. 1 is distinguished by the variant in l. 9 (see

below), a fact which, incidentally, points to its being the earliest of the three TSS. TS. 3 appears to be a carbon-copy of TS. 2.

9. In TS. 1 "writhed" has been altered to "writhen".

writhen: twisted, contorted.

The Twentieth of December (p. 365)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 135), TS.

The TS.--one leaf, located in the A.P.--is fragmentary, containing only the first three stanzas of the poem. It bears the hand-written notation: "1890-5?".

10. orisons; prayers

To a Politician (p. 365)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 139)

In the TS. the entire poem has been cancelled by a single vertical stroke of the pen.

The politician alluded to in the title is possibly Honoré Mercier (1840-1894), premier of Quebec from 1887 to 1891, who followed a vigorously nationalistic policy of defence of provincial autonomy and appeared, in the eyes of English-Canadians, to be a demagogic defender of French-Canadians and, especially, of their (Roman Catholic) religion. See Peter B. Waite, Canada 1874-1896: Arduous Destiny, pp. 167-68, 188-89, 210-11.

Title. (TS. canc.) Nationalist (TS. alt.) Politician

8. ancient dower: possibly a reference to the long history of the French-Canadians.

10. pelf: wealth, riches (in a pejorative sense).

To the Memory of Matthew Arnold (p. 366)

National Library TS. Bourinot (p. 93)

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), the English poet and essayist, generally acknowledged as one of the most important writers of the Victorian age, died on April 15, 1888.

Scott's interest in Arnold may have been sparked by Archibald Lampman for according to Scott himself in his "Memoir" to The Poems of Archibald Lampman, Matthew Arnold was Lampman's "favourite modern poet and he read his works oftener than those of any other" (p. xxiv). Arnold lectured in Ottawa in February, 1884 on his first lecture tour of North America and though we know that Lampman was present on that occasion (see Carl Y. Connor's Archibald Lampman, p. 76), we have no evidence that Scott was also there.

3. uplands: the word "upland" occurs three times in Arnold's own elegy (for Arthur Hugh Clough), "Thyrsis" (lines 23, 151, 172).

4. In the TS. "When" has been altered to "Where".

8. one who broods: possibly an allusion to Arnold's figure of "The Scholar-Gypsy," who appears in the poem of that name and also in "Thyrsis."

11. startled: the Scholar-Gypsy would flee from human company; cf. "The Scholar-Gypsy": "But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly."(l. 61).

strife: S. M. Parrish's Concordance to the Poems of Matthew Arnold lists forty-five occurrences of the word "strife" in Arnold's poetry; notable examples can be found in "The Buried Life": "Fate, which foresaw / How frivolous a baby man would be - / By what distractions he would be possess'd, / How he would pour himself in every strife," (11. 30-33) and "But often, in the world's most crowded streets, / But often, in the din of strife, / There rises an unspeakable desire / After the knowledge of our buried life;" (11. 45-48).

15. powers of magic: possibly an allusion to the "strange arts" ("The Scholar-Gypsy," 1. 135) which Arnold's Scholar-Gypsy learned from the gypsy tribe he befriended.

29. (TS. canc.) Fare (TS. alt.) Press

29-30. Cf. Arnold's symbol (for a spiritual quest) of a journey through mountains, in "Rugby Chapel," 11. 87ff.

32. plains: Scott uses the symbol of the plain somewhat differently from Arnold, in whose poetry it is, according to A. Dwight Culler's Imaginative Reason, "the Victorian equivalent of the Wasteland" (p. 12).

36. new age: cf. Obermann's vision of a "world new-made" (1. 312) in Arnold's "Obermann Once More," 11. 285ff.

austere: S. M. Parrish's Concordance to the Poems of Matthew Arnold lists twelve occurrences of the word "austere" in Arnold's verse; austerity seems to have been a quality which Arnold valued highly; cf. his "Austerity of Poetry": "Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,/ Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground / Of thought and of austerity within." (11. 12-14).

List of Emendations

The format of this list is as follows: in order from left to right are 1) the title of the poem, 2) the page and line reference for this edition, 3) the reading in the copy-text, 4) this edition's emended reading. The poems are listed in the order of their appearance in this edition.

To the Hills	5.12	hight	height
From Amiel's Journal	6.Title	From . . . Clock)	From Amiel's Journal
A Little Song	9.10	breath:	breath;
In the Country Churchyard	20.98	flow,	flow.
The Magic House	22.35	may be	maybe
Above St. Irénée	25.2-3	In . . . Beneath . . .	In . . . Beneath . . .
Off Rivière du Loup	27.Title	Riviere	Rivière
At the Cedars	29.57	side	side,
The Reed-Player	31.21	fern;	fern
	31.22	fall	fall,
A Night in June	35.3	[not indented]	[indented]
Night and the Pines	40.34	things	things;
A Song for Winter	48.28	corn,	corn;
Labour and the Angel	52.63	mien;	mien
The Harvest	56.94	hammers	hammers,
March	59.13	blow;	blow:
Stone Breaking	68.22	leaps	leaps,
The Piper of Arll	75.138	safely	safely,
The Dame Regnant	79.90	Give	Gives
	80.149	the	that
The Happy Fatalist	83.3	seed.	seed,
	83.15	learns	learns,
Canada to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall	93.26	Lasalle	LaSalle
The Home Comers	95.9	fathers	fathers,
	96.54	diadem.	diadem
Dominique de Gourgues	109.80	spring.	spring
Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon	117.27	were	where
Rapids at Night	125.25	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
The House of the Broken-Hearted	127.23	broken-hearted	broken-hearted,

The House of the Broken-Hearted	127.29	sleep,	sheep
	127.31	sorrow	sorrow,
Spring on Mattagami	131.51	her.	her,
The Battle of Lundy's Lane	149.59	go;	go,
	149.60	Mother	Mother;
	149.83	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
At William MacLennan's Grave	152.43	names	names,
Fragment of an Ode to Canada	162.55	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
At Sea	166.13	water;	water,
The Beggar and the Angel	173.78	Sirius.	Sirius,
To the Heroic Soul	180.2	shine	shrine
Elizabeth Speaks	185.78	mother	Mother
A Legend of Christ's Nativity	190.165	comfort	comfort,
To the Canadian Mothers	199.1	possessions	possession
	200.57	assoil	assail
After a Night of Storm	234.22	. . . brooch the . . . moon	. . . brooch, the . . . moon,
The Eagle Speaks	239.18	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
	239.60	water course	water-course
Question and Answer	244.30	[irregular indentation]	[regular indentation]
Lines on the Peace Arch	246.8	established	'stablished
Byron on Wordsworth	249.64	But	By
	250.113	'I'm	"I'm
Two Lyrics	263.2	singing	singing,
Prologue	274.108	its	it's
Compline	291.58	swallows	swallows'
	291.61	you	you,
A Prairie Water Colour	293.36	lie,	lie,-
	293.38	blue-	blue;-
En Route	294.8	. . . cedars- . . . snow-	. . . cedars,- . . . snow,-
	294.14	snow-	snow;-
	294.18	substance-	substance,-
	294.19	unconcious	unconscious
The Touch of Winter	295.8	fairly	fairy
A Scene at Lake Manitou	297.1	fur-traders	fur-trader's
A Fancy	305.4	mart.	mart,
	305.12	night.	night,
	306.52	bemused-	bemused,-

Earliest Morning	309.16	vernal.	vernal
A Song	312.5	life;	life;-
The Wise Men from the East	315.19	Melchoir	Melchior
The Spider and the Rose	316.27	Wont	Won't
The Nightwatchman	320.43	Milions	Millions
	321.94	dont	don't
A Song	328.21	[indented]	[not indented]
Veronique Fraser	329.38	[not indented]	[indented]
	331.84	bride,	bride
Amanda	334.52	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
	334.79	[no new stanza]	[new stanza]
Twelfth Anniversary	336.41	impart.	impart
	336.55	'love'-	'love',-
A Song	357.9	freedon	freedom
Before Ste. Annes	359.26	muse	must
Hint of Spring	359.2	lat	let
In Monotone	361.4	away	sway
	361.11	sensient	sentient

Appendix I

Order of Poems in the D.C. Scott Notebooks

The following is the order of poems in the D.C. Scott Notebooks. Titles given are of the finished versions and not the provisional titles sometimes found in the Notebooks. Page numbers, which are inclusive, correspond to the pagination in a photo-copy of the Notebooks, prepared by the librarians of the Thomas Fisher Rare Books Library (University of Toronto) and located therein. (The Notebooks themselves are unpaginated.) Texts which cannot be positively identified are indicated by square brackets.

1899-1914 Notebook

Poem	Page(s)
Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon	2^{v}-4^{r}
Roses on the Portage	4^{v}-5^{r}
The Mission of the Trees	5^{v}-13^{r}

Poem	Page(s)
The Ghost's Story	13^{v}
Rapids at Night	14^{v}-15^{v}
Twin-Flowers on the Portage	16^{r}, 17^{r}
The Apparition	18^{r}
The Sea by the Wood	18^{v}-19^{r}
Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme	19^{v}-20^{r}
April	20^{r}
Remembrance	21^{v}-22^{r}
By a Child's Bed	22^{v}-23^{v}
Indian Place-Names	24^{v}-25^{r}
A Mystery Play	26^{v}-27^{r}
Catnip Jack	28^{v}-33^{r}
Dominique de Gourgues	33^{v}-40^{r}
On the Way to the Mission	40^{v}-42^{r}
Dominique de Gourgues	42^{v}-54^{r}
Rapids at Night	54^{v}-56^{r}
The Forsaken	56^{v}-59^{r}
Bush Fires	59^{v}
The Wood Peewee	59^{v}-61^{r}
Dulse Gathering	61^{r}-62^{v}
Peace	61^{v}-62^{r}
The Closed Door	63^{r}
To the Sun (a poem, dated "10.5.03", by Elizabeth Scott)	63^{v}-64^{r}
The Homecomers	64^{v}-66^{r}
From the Gaelic (dated "12.7.03")	66^{v}-67^{r}
Hint of Spring	67^{v}-68^{r}
A Spring Night	68^{v}
In Snow-Time	69^{v}-70^{r}
Meditation at Perugia	70^{v}-72^{v}
Night	74^{r}-75^{r}
The Sailor's Sweetheart	75^{v}-76^{r}
At William MacLennan's Grave	77^{v}-79^{v}

Poem	Page(s)
Song ("Creep into my heart . . . ")	80^{r}
Night Burial in the Forest	80^{v}-81^{v}
Spring on Mattagami	82^{r}-86^{v}
[Spring on Mattagami?]	87^{r}
An Impromptu	88^{v}-90^{r}
A Song ("O my wild bird")	90^{r}
The Half-Breed Girl	91^{v}-92^{r}
Dream Voyageurs	92^{r}-92^{v}
The Half-Breed Girl	93^{r}-93^{v}
Spring on Mattagami	94^{r}
The Wood-Spring to the Poet	94^{v}-96^{r}
Ecstasy	96^{v}
The Wood-Spring to the Poet	97^{r}-97^{v}
Feuilles D'Automne	98^{r}-98^{v}
The Lover to His Lass	99^{r}-100^{r}
From Beyond	100^{v}-101^{r}
At Sea	101^{r}-102^{r}
Mist and Frost	102^{r}
Thirteen Songs (no. 7)	102^{r}
From Beyond	102^{v}
Thirteen Songs (no. 7)	103^{r}
The Battle of Lundy's Lane	103^{v}-110^{r}
Nature to Man	110^{v}
"O Canada . . . " (untitled)	112^{v}-113^{r}
Mist and Frost	113^{v}
In Monotone	113^{v}
Improvisation on an Old Story	114^{r}-115^{r}
Retrospect	115^{v}
A Song ("O my wild bird")	116^{r}
Retrospect	116^{v}-117^{r}
At the Gill-Nets	117^{v}-118^{r}
In Monotone	118^{v}-121^{r}
Madonna with Two Angels	122^{r}-124^{r}
Elizabeth Speaks	129^{r}-130^{v}

1911-1916 Notebook

Poem	Page(s)
Ode of Welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught	3^{v}-8^{v}
The Leaf	9^{r}-9^{v}
"We find it in the verse of Nizami" (untitled)	10^{r}-11^{r}
Nature to Man. Man to Nature	11^{v}-12^{r}
Christmas Folk-Song	12^{v}-13^{r}
O Turn Once More	14^{r}-16^{r}
The November Pansy	17^{r}-23^{r}
Mist and Frost	24^{r}-26^{r}
Earliest Morning	26^{v}-29^{r}
Under Stars	29^{v}-30^{r}
Mid-August	30^{v}-34^{r}
Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris	34^{v}-40^{v}
Louvain	41^{r}-42^{v}
The Height of Land	43^{r}-43^{v}
Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris	44^{r}-47^{v}
The Wise Men from the East	48^{r}-49^{r}
Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris	49^{v}
Fantasia	50^{v}-52^{r}
Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris	53^{r}-53^{v}
Idle to Grieve	54^{v}-55^{r}
The Height of Land	55^{v}-58^{r}
New Year's Night, 1916	58^{v}-59^{v}
The Height of Land	60^{r}-61^{v}
To the Canadian Mothers, 1914-1918	62^{r}-63^{v}
Thirteen Songs (no. 13)	64^{r}
After a Night of Storm	64^{v}-66^{r}

1916-1921 Notebook

Senza Fine	2^{r}-3^{v}
A Masque	3^{v}-4^{r}
Bach	4^{v}
A Masque	4^{v}-7^{r}

Poem	Page(s)
Bells	7^{v}
Lilacs and Humming Birds	7^{v}
Bach	8^{r}
The Enigma	8^{r}-8^{v}
Bells	9^{r}
Lilacs and Humming Birds	9^{v}
Somewhere in France	10^{r}-11^{v}
A Road Song	12^{r}
To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country in France	12^{v}-13^{r}
A Road Song	13^{r}
To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country in France	13^{v}-15^{r}
(untitled fragment of a war poem)	15^{v}-16^{r}
After Battle	19^{r}
The Eagle Speaks	19^{v}-20^{r}
Prayer and Answer	20^{v}
The Eagle Speaks	20^{v}-22^{r}
A Road Song	23^{r}
On the Death of Claude Debussy	23^{v}-24^{v}
The Flight	25^{v}-28^{r}
Afterwards	28^{v}-29^{r}
Leaves	29^{r}
Bells	29^{v}
Impromptu	30^{r}
Leaves	30^{v}
Prayer and Answer	30^{v}
Leaves	31^{r}
Lines on a Monument	31^{r}-31^{v}
The Tree, the Birds and the Child	32^{r}-33^{r}
In Winter	33^{r}
Reverie	33^{v}-34^{r}
In Winter	34^{r}

Poem	Page(s)
Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell	34^{v}-35^{v}
Leaves	36^{r}
Permanence	36^{r}-38^{v}
Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme	38^{v}-41^{r}
The Fragment of a Letter	42^{r}-42^{v}
Question and Answer	43^{r}-43^{v}
The Fragment of a Letter	43^{v}-44^{r}
Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme	44^{v}-51^{r}
Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Gagnon	51^{v}-52^{r}
The Water Lily	52^{v}-54^{r}
By the Shore	54^{v}
(untitled limericks)	55^{r}-55^{v}
[?]	56^{r}
[?]	57^{r}
Ode on the Centenary of Florence Nightingale	57^{v}-58^{v}
Ode for the Keats Centenary	58^{v}-59^{v}
Spirit and Flesh	60^{r}-63^{r}
Hope	63^{v}
Ode for the Keats Centenary	63^{v}-68^{v}

1921-1926 Notebook

Two Lyrics	1^{r}
The Journey	2^{r}-3^{r}
The Spirit's Word (dated "June 2.'21")	3^{r}
[?]	3^{v}
[?]	4^{r}
Two Lyrics	3^{v}-4^{v}
Rain and Stars	5^{r}
[?]	5^{v}-6^{r}
Thoughts	6^{v}
Two Lyrics	7^{r}
Thoughts	7^{v}

Poem	Page(s)
The Spirit's Word	8^{r}
Rain and Stars	8^{r}
Before Ste. Annes	8^{v}, 9^{v}, 10^{v}-11^{r}
[?]	11^{v}
Before Ste. Annes	12^{r}
[?]	12^{v}
[?]	13^{r}
A Mood	13^{v}-14^{r}
At the Piano	14^{r}-16^{v}
A Mood	17^{v}
Prologue ("The Spirit of the Drama:")	18^{r}-20^{v}
June Lyrics	20^{v}-21^{v}
[?]	22^{r}-24^{r}
An Old Tune	24^{v}-25^{r}
Prayer and Answer	25^{v}
A Spring Night	26^{r}-27^{r}
At Dawning	27^{v}-28^{v}
"The grey pole star . . . " (untitled)	29^{r}-29^{v}
An August Mood	30^{r}
"Sphinxes walking" (untitled, dated "June 8.23")	30^{v}
An August Mood	31^{r}-32^{r}
I Do Not Ask	32^{r}
The New Moon with the Old Moon	32^{v}
Powassan's Drum	33^{r}-37^{r}
Early Morning	37^{v}-39^{r}
Dreams and Memories	39^{v}-41^{v}
[?]	41^{v}
[?]	42^{r}
Imogen's Wish	42^{v}-43^{r}

1926-1946 Notebook

An Epitaph	2^{r}
Before Ste. Annes	3^{r}-4^{r}

Poem	Page(s)
In the Rocky Mountains	4^{r}-7^{r}
Reality	8^{r}-9^{v}
In the Rocky Mountains	10^{r}-10^{v}
Reality	11^{r}-12^{v}
Prologue ("The Prologue, in the days . . . ")	13^{r}-13^{v}
[?]	14^{r}
A Song ("Moments fall from the hour")	14^{v}
Song ("To go with March amarching")	15^{r}
Past and Present	15^{v}-16^{v}
Hymn for Those in the Air	17^{r}-19^{r}
The Spider and the Rose	19^{v}-22^{r}
A Prairie Water Colour	22^{v}
The Spider and the Rose	23^{r}
The Fields of Earth	23^{v}-24^{v}
The Spider and the Rose	24^{v}-26^{v}
The Bells	27^{r}
Time the Victor	27^{v}-28^{r}
The Bells	28^{v}-29^{v}
Twilight	30^{r}
[?]	30^{v}
A Group of Lyrics	30^{v}
[?]	31^{r}
En Route	31^{v}-32^{r}
In the Rocky Mountains	32^{r}
By the Seashore	32^{v}-33^{v}
At East Gloucester	34^{r}
[?]	34^{r}
A Fancy	34^{v}-36^{r}
In Algonquin Park	36^{v}
Compline	37^{r}-40^{r}
The Days of a Rose	40^{r}
In the Rocky Mountains	40^{v}
The Days of a Rose	40^{v}

Poem	Page(s)
In the Rocky Mountains	41^{r}
The Days of a Rose	41^{r}-41^{v}
Enigma	42^{r}
Spring in the Valley	42^{v}-43^{r}
The Touch of Winter	43^{v}-44^{r}
The Cascades of the Gatineau	44^{v}
Power	44^{v}-45^{r}
Autumn Evening	45^{r}-46^{r}
On a Drawing of a Hand	46^{v}
The Dreaming Eagle	47^{r}-48^{r}
A Group of Lyrics	48^{v}
[?]	49^{r}
A Blackbird Rhapsody	49^{v}
A Scene at Lake Manitou	50^{r}-53^{r}
A Blackbird Rhapsody	53^{v}-56^{r}
A Secret	56^{v}
At Gull Lake: August, 1810	57^{r}-60^{r}
The Nightwatchman	60^{v}-63^{v}
Time	64^{r}
[?]	64^{r}
Imitation of Herrick	64^{v}
These Are in the Beginning	64^{v}
Veronique Fraser	64^{v}
[?]	65^{r}
These Are in the Beginning	65^{r}
Veronique Fraser	65^{r}
A Song ("In the air . . . ")	65^{v}
Veronique Fraser	66^{r}
At Delos	66^{v}
Farewell to Their Majesties	67^{r}-68^{r}
On Hearing Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze"	68^{v}-69^{r}
"What shall the spent heart . . . " (untitled)	69^{v}
Amanda	69^{v}-71^{v}

Poem	Page(s)
The Rite	72^{r}-72^{v}
Twelfth Anniversary	73^{r}-74^{v}
Spring Midnight: Deepwood	74^{v}-75^{v}
"What shall the spent heart . . . " (untitled)	75^{v}
Impromptu	76^{r}
Slumber Song	76^{r}-76^{v}
Before the Silence	77^{r}-77^{v}
[?]	77^{v}

Appendix II

Key to Stanza Divisions

Whenever a passage of verse occupies more than one page of text, there is the possibility that stanza divisions will be obscured. This is certainly what happened in the case of Scott: corruptions were introduced into the texts of his poems because printers were apparently not aware that a new stanza began (or an old one continued) at the top of the next page of their copy-text. In order to obviate this danger, we provide here a list of those lines which, occurring at the tops of pages in this edition, also begin new stanzas. (Poems wherein the stanza structure is transparent have not been taken into consideration.)

Page	Line
4	27
5	6
7	17
14	13
33	29
34	9
54	125
56	51
63	29

Page	Line
71	44
99	10
100	55
115	329
133	14
135	13
141	88
161	17
162	30
185	42
186	88
207	138
224	8
240	61
255	119
267	11
269	10
281	86
284	49
288	5
290	89
291	23
296	6
298	39
299	88
303	117
321	51
362	9

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. Check-list of Poetical Works by D. C. Scott

(i) In Manuscripts

(a) Most of the extant manuscripts of Scott's poems are to be found in five notebooks (S.P./T.). A brief physical description of each of these notebooks, together with the key titles used in the notes, follows:

1. 1899-1914 Notebook

Black leather-covered notebook, 20 x 13 cm., no external marks. The front paste-down is inscribed in pencil: "1900-1910?" The volume, however, contains poems with dates running from 1899 to 1914.

2. 1911-1916 Notebook

Faded olive-green cloth-covered notebook, 24 x 16 cm., no external marks. Front fly-leaf is inscribed in pencil: "1911-1916".

3. 1916-1921 Notebook

Deep green cloth-covered notebook, 23.5 x 16 cm., no external marks. Front paste-down is inscribed in pencil: "1916-1921".

4. 1921-1926 Notebook

Stiff beige paper-covered notebook, 22 x 15.2 cm. Inscribed in ink on front cover, in D. C. Scott's hand: "D C S / Poems. Drafts / 1921-26".

5. 1926-1946 Notebook

Faded green leather-covered notebook, 22.5 x 17 cm. Gold lettering on front cover: "NOTES / D. C. S."

For the content of these Notebooks, see Appendix I.

(b) Other extant manuscripts and their locations are:

"After Battle" (National Archives, Ottawa)
"At the Cedars" (McGill University)
"For Dear Elise" (B.P./O.)
"Song" ["Moments fall from the hour"](Queen's University)
"Spring Midnight: Deepwood" (S.P./T.)
"Spring on Mattagami" (P.E.P.)
"The Rite" (B.P./O.)
"Twelfth Anniversary" (B.P./O.)

(ii) In Typescripts

(a) National Library TS. Bourinot (B.P./O.)

This is a hardbound notebook whose 136 leaves contain some of Scott's earliest poems. The cover reads: "Poems / Written by / Duncan Campbell Scott. / 1st Jany 1887 to 31st Decr 1891." The first fly-leaf has the inscription: "from the Library of Duncan Campbell Scott--Arthur Bourinot 1957". The index to the volume is reproduced below. Unfortunately some of the leaves were excised--probably by Scott himself. A few of these excised leaves found their way into the A.P. The poems contained on these leaves are marked below by an asterisk. The other deleted leaves are missing. Since all of the poems which these missing leaves contained (excepting "To Helen Douglas Macoun") are, to the best of our knowledge, no longer extant, the index to National Library TS. Bourinot remains the sole record of their existence. The poems contained on the missing leaves are indicated below by a double asterisk.

Index

The Magic House 1
The Voice and the Dusk 5
First Grief** 7
To a Young Girl** 9
Death and the Young Girl 10
For Remembrance 11
The Hill Path 12
The Silence of Love ** 15
Love and Time** 16
In a Dream** 17
An Impromptu 19
The Message 21
Unrest** 23
An Impression 24

From the Farm on the Hill 26
To the Hills 28
April 30
From Amiel's Journal 31
At Scarboro' Beach 32
In August* 33
A Spring Night 36
The Fifth of April 37
Ballade: To Sandra 39
In an Old Quarry 41
To Winter 42
To Winter 43
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A Summer Storm 45
Life and Death 47
In the Country Churchyard 48
In the Spring** 56
Song 58
The Reed Player 59
A Villanelle 61
The Sailor** 63
The River Town 65
Off the Isle aux Coudres 67
At les Eboulements 68
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Above St. Irénée 72
Off Riviere du Loup 75
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From the Hungarian 81
The End of the Day 82
A Flock of Sheep 84
A Portrait 86
To-----** 89
After an Absence** 90
The First Snow 91
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The Sleeper 96
A Night in June 98
Memory 100
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The House of Dreams 102
A Memory of the "Inferno" 104
La Belle Feroniere 105
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A November Day 107
St. Mary of the Lake** 108
Ottawa 109
Song 110

Night and the Pines 111
Insight* 113
Domenico Scarlatti* 114
To Miss McIlwraith, with Thackeray's Letters** 115
To Miss McIlwraith, with A. Lampman's Poems** 116
Written in a Copy of A. Lampman's Poems 118
Song* 121
Autumn Song 122
To Mildred** 124
In November 125
An Ideal of Life* 127
A Night in March 129
To Constance** 132
The Dream 133
The Twentieth of December 135
September 137
The East Wind in November* 138
To a Nationalist* 139
By the Willow Spring 140
A Little Song 151

A note about the authority of the texts in National Library TS. Bourinot: collation of these texts with other, later versions of the poems reveals variants among substantives (e.g. "A Summer Storm," l. 29) as well as accidentals. This suggests that the TS. texts underwent, to a greater or lesser degree, authorial revisions before subsequent publication. These TS. texts cannot, therefore, be held to be of greater purity than their later, published counterparts.

(b) Other poems in typescript and their locations are:

"A Fragment" (A.P.)
"After Battle" (S.P./T.)
"Amanda" (A.P.)
"An Impromptu" (A.P.)
"A Song" ["In the air there are no coral"](A.P.)
"A Song" ["Leave the purple violets peeping"](A.P.)
"A Song" ["O my wild bird"](A.P.)
"At Derwentwater" (A.P.)
"At the Gill-Nets" (P.E.P.)
"At William Maclennan's Grave, Near Florence" (McGill University)

"Bach" (A.P.)
"Before Ste. Annes" (A.P.)
"Bush Fire" (A.P.)
"For the Byron Centenary. 'Byron on Wordsworth'" (P.E.P.)
"Frost" (A.P.)
"Hint of Spring" (A.P.)
"Hommage to Jane Edgar" (P.E.P.)
"Improvisation on an Old Song" (P.E.P.)
"In Monotone" (A.P. and P.E.P.)
"Joy, Joy" (A.P.)
"Lines to be a Last Song" (A.P.)
"Louvain" (A.P.)
"Man to Nature" (A.P. and P.E.P.)
"Nature to Man" (A.P. and P.E.P.)
"Note to Pelham Edgar" (P.E.P.)
"Nothing But Leaves" (P.E.P.)
"Ode on the Centenary of Florence Nightingale" (A.P.)
"Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell" (P.E.P.)
"O Turn Once More" (P.E.P.)
"Parting" (A.P.)
"Permanence" (P.E.P.)
"Rain and Stars" (A.P.)
"Remembrance" (A.P.)
"Reverie" (P.E.P.)
"Sea-Witch" (A.P.)
"Song" ["Keep me safe within your heart"] (A.P.)
"Song" ["To go with March amarching"] (A.P.)
"Spring Midnight: Deepwood" (S.P./T.)
"The Battle of Lundy's Lane" (McGill University)
"The Days of a Rose" (A.P.)
"The End of the Spell" (A.P.)
"The Mower" (Acadia University)
"The November Pansy" (P.E.P.)
"The Rite" (B.P./O.)
"These are in the Beginning" (A.P.)
"The Spirit of the Pine" (A.P.)
"The Twentieth of December" (A.P.)
"To Deaver Brown" (S.P./T.)
"To My Friend--Leonard W. Brockington" (A.P.)
"Twelfth Anniversary" (A.P.)
"Veronique Fraser" (A.P.)

(iii) In Newspapers and Magazines

Unfortunately Scott did not leave behind--nor is there evidence that he kept--a complete record of his periodical publications.

Indeed, his correspondence reveals that by the end of his life he could not recall where some of his poems had originally been published. For instance, in a letter to E. K. Brown (Sept.2-8, 1947, E.K.B.P.), Scott refers to a poem, "Early Summer Song," which "I had really forgotten about. I think it was printed in some obscure paper but I have no printed copy of it" (M.L., p. 86). The result of this situation is that no editor of Scott's poems can safely assume that he has indeed collected all of the poems since some of these may be buried in obscure magazines and in the back files of newspapers. We do, nevertheless, believe that we have located the vast majority of appearances of Scott's poems in newspapers and magazines.

In the list which follows, periodical title (without any definite article), volume number, date, page number(s) and title of poem are given in that order.

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Sewanee Review, 29 (Jan. 1921), 1. "A Road Song"
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18 (Nov. 1906), 160. "Ecstasy"
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